*Novels by Sinclair Lewis*

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C L A I R   L E W I S

# *Arrowsmith*




ARCOURT BRACE AND COMPANY *Chicago*

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# SINCLAIR LEWIS

## *A Biographical Sketch*

THE resentment that Sinclair Lewis as a youth felt because Minnesota had no Robin Hoods, no Ivanhoes, no Round Tables, no clanging tournaments, and no solemn castles to relieve the dullness of Sauk Center, Minnesota his native village, foreshadowed the resentment that Sinclair Lewis the man had for the barrenness he saw in American small town life This resentment found expression in the novel *Main Street* (19 0) which firmly established his reputation.

Carl Van Doren claims that by nature this son of the wind swept prairies has always passionately demanded that human life be beautiful and splend d--Today in New York from his tower high up in the air and surrounded by a view on four sides he contemplates twentieth century American life and continues to extend the circle of his panoramic exposures

Perhaps *Main Street* never would have been written had the author s father chosen to practice medicine in New Haven Connecticut his birthplace or had he made his home in London Ontario the birthplace of Sinclair Lewis s mother the daughter of a physician Undoubtedly, many of Sinclair Lewis s memories of Sauk Center during his first eighteen years of life before his departure for Yale in 1903 found a place in *Main Street* His experiences during those last years of the nineteenth century were those that the son of a country doctor in any Middle West village of twenty five hundred people might have known--studying skating coasting sawing and splitting firewood for the kitchen range, mowing the lawn hunting for partridges in autumn reading and driving with his father on country calls

While growing up in Sauk Center Harry Lewis as he was known then and during his college days gave many indications of the restless energy and critical spirit that have always mar

him He studied Greek under the guidance of the Episcopal rector he wanted to learn French a language tinged with impropriety in the minds of his fellow townsmen and he questioned the biblical interpretations given in the Congregational Sunday school he attended Leaving Sauk Center to enroll in Oberlin Academy Oberlin Ohio he stayed there for six months in preparation for Yale

His literary career had its beginning when he became an editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine* After three years in an Eastern college he remained essentially a product of the Middle West he was not in sympathy with the mental environment of a New England college and he was in constant rebellion against its cast iron social formulas The college soon became aware of him though no one, it is quite certain realized that he was to become the most widely known graduate of his generation He was different, he would not fit into the common mold—and consequently, writes one of his biographers, Mr. Oliver Harrison he was regarded with the intangible hostility and the pretense of indifference that are the familiar reactions of the American college boy to the individual who will not conform

Then followed a period in the socialist and Utopian Colony—Helicon Hall—founded by Upton Sinclair whose disciple he had become a period in a tenement in the gas house district of Manhattan while he wrote child verse for household magazines and jokes for *Life* and *Puck* a period of work as assistant editor on *Transatlantic Tales* and an attempt for a few months as a free lance writer of fiction then a period of adventuring—not his first for during college vacations he had made two trips on cattle boats—when he set out for a job on the Panama Canal only to find himself not fitted for the work Enriched by a wide and varied experience, he returned to Yale to take his B.A degree with the Class of 1908

He was now faced with the task of making a living The restlessness of his early days was still upon him He traversed the continent from east to west working as a reporter on the *San Francisco Bulletin* as an editor for the *Volta Review* a magazine for the deaf In 1910 he took an editorial job with Stokes in 1912 he became assistant editor of *Adventure* later editor of the Publishers Newspaper Syndicate and finally editor and advertising manager of the George H Doran Company

Meanwhile he was meeting a little success in the sale of his stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* In 1914 with the sale of *Our Mr Wrenn* feeling justified in assuming the responsibilities of a home in one of the stucco houses in Forest Hills, Long Island Mr Lewis married Miss Grace Livingston Hegger of New York City

*Our Mr Wrenn* a whimsical story with a happy ending was followed the next year by *The Trail of the Hawk* done under the influence of the aroma of coffee in the early morning hours at an improvised work table, the bread board tilted over the kitchen sink The knowledge of aviation reflected in this early book suggests Mr Lewis s method of careful research studies in each field of activity selected for his later novels. Leaving the George H Doran Company to devote his entire time to writing Mr Lewis produced two books in 1917 *The Job* and *The Innocents* In 1919 *Free Air* appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* as a successful serial with a garage man as the hero.

Meantime, during the first three years of this period of uninterrupted writing the Lewises wandered from place to place in the United States They spent the first winter in Florida and Georgia and the first summer touring in a flivver from Minnesota to Seattle and thence to San Francisco In 1917 their only child, Wells was born. Then a winter in St. Paul was followed by a summer on Cape Cod, a winter in Minneapolis, a summer in a small Minnesota town, and a drive through Tennessee, Virginia Pennsylvania, and finally to Washington, D C., where *Main Street* was written in one arduous year

*Main Street* was not the fruit of merely one year of writing During fifteen years the novel was in the process of coming into being As the author s knowledge of life increased through his keen observations and varied experiences his original idea for the volume developed and took shape in the publication of 1920 Its success won for him freedom to write, and fame both at home and abroad Within two years it was being translated into German Dutch Swedish and French. In England Sinclair Lewis was acclaimed the Dickens of America. His revelation of the minutest details of small-town life in America has linked his name in the comments of critics with an English contemporary novelist Arnold Bennett who wrote of life in the small towns of his native Staffordshire in most of his books of which *Clay*

*hanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* are judged by critics to be the best. *Main Street* is a satirical story of life in a small American town during the first decade of the twentieth century. By way of introduction Sinclair Lewis writes "The town is in our tale, called Gopher Prairie Minnesota. But its Main Street is the continuation of Main Streets everywhere. The story would be the same in Ohio or Montana in Kansas or Kentucky or Illinois and not very differently would it be told Up York State or in the Carolina hills"

The success of *Main Street* forced Sinclair Lewis to take his family abroad to escape playing the role of a literary lion in America. For this reason *Babbitt* published in 1922 was written in Europe. *Babbitt* is a satire of modern American city life, of boosters of joiners and of service clubs. It has been a universal favorite in the critical world primarily because in it Mr Lewis has achieved the creation of a character comparable to Mr Micawber in Dickens's *David Copperfield*. Today in both England and America the characterization of anyone as a Babbitt is as readily understood as was the application of the name Mr Micawber in the Victorian era.

In March 1925 *Arrowsmith* was published. Mr Lewis's personal favorite, the only one, he says, he can stand reading. His second wife, Dorothy Thompson, the distinguished journalist whom he married in 1928 prefers *Arrowsmith* but believes *Babbitt* is a better piece of work. In 1926 *Mantrap* was released. It is an exhilarating story of the adventure of a New York lawyer on a vacation in the Canadian woods.

A few years before, the Pulitzer Prize jury had selected *Main Street* as the best novel of the year "on the ground that it made a specific, and above all a really effective, protest against the shortcomings of American character and the stifling complacency of the atmosphere in which most Americans live, and by implication promoted higher standards and a more wholesome society thus squaring with the intention of the founder." The trustees of the Pulitzer Prize overruled the jury at that time in favor of Mrs Wharton's *Age of Innocence*. In 1926 the trustees confirmed the selection of *Arrowsmith* by the jury, but Sinclair Lewis refused this prize of one thousand dollars as a protest against the restrictive terms of the award, which in his estimation places too much stress on purpose, and not enough on art, in fiction.

This caused much comment Some critics considered his refusal a bid for publicity" others maintained that he was starting a timely discussion of debatable questions the wisdom of encouraging prize giving in literature and art and the correct interpretation of the Pulitzer definition of merit in its requirement that the prize winning novel should represent the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood

In *Arrowsmith* Mr. Lewis turned from his vivid portrayal of communities—the small town in *Main Street* and modern American city life in *Babbitt*—to direct his attack against commercialism in medicine and science In the two earlier novels he had flashed his satirical searchlight upon ideals of success generally sought and accepted by Americans, in *Arrowsmith* he created in Dr. Martin Arrowsmith a man who struggles against such success, a success that would thwart his search for truth In 1927 Mr. Lewis continued his attack against the materialistic spirit in various phases of American life through *Elmer Gantry* In this the author has printed a picture somewhat out of focus The caricature drawn of Elmer Gantry the preacher is so obvious that the author s introductory statement No character in this book is the portrait of any actual person " seems superfluous This book reflects the technique of a journalist rather than that of a novelist

In *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* published in 1928 the device of the monologue was put to a new use The satirical Lewis is at his best in a few of the monologues of Mr Lowell Schmaltz, a resident of Zenith in the office supply business, whose Pullman-car discourses on the radio Babbitts of America motor tours cafeterias and the rest are amusing and clever In 1929 *Dodsworth* contributed another portrait to Sinclair Lewis s gallery of Zenith residents Samuel Dodsworth a successful automobile manufacturer seems to have won the sympathy of the author as Martin Arrowsmith had. The book has been described as a sort of emotional and spiritual Cook s tour through Europe.

In Sinclair Lewis s gallery of portraits only a few women have a place of prominence Among these Leora, Martin Arrowsmith s first wife is without doubt his masterpiece In *Main Street* Carol Kennicott, of a rebellious spirit attempted reforms in Gopher Prairie an American town of the Middle West for which she

had neither tolerance nor love and met defeat Whether Samuel Dodsworth s wife Eran, the supercilious and self-centered woman of wealth and leisure is of sufficient significance to become as has been suggested by a critic, an epithet for vapid society matrons to hurl at their equally vapid sisters is questionable *Ann Vickers* (1933) adds a portrait of another woman to his gallery The title implies that Ann Vickers is the most carefully drawn of all the women in his novels This exceedingly modern biographical novel introduces Ann as a radiantly happy tomboy in a small Illinois town, who in the course of time leaves college eager to do her bit in the world and becomes a social welfare worker The author leaves her at the age of forty when after many bitter experiences along life s highway Ann Vickers has achieved an adjustment between her personal problem as a woman and her desire for a career Her varied activities as a social worker provide ample opportunity to satisfy the author s bias for satire

Sinclair Lewis has been acclaimed one of the most brilliant students of society in our times. He was the first American to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature, with *Arrowsmith* as the chief reason. Since 1901 in accordance with the will of Alfred B Nobel Swedish inventor and philanthropist prizes for the great est contributions toward the progress of the world and the wel fare of mankind have been awarded annually in the fields of physics, chemistry, medicine literature, and peace. On the afte noon of December 11 1930 amid pomp and ceremony of the Swedish Court King Gustaf of Sweden conferred upon Mr Lewis the specially engraved check for $46 350 and an embossed diploma with the official citation The 1930 Nobel Prize in Lit erature is awarded to Sinclair Lewis for his powerful and vivid art of description and his ability to use wit and humor in the creation of original characters " The selection of Mr Lewis by the Swedish Academy for the award in literature caused much criti cal comment in America Mr William Lyon Phelps s comment was Admire him or not he is a distinguished man of letters His ways are not my ways, his literary gods are no gods of mine but I say he deserved the prize and I am glad he got it. His truculent and denunciatory speech will do a vast amount of good It has already accomplished much He stirred up literary discussions all over America I can think of no speech on

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a larger reading public His first volume was followed in 1928 by *Hunger Fighters* in 1929 by *Seven Iron Men* and in 1932 by *Men Against Death*

The passenger ship which carried Sinclair Lewis and his collaborator down into the southern seas was doubtless not unlike that on which Dr Martin Arrowsmith took passage for St Hubert While people on deck idled their time away Sinclair Lewis described by his friend as a lank tously red haired figure in an impossible gaudy silk dressing-gown worked at his typewriter He is on the surface restless hasty of temper genial given to sudden likes and dislikes and to rambling wild talk writes Dr de Kruif yet he is patient precise, and accurate when he sits down to his typewriter though every now and then he makes his flimsy little machine explode into staccato bursts of racket that remind one of gun fire.

Day by day as the boat neared the island of Barbados the characters in *Arrowsmith* became more real and the story progressed interrupted however at any hour day or night by long heated discussions on technical terms the meaning of which Mr Lewis did not grasp but the sound of which appealed to him or by stinging criticisms of a scientific view expressed by Dr de Kruif in order to get his friend angry enough to defend it. Though not a scientist Sinclair Lewis approached his work on *Arrowsmith* in a manner that reflects the spirit of a scientist He tried to comprehend the spirit that moves men who might have been eminent physicians or surgeons to work for paltry pay in laboratories In order to arouse his collaborator to defend them he would attack scientists, their ideals and motives When all objections were disposed of he would say Well maybe you re right"

A part of the story" writes Dr de Kruif is laid in a tropical city smitten into tragic silence by a murderous epidemic of bubonic plague. One hot still Sunday afternoon our steamer touched for a couple of hours at the island of San Lucia I wandered ashore while Lewis worked and came presently into a larg square plunged into a deserted Sunday stillness gloomy under the shade of the mango-trees Here was our plague city! I hastened back to the ship which was to leave in half an hour dragged Lewis from his work and hurried him to the square where he proceeded to conjure up funeral processions of imag

inary plague victims passing by the ominously closed shutters and drawn shades of the balconies of the adjoining houses. Then back to the ship to set down on the endless yellow sheets of paper the impression of that hot, dark green, almost sinister twilight stillness Of course, it wasn t really sinister It was just a lazy tropical Sunday But for Lewis it meant a town deserted by panic-crazed people who fled from the gripping death"

For months these collaborators sought material for their story among the people they met. They could not always agree on the appearance of a character After fruitless effort they finally found the hero Arrowsmith when they saw a grave, black haired youngster looking at them in the ships smoking room. In a picturesque restaurant in Trinidad they would suddenly awake to gaze into the real world of white-clad gentlemen and tropical tramps after hours in the lives and adventures of their best friends the characters of the story Dr de Kruif discovered that Sinclair Lewis puts infinite care and detail into the planning of his story and characters Often a character has a life story that is in itself a short novel the greater part of the material never appearing in the finished work. Dr de Kruif's respons bility in the writing of the book was to provide a concise history of the scientific careers of Max Gottlieb and Martin Arrowsmith To this they referred constantly as if the laboratory research studies had really been done by these men

A complete skeleton of the story *Arrou smith* was the reward for from five to seven hours of intense work a day during their wanderings After that they worked in London on their notes until June Sinclair Lewis toiled for many months by himself in the country near Fontainebleau in France, and later in London, preparing the manuscript for the publishers struggling always he writes "to know my leading character as a human being and as a man who digs down hard provable facts In October the first draft was finished A walking trip in Italy was followed by a return to London in November to attack a still more dif ficult task the rewriting of his manuscript, for during Lewis s tramp through the Italian countrys de *Arrou smith* had con tinued to grow In a room in the ancient Temple, a refuge in wh ch for many generations other writers had sought to work he set about his task of alteration deletion, and strengthening

by his revision of numerous details The task progressed slowly during the winter and the early spring Early in the morning of the last day of his homeward voyage the novel was completed just as the ship reached quarantine The following spring in March 19 5 *Arrowsmith* was published

*Arrowsmith* is a biographical novel in which the author has been successful in endowing the hero with a consummate passion for scientific truth He has created a leading character who stands out not as a type but as an individual the human being he sought to know. Mr Lewis seems to be in sympathy with Martin Arrowsmith with his idealism his devotion to his purpose in his research studies that make him at times forgetful of self and of those dearest to him, and with his disregard of a success that precludes an ultimate success in his search for truth In each of the many phases of the medical profession depicted Martin Arrowsmith whose story reveals what modern medicine has accomplished stands out in bold relief against a background of charlatanism and materialism the target of the author s satire To Arrowsmith as to each of his heroes in the medical school in the practice of medicine, in public service and in the laboratories Mr Lewis has given a professional dignity combined with loyalty to ideals and happiness in work that softens somewhat his attack upon the medical profession of America Mr Lewis s lineage and his collaboration with Dr de Kruif contribute to the belief that the satire is an effort at constructive rather than destructive criticism of a cross-section of life in the first quarter of the twentieth century Beyond the pale of his satire he has created another individual a woman—Leora Martin s first wife Of her Henry Seidel Canby an eminent American literary critic, writes She convinces absolutely like one of Jane Austen s characters without any apparent effort on the part of the novelist to make her convincing" In the creation of Leora critics concede that Sinclair Lewis has revealed the sincerity restraint and insight of an artist.

Those who consider *Arrowsmith* the best of Sinclair Lewis s novels find justification for their opinion in the authenticity of scientific detail introduced in the illuminating gallery of portraits selected—many of them caricatures, perhaps yet each a contribution to life s cinema—in the creation of Leora in the

human appeal of Martin Arrowsmith, torn by the conflict between his innate humanitarianism and his scientific training in the midst of the epidemic in St Hubert, and in the inspiring effect of the novel on the reader as he follows Martin in his long search for truth.

BARBARA GRACE SPAYD

ARROWSMITH

# CHAPTER I

THE driver of the wagon swaying through forest and swamp of the Ohio wilderness was a ragged girl of four teen Her mother they had buried near the Monongahela —the girl herself had heaped with torn sods the grave beside the river of the beautiful name Her father lay shrinking with fever on the floor of the wagon-box, and about him played her brothers and sisters dirty brats tattered brats hilarious brats

She halted at the fork in the grassy road, and the sick man quavered Emmy ye better turn down towards Cincinnati. If we could find your Uncle Ed I guess he'd take us in

"Nobody ain't going to take us in" she said. We're going on jus long as we can Going West! They's a whole lot of new things I aim to be seeing!

She cooked the supper she put the children to bed and sat by the fire, alone

That was the great-grandmother of Martin Arrowsmith

II

Cross-legged in the examining-chair in Doc Vickerson's office, a boy was reading Gray's Anatomy" His name was Martin Arrowsmith of Elk Mills in the state of Winnemac

There was a suspicion in Elk Mills—now in 1897 a dowdy red-brick village, smelling of apples—that this brown leather ad justable seat which Doc Vickerson used for minor operations for the infrequent pulling of teeth and for highly frequent naps had begun life as a barber's chair There was also a belief that its proprietor must once have been called Doctor Vickerson but for years he had been only The Doc, and he was scurfier and much less adjustable than the chair

Martin was the son of J J Arrowsmith who conducted the New York Clothing Bazaar By sheer brass and obstinacy he had at fourteen become the unofficial also decidedly unpaid assistant to the Doc and while the Doc was on a country call he took charge—though what there was to take charge of no one could ever make out He was a slender boy not very tall his hair and restless eyes were black his skin unusually white and the contrast gave him an air of passionate variability The squareness of his head and a reasonable breadth of shoulders saved him from any appearance of effeminacy or of that querulous timidity which artistic young gentlemen call Sensitiveness When he lifted his head to listen his right eyebrow, slightly higher than the left, rose and quivered in his characteristic expression of energy, of independence, and a hint that he could fight a look of impertinent inquiry which had been known to annoy his teachers and the Sunday School superintendent,

Martin was like most inhabitants of Elk Mills before the Slavo-Italian immigration a Typical Pure bred Anglo-Saxon American which means that he was a union of German French Scotch Irish, perhaps a little Spanish conceivably a little of the strains lumped together as Jewish and a great deal of English, which is itself a combination of Primitive Britain Celt Phoenician Roman German Dane and Swede.

It is not certain that in attaching himself to Doc Vickerson Martin was entirely and edifyingly controlled by a desire to become a Great Healer He did awe his Gang by bandaging stone bruises dissecting squirrels and explaining the astounding and secret matters to be discovered at the back of the physiology but he was not completely free from an ambition to command such glory among them as was enjoyed by the son of the Episcopalian minister who could smoke an entire cigar without becoming sick Yet this afternoon he read steadily at the section on the lymphatic system and he muttered the long and perfectly incomprehensible words in a hum which made drowsier the dusty room

It was the central room of the three occupied by Doc Vickerson facing on Main Street above the New York Clothing Bazaar On one side of it was the foul waiting room on the other the Doc s bedroom. He was an aged widower for what he called female fixings" he cared nothing and the bedroom

with its tottering bureau and its cot of frowsy blankets was cleaned only by Martin in not very frequent attacks of sanitation

This central room was at once business office consultation room operating theater living room poker den and warehouse for guns and fishing tackle Against a brown plaster wall was a cabinet of zoological collections and medical curiosities and beside it the most dreadful and fascinating object known to the boy world of Elk Mills—a skeleton with one gaunt gold tooth. On evenings when the Doc was away Martin would acquire prestige among the trembling Gang by leading them into the unutterable darkness and scratching a sulfur match on the skeleton s jaw

On the wall was a home stuffed pickerel on a home varnished board Beside the rusty stove a sawdust box cuspidor rested on a slimy oilcloth worn through to the threads On the senile table was a pile of memoranda of debts which the Doc was always swearing he would collect from those dead beats right now and which he would never by any chance at any time collect from any of them A year or two—a decade or two—a century or two—they were all the same to the plodding doctor in the bee murmuring town

The most unsanitary corner was devoted to the cast iron sink which was oftener used for washing eggy breakfast plates than for sterilizing instruments On its ledge were a broken test tube a broken fishhook an unlabeled and forgotten bottle of pills a nail bristling heel a frayed cigar butt, and a rusty lancet stuck in a potato

The wild raggedness of the room was the soul and symbol of Doc Vickerson it was more exciting than the flat faced stack of shoe boxes in the New York Bazaar it was the lure to questioning and adventure for Martin Arrowsmith

III

The boy raised his head cocked his inquisitive brow On the stairway was the cumbersome step of Doc Vickerson The Doc was sober! Martin would not have to help him into bed

But it was a bad sign that the Doc should first go down the hall to his bedroom The boy listened sharply He heard the

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Doc open the lower part of the washstand where he kept his bottle of Jamaica rum After a long gurgle the invisible Doc put away the bottle and decisively kicked the doors shut Still good Only one drink If he came into the consultation room at once he would be safe But he was still standing in the bed room Martin sighed as the washstand doors were hastily opened again as he heard another gurgle and a third

The Doc s step was much livelier when he loomed into the office a gray mass of a man with a gray mass of mustache a form vast and unreal and undefined like a cloud taking for the moment a likeness of humanity With the brisk attack of one who wishes to escape the discussion of his guilt the Doc rum bled while he waddled toward his desk-chair

What you doing here young fella? What you doing here? I knew the cat would drag in something if I left the door un locked" He gulped slightly he smiled to show that he was being humorous—people had been known to misconstrue the Doc s humor

He spoke more seriously occasionally forgetting what he was talking about

Reading old Gray? That s right Physician s library just three books Gray s Anatomy and Bible and Shakespeare Study You may become great doctor Locate in Zenith and make five thousand dollars year—much as United States Senator! Set a high goal Don t let things slide Get training Go college before go medical school Study Chemistry Latin Knowledge! I m plug doc—got chick nor child—nobody—old drunk But you—leadin physician Make five thousand dollars year

Murray woman s got endocarditis Not thing I can do for her Wants somebody hold her hand Road s damn disgrace Cul vert s out, beyond the grove Sgrace

Endocarditis and—

Training that s what you got t get. Fundamentals Know chemistry Biology I nev did. Mrs Reverend Jones thinks she s got gastric ulcer Wants to go city for operation Ulcer hell! She and the Reverend both eat too much.

Why they don t repair that culvert— And don t be a booze hoister like me, either And get your basic science. I ll splain"

The boy normal village youngster though he was given to

stoning cats and to playing pom pom pullaway gained some thing of the intoxication of treasure hunting as the Doc strug gled to convey his vision of the pride of learning the universal ity of biology the triumphant exactness of chemistry A fat old man and dirty and unvirtuous was the Doc his grammar was doubtful his vocabulary alarming and his references to his rival good Dr Needham were scandalous yet he invoked in Martin a vision of making chemicals explode with much noise and stink and of seeing animalcules that no boy in Elk Mills had ever beheld

The Doc s voice was thickening he was sunk in his chair blurry of eye and lax of mouth Martin begged him to go to bed but the Doc insisted

Don t need nap No Now you lissen You don t appreciate but— Old man now Giving you all I ve learned Show you collection Only museum in whole county Scientif pioneer

A hundred times had Martin obediently looked at the speci mens in the brown crackly varnished bookcase the beetles and hunks of mica the embryo of a two-headed calf the gallstones removed from a respectable lady whom the Doc enthusiastically named to all visitors The Doc stood before the case waving an enormous but shaky forefinger

Looka that butterfly Name is *porthesia chrysorrhoea* Doc Needham couldn t tell you that! He don t know what butterflies are called! He don t care if you get trained Remember that name now? He turned on Martin You payin attention? You interested? *Huh?* Oh the devil! Nobody wants to know about my museum—not a person Only one in county but— I m an old failure.

Martin asserted Honest it s slick!

Look here! Look here! See that? In the bottle? It s an appendix First one ever took out round here. I did it! Old Doc Vickerson he did the first pendectomy in *th s* neck of the woods, you bet! And first museum It ain t—so big—but it s start I haven t put away money like Doc Needham but I started first c llection—I started it!

He collapsed in a chair groaning You re right Got to sleep All in But as Martin helped him to his feet he broke away scrabbled about on his desk and looked back doubtfully Want

to give you something—start your training And remember the old man Will anybody remember the old man?

He was holding out the beloved magnifying glass which for years he had used in botanizing He watched Martin slip the *lens into his pocket, he sighed he struggled for something else* to say and silently he lumbered into his bedroom.

# CHAPTER II

THE state of Winnemac is bounded by Michigan, Ohio Illinois, and Indiana and like them it is half Eastern, half Midwestern There is a feeling of New England in its brick and sycamore villages its stable industries and a tradition which goes back to the Revolutionary War Zenith the largest city in the state, was founded in 1792. But Winnemac is Mid western in its fields of corn and wheat, its red barns and silos, and despite the immense antiquity of Zenith, many counties were not settled till 1860

The University of Winnemac is at Mohalis, fif een miles from Zenith There are twelve thousand students beside this prodigy Oxford is a tiny theological school and Harvard a select college for young gentlemen. The Univers ty has a baseball field under glass its buildings are measured by the mile it hires hundreds of young Doctors of Philosophy to give rapid instruction in Sanskrit, navigation accountancy spectacle fitting sanitary engi neering Provençal poetry, tariff schedules rutabaga growing motor-car designing the history of Voronezh the style of Mat thew Arnold, the d agnosis of *myohypertrophia kymoparalytica* and department store advertising Its president is the best money raiser and the best after-dinner speaker in the United States and Winnemac was the first school in the world to conduct its extension courses by radio

It is not a snobbish rich man s college, devoted to leisurely nonsense It is the property of the people of the state and what they want—or what they are told they want—is a mill to turn out men and women who will lead moral lives, play bridge, drive good cars, be enterprising in business, and occasionally mention books, though they are not expected to have time to read them. It is a Ford Motor Factory and if its products rattle

to give you something—start your training And remember the *old man Will anybody remember the old man?*

He was holding out the beloved magnifying glass which for years he had used in botanizing He watched Martin slip the lens into his pocket, he sighed he struggled for something else to say and silently he lumbered into his bedroom.

cally virtuous an institution as Winnemac there was one Wild Man and he was Norman Brumfit He was permitted without restriction to speak of himself as immoral, agnostic and social istic, so long as it was universally known that he remained pure Presbyterian and Republican Dr Brumfit was in form tonight He asserted that whenever a man showed genius it could be proved that he had Jewish blood Like all discussions of Judaism at Winnemac, this led to the mention of Max Gottlieb professor of bacteriology in the medical school

Professor Gottlieb was the mystery of the University It was known that he was a Jew born and educated in Germany and that his work on immunology had given him fame in the East and in Europe. He rarely left his small brown weedy house except to return to his laboratory and few students outside of his classes had ever identified him, but everyone had heard of his tall lean dark aloofness A thousand fables fluttered about him It was believed that he was the son of a German prince that he had immense wealth that he lived as sparsely as the other professors only because he was doing terrifying and costly experiments which probably had something to do with human sacrifice It was said that he could create life in the laboratory that he could talk to the monkeys which he inoculated that he had been driven out of Germany as a devil worshiper or an anarchist and that he secretly drank real champagne every evening at dinner

It was the tradition that faculty members did not discuss their colleagues with students but Max Gottlieb could not be regarded as anybody s colleague He was impersonal as the chill northeast wind Dr Brumfit rattled

I m sufficiently liberal I should assume, toward the laims of science but with a man like Gottlieb— I m prepared to believe that he knows all about material forces but what astounds me is that such a man can be blind to the vital force that creates all others He says that knowledge is worthless unless it is proven by rows of figures Well when one of you scientific sharks can take the genius of a Ben Jonson and measure it with a yard stick then I'll admit that we literary chaps with our doubtless absurd belief in beauty and loyalty and the world o dreams are off on the wrong track!

Martin Arrowsmith was not exactly certain what this meant

and he enthusiastically did not care He was relieved when Professor Edwards from the midst of his beardedness and smokiness made a sound curiously like Oh hell! and took the conversation away from Brumfit. Ordinarily Encore would have suggested with amiable malice that Gottlieb was a crapehanger who wasted time destroying the theories of other men instead of making new ones of his own But tonight in detestation of such literary playboys as Brumfit he exalted Gottlieb s long lonely failure burdened effort to synthesize antitoxin and his diabolic pleasure in disproving his own contentions as he would those of Ehrlich or Sir Almroth Wright He spoke of Gottlieb s great book Immunology which had been read by seven ninths of all the men in the world who could possibly understand it—the number of these being nine

The party ended with Mrs Edwards celebrated doughnuts Martin tramped toward his boarding house through a veiled spring night The discussion of Gottlieb had roused him to a reasonless excitement He thought of working in a laboratory at night alone, absorbed contemptuous of academic success and of popular classes Himself he believed, he had never seen the man but he knew that Gottlieb s laboratory was in the Main Medical Building He drifted toward the distant medical campus. The few people whom he met were hurrying with midnight timidity He entered the shadow of the Anatomy Building grim as a barracks, still as the dead men lying up there in the dissecting room Beyond him was the turreted bulk of the Main Medical Building a harsh and blurry mass high up in its dark wall a single light. He started The light had gone out abruptly as though an agitated watcher were trying to hide from him

On the stone steps of the Main Medical two minutes after appeared beneath the arc light a tall figure, ascetic, self-contained, apart His swart cheeks were gaunt his nose high-bridged and thin He did not hurry like the belated home bodies. He was unconscious of the world He looked at Martin and through him he moved away muttering to himself his shoulders stooped his long hands clasped behind him He was lost in the shadows himself a shadow

He had worn the threadbare top-coat of a poor professor yet Martin remembered him as wrapped in a black velvet cape with a silver star arrogant on his breast

III

On his first day in medical school, Martin Arrowsmith was n a high state of superiority As a medic he was more pic uresque than other students for medics are reputed to kno v secrets horrors exhilarating wickednesses Men from the other lepartments go to their rooms to peer into their books But also is an academic graduate with a training in the basic sciences ie felt superior to his fellow medics most of whom had but a igh school diploma with perhaps one year in a ten room Lutheran college among the cornfields

For all his pride Martin was nervous He thought of operat ng of making a murderous wrong incision and with a more mmediate macabre fear he thought of the dissecting room and he stony steely Anatomy Building He had heard older medics nutter of its horrors of corpses hanging by hooks like rows of ghastly fruit in an abominable tank of brine in the dark base nent of Henry the janitor who was said to haul the cadavers out of the brine, to inject red lead into their veins and to scold hem as he stuffed them on the dumb-waiter

There was prairie freshness in the autumn day but Martin did not heed He hurried into the slate-colored hall of the Main Medical up the wide stairs to the office of Max Gottlieb He did not look at passing students and when he bumped into them he grunted in confused apology It was a portentous hour He was going to specialize in bacteriology he was going to discover enchanting new germs Professor Gottlieb was going to recog nize him as a genius make him an assistant predict for him—

He halted in Gottlieb s private laboratory a small, tidy apart ment with racks of cotton-corked test tubes on the bench a place unimpressive and unmagical save for the constant-tempera ture bath with its tricky thermometer and electric bulbs He waited till another student, a stuttering gawk of a student, had finished talking to Gottlieb, dark, lean, impassive at his desk in a cubbyhole of an office, then he plunged

If in the misty April night Gottlieb had been romantic as a cloaked horseman he was now testy and middle aged. Near at hand, Martin could see wrinkles beside the ha vk eyes. Gottl eb had turned back to his desk which was heaped ith shabby note-books sheets of calculat ons, and a marvelously p ecise

chart with red and green curves descending to vanish at zero The calculations were delicate minute exquisitely clear and delicate were the scientist s thin hands among the papers He looked up spoke with a hint of German accent. His words were not so much mispronounced as colored with a warm unfamiliar tint

Vell? Yes?

Oh Professor Gottlieb my name is Arrowsmith. I m a medic freshman Winnemac B.A I d like awfully to take bacteriology this fall instead of next year I ve had a lot of chemistry—

No It is not time for you

Honest I know I could do it now

There are two kinds of students that the gods give me One kind they dump on me like a bushel of potatoes I do not like potatoes, and the potatoes they do not ever seem to have great affection for me but I take them and teach them to kill patients The other kind—they are very *few!*—they seem for some reason that is not at all clear to me to wish a liddle bit to become scientists to work with bugs and make mistakes Those ah those I seize them I denounce them I teach them right away the ultimate lesson of science which is to wait and doubt Of the potatoes I demand nothing of the foolish ones like you who think I could teach them something I demand everything No You are too young Come back next year

But honestly with my chemistry—

Have you taken physical chemistry?

No sir but I did pretty well in organ c

Organic chemistry! Puzzle chemistry! Stink chemistry! Drug store chemistry! Physical chemistry is power it is exactness it is life But organic chemistry—that is a trade for pot washers No You are too young Come back in a year

Gottlieb was absolute. His talon fingers waved Martin to the door and the boy hastened out not daring to argue He slunk off in misery On the campus he met that jovial historian of chemistry Encore Edwards and begged Say Professor tell me is there any value for a doctor in organic chemistry?"

Value? Why it seeks the drugs that allay pain! It produces the paint that slicks up your house it dyes your sweetheart s dress—and maybe in these degenerate days, her cherry lips!

Who the dickens has been talking scandal about my organic chemistry?

Nobody I was just wondering Martin complained and he drifted to the College Inn where in an injured and melancholy manner he devoured an enormous banana split and a bar of almond chocolate as he meditated

I want to take bacteriology I want to get down to the bottom of this disease stuff I ll learn some physical chemistry I ll show old Gottlieb damn him! Some day I ll discover the germ of cancer or something and then he ll look foolish in the face! Oh, Lord I hope I won t take sick first time I go into the dissecting room I want to take bacteriology—now!

He recalled Gottlieb s sardonic face he felt and feared his quality of dynamic hatred Then he remembered the wrinkles and he saw Max Gottlieb not as a genius but as a man who had headaches who became agonizingly tired who could be loved

I wonder if Encore Edwards knows as much as I thought he did? What *is* Truth? he puzzled

IV

Martin was jumpy on his first day of dissecting He could not look at the inhumanly stiff faces of the starveling gray men lying on the wooden tables But they were so impersonal these lost old men that in two days he was like the other medics calling them Billy and Ike and the Parson and regarding them as he had regarded animals in biology The dissecting room itself was impersonal hard cement floor walls of hard plaster between wire glass windows Martin detested the reek of formaldehyde that and some dreadful subtle other odor seemed to cling about him outs de the dissecting room but he smoked cigarettes to forget it and in a week he was exploring arteries with youthful and altogether unholy joy

His d ssecting partner was the Reverend Ira Hinkley, known to the class by a similar but different name

Ira was going to be a medical miss onary He was a man of twenty nine a graduate of Pottsburg Christian College and of the Sanctification Bible and Missions School He had played football, he was as strong and nearly as large as a steer and no steer ever bellowed more enormously He was a bright and

happy Christian, a romping optimist who laughed away sin and doubt a joyful Puritan who with annoying virility preached the doctrine of his tiny sect, the Sanctification Brotherhood that to have a beautiful church was almost as damnable as the debaucheries of card playing

Martin found himself viewing Billy their cadaver—an undersized blotchy old man with a horrible little red beard on his petrified vealy face—as a machine fascinating complex beautiful but a machine It damaged his already feeble belief in man s divinity and immortality He might have kept his doubts to himself revolving them slowly as he dissected out the nerves of the mangled upper arm but Ira Hinkley would not let him alone Ira believed that he could bring even medical students to bliss which, to Ira, meant singing extraordinarily long and unlovely hymns in a chapel of the Sanctification Brotherhood

Mart, my son" he roared, "do you realize that in this what some might call a sordid task we are learning things that will enable us to heal the bodies and comfort the souls of countless lost unhappy folks?

Huh! Souls I haven t found one yet in old Billy Honest do you believe that junk?

Ira clenched his fist and scowled then belched with laughter slapped Martin distressingly on the back and clamored Brother you've got to do better than that to get Ira s goat! You think you re got a lot of these fancy Modern Doubts You haven t—you ve only got indigestion. What you need is exercise and faith. Come on over to the Y M.C.A and I'll take you for a swim and pray with you Why you poor skinny little agnostic here you have a chance to see the Almighty s handiwork and all you grab out of it is a feeling that you re real smart Buck up young Arrowsmith You don t know how funny you are to a fellow that s got a serene faith!

To the delight of Clif Clawson, the class jester who worked at the next table, Ira chucked Martin in the ribs, patted him very painfully upon the head and amiably resumed work while Martin danced with irritation

In college Martin had been a barb —he had not belonged to a Greek Letter secret society He had been rushed" but he had resented the condescension of the aristocracy of men from the larger cities Now that most of his Arts classmates had departed to insurance offices law schools and banks, he was lonely and tempted by an invitation from Digamma Pi the chief medical fraternity

Digamma Pi was a lively boarding house with a billiard table and low prices Rough and amiable noises came from it at night and a good deal of singing about When I Die Don't Bury Me at All yet for three years Digams had won the valedictory and the Hugh Loizeau Medal in Experimental Surgery This autumn the Digams elected Ira Hinkley because they had been gaining a reputation for dissipation—girls were said to have been smuggled in late at night—and no company which included the Reverend Mr Hinkley could possibly be taken by the Dean as immoral which was an advantage if they were to continue comfortably immoral

Martin had prized the independence of his solitary room In a fraternity all tennis rackets trousers and opinions are held in common When Ira found that Martin was hesitating he insisted Oh come on in! Digam needs you You do study hard—I'll say that for you—and think what a chance you'll have to influence The Fellows for good

(On all occasions Ira referred to his classmates as The Fellows and frequently he used the term in prayers at the YMCA)

I don't want to influence anybody I want to learn the doctor trade and make six thousand dollars a year

My boy, if you only knew how foolish you sound when you try to be cynical! When you're as old as I am, you'll understand that the glory of being a doctor is that you can teach folks high ideals while you soothe their tortured bodies.

Suppose they don't want my particular brand of high ideals?

Mart, have I got to stop and pray with you?

No! Quit! Honestly, Hinkley, of all the Christians I ever met you take the rottenest advantages You can lick anybody in the class and when I think of how you're going to bully the poor

heathen when you get to be a missionary, and make the kids put on breeches and marry off all the happy lovers to the wrong people, I could bawl!"

The prospect of leaving his sheltered den for the patronage of the Reverend Mr Hinkley was intolerable It was not till Angus Duer accepted election to Digamma Pi that Martin himself came in

Duer was one of the few among Martin s classmates in the academic course who had gone on with him to the Winnemac medical school Duer had been the valedictorian He was a silent sharp-faced, curly headed rather handsome young man and he never squandered an hour or a good impulse. So brilliant was his work in biology and chemistry that a Chicago surgeon had promised him a place in his clinic Martin compared Angus Duer to a razor blade on a January morning he hated him was uncomfortable with him, and envied him. He knew that in biology Duer had been too busy passing examinations to ponder to get any concept of biology as a whole He knew that Duer was a tricky chemist, who neatly and swiftly completed the experiments demanded by the course and never ventured on original experiments which leading him into a confused land of wondering might bring him to glory or disaster He was sure that Duer cultivated his manner of chill efficiency to impress instructors Yet the man stood out so bleakly from a mass of students who could neither complete their experiments nor ponder nor do anything save smoke pipes and watch football practice that Martin loved him while he hated him and almost meekly he followed him into Digamma Pi

Martin Ira Hinkley Angus Duer Clif Clawson the meaty class jester and one Fatty Pfaff were initiated into Digamma Pi together It was a noisy and rather painful performance, which included smelling asafetida Martin was bored, but Fatty Pfaff was in squeaking billowing gasping terror

Fatty was of all the new Freshmen candidates the most useful to Digamma Pi He was planned by nature to be a butt He looked like a distended hot water bottle he was magnificently imbecile he believed everything he knew nothing h could memorize nothing and anxiously he forgave the men who got through the vacant hours by playing jokes upon him They persuaded him that mustard plasters were excellent for colds—

solicitously they gathered about him affixed an enormous plaster to his back and afterward fondly removed it. They concealed the ear of a cadaver in his nice clean new pocket handkerchief when he went to Sunday supper at the house of a girl cousin in Zenith At supper he produced the handkerchief with a flourish.

Every night when Fatty retired he had to remove from his bed a collection of objects which thoughtful house mates had stuffed between the sheets—soap alarm clocks fish He was the perfect person to whom to sell useless things Clif Clawson who combined a brisk huckstering with his jokes sold to Fatty for four dollars a History of Medicine which he had bought, second hand for two and while Fatty never read it, never conceivably could read it, the possession of the fat red book made him feel learned But Fatty s greatest beneficence to Di gamma was his belief in spiritualism He went about in terror of spooks He was always seeing them emerging at night from the dissecting room windows His classmates took care that he should behold a great many of them flitting about the halls of the fraternity

VI

Digamma Pi was housed in a residence built in the expansive days of 1885 The living room suggested a recent cyclone Knife gashed tables broken Morris chairs and torn rugs were flung about the room, and covered with backless books hockey shoes, caps and cigarette stubs Above there were four men to a bed room and the beds were iron double-deckers like a steerage.

For ash-trays the Digams used sawed skulls and on the bed room walls were anatomical charts to be studied while dressing In Martin s room was a complete skeleton. He and his room mates had trustingly bought it from a salesman who came out from a Zenith surgical supply house He was such a genial and sympathetic salesman he gave them cigars and told G U stories and explained what prosperous doctors they were all going to be. They bought the skeleton gratefully on the installment plan Later the salesman was less genial

Martin roomed with Clif Clawson Fatty Pfaff and an earnest second year medic named Irving Watters

Any psychologist desiring a perfectly normal man for use in

demonstrations could not have done better than to have engaged Irving Watters He was always and carefully dull smilingly easily dependably dull If there was any cliché which he did not use, it was because he had not yet heard it. He believed in morality—except on Saturday evenings he believed in the Episcopal Church—but not the High Church he believed in the Constitution Darwinism systematic exercise in the gymnasium and the genius of the president of the university

Among them, Martin most liked Clif Clawson Clif was the clown of the fraternity house he was given to raucous laughter he clogged and sang meaningless songs he even practiced on the cornet yet he was somehow a good fellow and solid and Martin in his detestation of Ira Hinkley, his fear of Angus Duer, his pity for Fatty Pfaff, his distaste for the amiable dullness of Irving Watters turned to the roaring Clif as to something living and experimenting At least Clif had reality the reality of a plowed field of a steaming manure pile. It was Clif who would box with him Clif who—though he loved to sit for hours smoking grunting magnificently loafing—could be persuaded to go for a five mile walk

And it was Clif who risked death by throwing baked beans at the Reverend Ira Hinkley at supper when Ira was bulkily and sweetly corrective

In the dissecting room Ira was maddening enough with his merriment at such of Martin s ideas as had not been accepted in Pottsburg Christian College but in the fraternity house he was a moral pest He never ceased trying to stop their profanity After three years on a backwoods football team he still believed with unflinching optimism that he could sterilize young men by administering reproofs with the nickering of a lady Sunday School teacher and the delicacy of a charging elephant.

Ira also had statistics about Clean Living

He was full of statistics Where he got them did not matter to him figures in the daily papers in the census report, or in the Miscellany Column of the *Sanctification Herald* were equally valid He announced at supper table Clif it s a wonder to me how as bright a fella as you can go on sucking that dirty old pipe D you realize that 67.9 per cent of all women who go to the operating table have husbands who smoke tobacco?

What the devil would they smoke?" demanded Clif.

Where d you get those figures? from Martin

They came out at a medical convention in Philadelphia in 1902 Ira condescended Of course I don t suppose it ll make any difference to a bunch of wise galoots like you that some day you'll marry a nice bright little woman and ruin her life with your vices Sure-keep right on=fine brave virile bunch! A poor weakling preacher like me wouldn t dare do anything so brave as smoke a pipe!"

He left them triumphantly, and Martin groaned Ira makes me want to get out of medicine and be an honest harness maker

Aw gee now Mart Fatty Pfaff complained, you oughtn t to cuss Ira out He s awful sincere

Sincere? Hell! So is a cockroach!

Thus they jabbered, while Angus Duer watched them in a superior silence that made Martin nervous In the study of the profession to which he had looked forward all his life he found irritation and vacuity as well as serene wisdom he saw no one clear path to Truth but a thousand paths to a thousand truths far-off and doubtful

# CHAPTER III

JOHN A ROBERTSHAW John Aldington Robertshaw professor of physiology in the medical school was rather deaf and he was the only teacher in the University of Winnemac who still wore mutton-chop whiskers He came from Back Bay he was proud of it and let you know about it With three other Brahmins he formed in Mohalis a Boston colony which stood for sturdy sweetness and decorously shaded light On all occasions he remarked When I was studying with Ludwig in Germany— He was too absorbed in his own correctness to heed individual students and Clif Clawson and the other young men technically known as hell raisers looked forward to his lectures on physiology

They were held in an amphitheater whose seats curved so far around that the lecturer could not see both ends at once and while Dr Robertshaw continuing to drone about blood circulation was peering to the right to find out who was making that outrageous sound like a motor horn far over on the left Clif Clawson would rise and imitate him with sawing arm and stroking of imaginary whiskers Once Clif produced the masterpiece of throwing a brick into the sink beside the platform just when Dr Robertshaw was working up to his annual climax about the effect of brass bands on the intensity of the knee jerk

Martin had been reading Max Gottlieb s scientific papers—as much of them as he could read with their morass of mathematical symbols—and from them he had a conviction that experiments should be something dealing with the foundations of life and death with the nature of bacterial infection with the chemistry of bodily reactions When Robertshaw chirped about fussy little experiments, standard experiments maiden aunt experiments, Martin was restless In college he had felt that prosody

and Latin Composition were futile and he had looked forward to the study of medicine as illumination Now in melancholy worry about his own unreasonableness he found that he was developing the same contempt for Robertshaw s rules of the thumb—and for most of the work in anatomy

The professor of anatomy Dr Oliver O Stout, was himself an anatomy a dissection-chart, a thinly covered knot of nerves and blood vessels and bones Stout had precise and enormous knowledge in his dry voice he could repeat more facts about the left little toe than you would have thought anybody would care to learn regarding the left little toe

No discussion at the Digamma Pi supper table was more violent than the incessant debate over the value to a doctor a decent normal doctor who made a good living and did not worry about reading papers at medical associations of remembering anatomical terms But no matter what they thought they all ground at learning the lists of names which enable a man to crawl through examinations and become an Educated Person with a market value of five dollars an hour Unknown sages had invented rimes which enabled them to memorize At supper —the thirty piratical Digams sitting at a long and spotty table, devouring clam chowder and beans and codfish balls and banana layer-cake—the Freshmen earnestly repeated after a senior

On old Olympus topmost top
A fat-eared German viewed a hop

Thus by association with the initial letters they mastered the twelve cranial nerves olfactory optic oculomotor trochlear and the rest To the D gams it was the world s noblest poem and they remembered it for years after they had become practicing physicians and altogether forgotten the names of the nerves themselves

II

In Dr Stout s anatomy lectures there were no disturbances but in h s d ssecting room were many pleasantries The mildest of them was the insertion of a fire-cracker in the cadaver on which the two virginal and unhappy co-eds worked The real excitement dur ng Freshman year was the incident of Clif Clawson and the pancreas

Clif had been elected class president, for the year because he was so full of greetings He never met a classmate in the hall of Main Medical without shouting How s your vermiform appendix functioning this morning? or I bid thee a lofty greeting old pediculosis With booming decorum he presided at class meetings (indignant meetings to denounce the proposal to let the aggies use the North Side Tennis Courts) but in private life he was less decorous

The terrible thing happened when the Board of Regents were being shown through the campus The Regents were the supreme rulers of the University they were bankers and manufacturers and pastors of large churches to them even the president was humble. Nothing gave them more interesting thrills than the dissecting room of the medical school The preachers spoke morally of the effect of alcohol on paupers and the bankers of the disrespect for savings-accounts which is always to be seen in the kind of men who insist on becoming cadavers In the midst of the tour led by Dr Stout and the umbrella-carrying secretary of the University the plumpest and most educational of all the bankers stopped near Clif Clawson s dissecting table with his derby hat reverently held behind him, and into that hat Clif dropped a pancreas.

Now a pancreas is a damp and disgusting thing to find in your new hat and when the banker did so find one he threw down the hat and said that the students of Winnemac had gone to the devil Dr Stout and the secretary comforted him they cleaned the derby and assured him that vengeance should be done on the man who could put a pancreas in a banker s hat

Dr Stout summoned Clif as president of the Freshmen. Clif was pained He assembled the class he lamented that any Winnemac Man could place a pancreas in a banker s hat, and he demanded that the criminal be manly enough to stand up and confess

Unfortunately the Reverend Ira Hinkley, who sat between Martin and Angus Duer had seen Clif drop the pancreas He growled. This is outrageous! I m going to expose Clawson even if he is a frat brother of mine

Martin protested Cut it out. You don t want to get him fired?

He ought to be!

Angus Duer turned in his seat looked at Ira and suggested, 'Will you kindly shut up? and as Ira subsided Angus became to Martin more admirable and more hateful than ever

III

When he was depressed by a wonder as to why he was here, listening to a Professor Robertshaw repeating verses about fat eared Germans learning the trade of medicine like Fatty Pfaff or Irving Watters then Martin had relief in what he considered debauches. Actually they were extremely small debauches they rarely went beyond too much lager in the adjacent city of Zenith or the smiles of a factory girl parading the sordid back avenues, but to Martin with his pride in taut strength, his joy in a clear brain they afterward seemed tragic.

His safest companion was Clif Clawson No matter how much bad beer he drank Clif was never much more intoxicated than in his normal state. Martin sank or rose to Clif's buoyancy while Clif rose or sank to Martin s speculativeness As they sat in a back room at a table glistening with beer glass rings Clif shook his finger and babbled You re only one at gets me Mart. You know with all the hell raising and all the talk about bein c m mercial that I pull on these h gh boys like Ira Stinkley I m jus sick o c mmercialism an bunk as you are

Sure You bet Martin agreed with alcoholic fondness "You re jus like me My God do you get it—dough face like Irving Watters or heartless climber like Angus Duer and then old Gottlieb! Ideal of research!. Never bein content with what seems true! Alone, not carin a damn, square toed as a captain on the bridge working all night, getting to the bottom of things!

"Thash stuff Thats my idee too Lez have nother beer Shake you for it!" observed Clif Clawson

Zenith with its saloons was fift en miles from Mohalis and the University of Winnemac half an hou by the huge, roaring steel interu ban trolleys and to Zenith the medical students went for their forays To say that one had gone into town last night was a matter for w nks and leers But w th Angus Duer Martin discovered a new Zenith

At supper Duer said abruptly Come into town with me and hear a concert

For all his fancied superiority to the class Martin was illimitably ignorant of literature, of painting of music That the bloodless and acquisitive Angus Duer should waste time listening to fiddlers was astounding to him He discovered that Duer had enthusiasm for two composers called Bach and Beethoven presumably Germans, and that he himself did not yet comprehend all the ways of the world On the interurban Duer s gravity loosened and he cried Boy if I hadn t been born to carve up innards I d have been a great musician! Tonight I m going to lead you right into Heaven!

Martin found himself in a confusion of little chairs and vast gilded arches, of polite but disapproving ladies with programs in their laps unromantic musicians making unpleasant noises below and, at last, incomprehensible beauty which made for him pictures of hills and deep forests then suddenly became achingly long winded He exulted I m going to have em all—the fame of Max Gottlieb—I mean his ability—and the lovely music and lovely women— Golly! I m going to do big things And see the world Will this piece never quit?

IV

It was a week after the concert that he rediscovered Madeline Fox

Madeline was a handsome, high-colored high spirited opinionated girl whom Martin had known in college. She was staying on ostensibly to take a graduate course in English, actually to avoid going back home She considered herself a superb tennis player she played it with energy and voluble swoopings and large lack of direction She believed herself to be a connoisseur of literature the fortunates to whom she gave her approval were Hardy Meredith Howells and Thackeray none of whom she had read for five years She had often reproved Martin for his inappreciation of Howells for wearing flannel shirts and for his failure to hand her down from street-cars in the manner of a fiction hero In college they had gone to dances together though as a dancer Martin was more spirited than accurate and his partners sometimes had difficulty in deciding just what he

was trying to dance He liked Madeline s tall comeliness and her vigor he felt that with her energetic culture she was somehow good for him During this year he had scarcely seen her He thought of her late in the evenings and planned to telephone to her and did not telephone But as he became doubtful about medicine he longed for her sympathy and on a Sunday afternoon of spring he took her for a walk along the Chaloosa River

From the river bluffs the prairie stretches in exuberant rolling hills In the long barley fields the rough pastures the stunted oaks and brilliant birches there is the adventurousness of the frontier and like young plainsmen they tramped the bluffs and told each other they were going to conquer the world

He complained "These damn medics—"

Oh Martin, do you think damn is a nice word? said Madeline

He did think it was a very nice word indeed and constantly useful to a busy worker but her smile was desirable.

*Well—these darn studes, they aren t trying to learn science* they re simply learning a trade They just want to get the knowledge that ll enable them to cash in They don t talk about saving lives but about losing cases —losing dollars! And they wouldn t even mind losing cases if it was a sensational operation that d advertise em! They make me sick! How many of em do you find that re interested in the work Ehrlich is doing in Germany —yes or that Max Gottlieb is doing right here and now! Gottlieb s just taken an awful fall out of Wright s opsonin theory"

Has he really?

*Has* he! I should say he had! And do you get any of the *medics stirred up about it? You do not!* They *say* Oh sure science is all right in its way helps a doc to treat his patients and then they begin to argue about whether they can make more money if they locate in a big city or a town and is it better for a young doc to play the good fellow and lodge game or join the church and look earnest You ought to hear Irve Watters He s just got one idea the fellow that gets ahead in medicine is he the lad that knows his pathology? Oh, no the bird that succeeds is the one that gets an office on a northeast corner near a trolley car junction with a phone number that *ll* be easy for patients to remember! Honest! He said so! I swear when I graduate I believe I ll be a ship s doctor You see the world

that way and at least you aren t racing up and down the boat trying to drag patients away from some rival doc that has an office on another deck!

Yes I know it s dreadful the way people don t have ideals about their work So many of the English grad students just want to make money teaching instead of enjoying scholarship the way I do

It was disconcerting to Martin that she should seem to think that she was a superior person quite as much as himself but he was even more disconcerted when she bubbled

At the same time Martin, one does have to be practical doesn t one! Think how much more money—no I mean how much more social position and power for doing good a successful doctor has than one of these scientists that just putter and don t know what s going on in the world Look at a surgeon like Dr Loizeau riding up to the ho pital in a lovely car with a chauffeur in uniform, and all his patients simply worshiping him and then your Max Gottlieb—somebody pointed him out to me the other day and he had on a dreadful old suit, and I certainly thought he could stand a hair-cut

Martin turned on her with fury, statistics, vituperation, religious .eal, and confused metaphor They sat on a crooked old fashioned rail fence where over the sun-soaked bright plantains the first insects of spring were humming In the storm of his fanaticism she lost her airy Culture and squeaked, Yes I see now, I see, without stating what it was she saw. Oh, you do have a fine mind and such fine—such integrity!

Honest? Do you think I have?

Oh, indeed I do and I m sure you re going to have a wonderful future And I m so glad you aren t commercial like the others Don t mind what they say!

He noted that Madeline was not only a rare and understanding spirit but also an extraordinarily desirable woman—fresh color tender eyes adorable slope from shoulder to side As they walked back, he perceived that she was incredibly the right mate for him Under his training she would learn the distinction between vague "ideals" and the hard sureness of science They paused on the bluff looking down at the muddy Chaloosa a springtime Western river wild with floating branches He yearned for her he regretted the casual affairs of a student and

determined to be a pure and extremely industrious young man, to be in fact worthy of her

Oh Madeline he mourned you re so darn lovely!

She glanced at him timidly

He caught her hand in a desperate burst he tried to kiss her It was very badly done He managed only to kiss the point of her jaw while she struggled and begged Oh don t! They did not acknowledge, as they ambled back into Mohalis that the incident had occurred but there was softness in their voices and without impatience now she heard his denunciation of Professor Robertshaw as a phonograph and he listened to her remarks on the shallowness and vulgarity of Dr Norman Brumfit that sprightly English instructor At her boarding house she sighed I wish I could ask you to come in but it s almost suppertime and— Will you call me up some day?

You bet I will! said Martin according to the rules for amorous discourse in the University of Winnemac

He raced home in adoration As he lay in his narrow upper bunk at midnight he saw her eyes now impertinent, now reproving now warm with trust in him I love her! I *love* her! I ll phone her— Wonder if I dare call her up as early as eight in the morning?

But at eight he was too busy studying the lacrimal apparatus to think of ladies eyes He saw Madeline only once and in the publicity of her boarding house porch crowded with co-eds red cushions and marshmallows before he was hurled into hectic studying for the year s final examinations

V

At examination time Digamma Pi fraternity showed its value to urgent seekers after wisdom Generations of Digams had collected test papers and preserved them in the sacred Quiz Book geniuses for detail had labored through the volume and marked with red pencil the problems most often set in the course of years. The Freshmen crouched in a ring about Ira Hinkley in the Digam living room while he read out the questions they were most likely to get. They writhed clawed their hair scratched their chins, bit their fingers and beat their tem-

ples in the endeavor to give the right answer before Angus Duer should read it to them out of the textbook

In the midst of their sufferings they had to labor with Fatty Pfaff

Fatty had failed in the mid year anatomical and he had to pass a special quiz before he could take the finals There was a certain fondness for him in Digamma Pi Fatty was soft Fatty was superstitious Fatty was an imbecile yet they had for him the annoyed affection they might have had for a second hand motor or a muddy dog All of them worked on him they tried to lift him and thrust him through the examination as through a trap-door They panted and grunted and moaned at the labor and Fatty panted and moaned with them

The night before his special examination they kept him at it till two with wet towels black coffee prayer and profanity They repeated lists—*lists*—*lists* to him they shook their fists in his mournful red round face and howled Damn you *wil?* you remember that the bicuspid valve is the SAME as the mitral valve and NOT another one? They ran about the room holding up their hands and wailing Won t he never remember nothing about nothing? and charged back to purr with fictive calm Now no use getting fussed Fatty Take it easy Just listen to this quietly will yuh and try coaxingly do try to remember *one thing anyway!*

They led him carefully to bed He was so filled with facts that the slightest jostling would have spilled them

When he awoke at seven with red eyes and trembling lips he had forgotten everything he had learned

There s nothing for it said the president of Digamma Pi He s got to have a crib and take his chance on getting caught with it I thought so I made one out for him yesterday It s a lulu *It ll cover enough of the questions so he ll get through.*

Even the Reverend Ira Hinkley since he had witnessed the horrors of the midnight before went his ways ignoring the crime It was Fatty himself who protested Gee I don t like to cheat I don t think a fellow that can t get through an examination had hardly ought to be allowed to practice medicine That s what my Dad said

They poured more coffee into him and (on the advice of Clif Clawson who wasn t exactly sure what the effect might be but

who was willing to learn) they fed him a potassium bromide tablet The president of Digamma seizing Fatty with some firm ness growled I m going to stick this crib in your pocket—look here in your breast pocket behind your handkerchief

I won t use it I don t care if I fail whimpered Fatty

That s all right, but you keep it there Maybe you can absorb a little information from it through your lungs for God knows— The president clenched his hair His voice rose, and in it was all the tragedy of night watches and black draughts and hopeless retreats —God knows you can t take it in through your head!

They dusted Fatty they stood him right side up and pushed him through the door on his way to Anatomy Building They watched him go a balloon on legs a sausage in corduroy trousers

Is it possible he s going to be honest? marveled Clif Clawson

Well if he is we better go up and begin packing his trunk And this ole frat'll never have another goat like Fatty grieved the president

They saw Fatty stop remove his handkerchief mournfully blow his nose—and discover a long thin slip of paper They saw him frown at it tap it on his knuckles begin to read it stuff it back into his pocket and go on with a more resolute step

They danced hand in hand about the living room of the fraternity piously assuring one another He ll use it—it s all right —he ll get through or get hanged!

He got through

VI

Digamma Pi was more annoyed by Martin s restless doubtings than by Fatty s idiocy Clif Clawson s raucousness Angus Duer s rasping or the Reverend Ira Hinkley s nagging

During the strain of study for examinations Martin was peculiarly vexing in regard to laying in the best quality medical terms like the best quality sterilizers—not for use but to impress your patients As one the Digams suggested Say if you don t like the way we study medicine, we ll be tickled to death to take up a collection and send you back to Elk Mills where you won t be disturbed by all us lowbrows and commercialists Look

here! We don t tell you how you ought to work Where do you get the idea you got to tell us? Oh turn it off will you!

Angus Duer observed with sour sweetness We ll admit we re simply carpenters and you re a great investigator But there s several things you might turn to when you finish science What do you know about architecture? How s your French verbs? How many big novels have you ever read? Who s the premier of Austro-Hungary?

Martin struggled, I don t pretend to know anything—except I do know what a man like Max Gottlieb means He s got the right method, and all these other hams of profs they're simply witch doctors You think Gottlieb isn't religious Hinkley Why, his just being in a lab is a prayer Don't you idiots realize what it means to have a man like that here making new concepts of life? Don t you—

Clif Clawson with a chasm of yawning speculated Praying in the lab! I ll bet I get the pants took off me when I take bacteriology if Pa Gottlieb catches me praying during experiment hours!

Damn it listen! Martin wailed. I tell you, you fellows are the kind that keep medicine nothing but guess-work diagnosis and here you have a man—

So they argued for hours after their sweaty fact grinding

When the others had gone to bed when the room was a muck heap of *flung* clothing and weary young men snoring in iron bunks Martin sat at the splintery long pine study-table worrying Angus Duer glided in demanding Look here old son We re all sick of your crabbing If you think medicine is rot the way we study it and if you re so confoundedly honest why don t you get out?

He left Martin to agonize, He s right. I ve got to shut up or get out. Do I really mean it? What *do* I want? What *am* I going to do?

VII

Angus Duer s studiousness and his reverence for correct manners were alike offended by Clif s bawdy singing Clif s howling conversation Clif s fondness for dropp ng things in people s soup and Clif s melancholy inability to keep his hands washed For all his appearance of nerveless steadiness during the tension

of examination time Duer was as nervous as Martin and one evening at supper when Clif was bellowing Duer snapped, Will you kindly not make so much racket?

I'll make all the damn racket I damn please! Clif asserted, and a feud was on

Clif was so noisy thereafter that he 'most became tired of his own noise He was noisy in the living room he was noisy in the bath, and with some sacrifice he lay awake pretending to snore If Duer was quiet and book wrapped he was not in the least timid he faced Clif with the eye of a magistrate and cowed him Privily Clif complained to Martin, 'Darn him he acts like I was a worm Either he or me has got to get out of Digam that s a cinch and it won t be me!

He was ferocious and very noisy about it, and it was he who got out He said that the Digams were a bunch of bum sports don t even have a decent game of poker but he was fleeing from the hard eyes of Angus Duer And Martin resigned from the fraternity with him, planned to room with him the coming autumn

Clif's blustering rubbed Martin as it did Duer Clif had no reticences when he was not telling slimy stories he was demanding How much chuh pay for those shoes—must think you re a Vanderbilt! or D I see you walking with that Madeline Fox femme—what chuh tryin to do? But Martin was alienated from the civilized, industrious, nice young men of Digamma Pi, in whose faces he could already see prescriptions, glossy white sterilize s smart enclosed motors, and glass office-signs in the best gilt lettering He preferred a barbar an loneliness, for next year he would be working with Max Gottl b, and he could not be bothered.

That summer he spent with a crew installing telephones in Montana.

He was a lineman in the wire gang It was his job to climb the poles digging the spurs of his leg irons into the soft and silvery pine, to carry up the w re lash it to the glass insulators then down and to another pole

They made perhaps five miles a day at night they drove into little rickety wooden towns Their retiring was simple—they removed their shoes and rolled up in a horse blanket. M rtin wore overalls and a flannel shirt He looked like a farm hand.

Climbing all day long he breathed deep his eyes cleared of worry and one day he experienced a miracle

He was atop a pole and suddenly—for no clear cause his eyes opened and he saw as though he had just awakened he saw that the prairie was vast that the sun was kindly on rough pasture and ripening wheat on the old horses the easy broad beamed friendly horses and on his red faced jocose companions he saw that the meadow larks were jubilant and blackbirds shining by little pools and with the living sun all life was living Suppose the Angus Duers and Irving Watterses were tight tradesmen What of it? I m *here!* he gloated

The wire gang were as healthy and as simple as the west wind they had no pretentiousness though they handled electrical equipment they did not, like medics, learn a confusion of scientific terms and pretend to the farmers that they were scientists They laughed easily and were content to be themselves and with them Martin was content to forget how noble he was He had for them an affection such as he had for no one at the University save Max Gottlieb

He carried in his bag one book Gottlieb s Immunology He could often get through half a page of it before he bogged down in chemical formulae Occasionally on Sundays or rainy days he tried to read it and longed for the laboratory occasionally he thought of Madeline Fox and became certain that he was devastatingly lonely for her But week slipped into careless and robust week and when he awoke in a stable smelling the sweet hay and the horses and the lark ringing prairie that crept near to the heart of these shanty towns he cared only for the day s work the day s hiking westward toward the sunset

So they straggled through the Montana wheatland whole duchies of wheat in one shining field through the cattle-country and the sagebrush desert, and suddenly staring at a persistent cloud Martin realized that he beheld the mountains

Then he was on a train the wire gang were already forgotten and he was thinking only of Madeline Fox Clif Clawson, Angus Duer and Max Gottlieb

# CHAPTER IV

PROFESSOR MAX GOTTLIEB was about to assassinate a guinea pig with anthrax germs and the bacteriology class were nervous

They had studied the forms of bacteria they had handled Petri dishes and platinum loops they had proudly grown on potato slices the harmless red cultures of *Bacillus prodigiosus* and they had come now to pathogenic germs and the inocula tion of a living animal with swift disease These two beady-eyed guinea pigs chittering in a battery jar would in two days be stiff and dead

Martin had an excitement not free from anxiety He laughed at it he remembered with professional scorn how fool sh were the lay visitors to the laboratory who believed that sanguinary microbes would leap upon them from the mysterious centrifuge from the benches from the air itself But he was conscious that in the cotton plugged test tube between the instrument bath and the bichloride jar on the demonstrator s desk were millions of fatal anthrax germs

The class looked respectful and did not stand too close With the flair of techn que the sure rapidity which dignified the sl ghtest movement of his hands, Dr Gottlieb clipped the hair on the belly of a guinea pig held by the assistant He soaped the belly with one flicker of a hand brush he shaved it and painted it with iodine

(And all the while Max Gottlieb was recalling the eagerness of his first students when he had just returned from working with Koch and Pasteur when he was fresh from enormous beer seidels and Korpsbruder and ferocious arguments Passionate beautiful days! *Die goldene Zeit!* His first classes in America, at Queen City College had been awed by the sensational discov

eries in bacteriology they had crowded about him reverently they had longed to know Now the class was a mob He looked at them—Fatty Pfaff in the front row his face vacant as a door knob the co-eds emotional and frightened only Martin Arrowsmith and Angus Duer visibly intelligent. His memory fumbled for a pale blue twilight in Munich a bridge and a waiting girl and the sound of music )

He dipped his hands in the bichloride solution and shook them—a quick shake, fingers down like the fingers of a pianist above the keys He took a hypodermic needle from the instrument bath and lifted the test tube His voice flowed indolently with German vowels and blurred W s

This gentlemen iss a twenty four hour culture of *Bacillus anthracis* You will note I am sure you will have noted already that in the bottom of the tumbler there was cotton to keep the tube from being broken I cannot advise breaking tubes of anthrax germs and afterwards getting the hands into the culture You *might* merely get anthrax boils—

The class shuddered

Gottlieb twitched out the cotton plug with his little finger so neatly that the medical students who had complained Bacteriology is junk urinalysis and blood tests are all the lab stuff we need to know" now gave him something of the respect they had for a man who could do card tricks or remove an appendix in seven minutes He agitated the mouth of the tube in the Bunsen burner droning Every time you take the plug from a tube flame the mouth of the tube Make that a rule It is a necessity of the technique, and technique gentlemen is the beginning of all science It iss also the least known thing in science

The class was impatient Why didn t he get on with it, on to the entertainingly dreadful moment of inoculating the pig?

(And Max Gottlieb glancing at the other guinea pig in the prison of its battery jar meditated Wretched innocent! Why should I murder him to teach *Dummkopfe?* It would be better to experiment on that fat young man )

He thrust the syringe into the tube he withdrew the piston dextrously with his index finger and lectured

Take one half c c. of the culture There are two k nds of M.D s—those to whom c c means cubic centimeter and those

to whom it means compound cathartic The second kind are more prosperous

(But one cannot convey the quality of it the thin drawl the sardonic amiability the hiss of the S s the D s turned into blunt and challenging T s )

The assistant held the guinea pig close Gottlieb pinched up the skin of the belly and punctured it with a quick down thrust of the hypodermic needle The pig gave a little jerk a little squeak and the co-eds shuddered Gottlieb s wise fingers knew when the peritoneal wall was reached He pushed home the plunger of the syringe He said quietly This poor animal will now soon be dead as Moses The class glanced at one another uneasily Some of you will think that it does not matter some of you will think like Bernard Shaw that I am an executioner and the more monstrous because I am cool about it and some of you will not think at all This d fference in philosophy iss what makes life interesting,

While the assistant tagged the pig with a tin disk in its ear and restored it to the battery jar Gottlieb set down its weight in a note book with the time of inoculation and the age of the bacterial culture These notes he reproduced on the blackboard in his fastidious script murmuring Gentlemen, the most im portant part of living is not the l ving but pondering upon it And the most important part of experimentat on is not doing the experiment but making notes ve ry accurate *quantitative* notes—in ink. I am told that a great many clever people feel they can keep notes in their heads I have often observed with pleasure that such persons do not have heads in which to keep their notes This iss very good because thus the world never sees their results and science is not encumbered with them I shall now inoculate the second guinea pig and the class will be dismissed Before the next lab hour I shall be glad if you will read Pater s Marius the Ep curean to derife from it the calmness which is the secret of laboratory skill

II

As they bustled down the hall Angus Duer observed to a brother D gam Gottlieb is an old laboratory plug he hasn t got any imagination he sticks here instead of getting out into

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the world and enjoying the fight But he certainly is handy Awfully good technique He might have been a first rate surgeon and made fifty thousand dollars a year As it is I dont suppose he gets a cent over four thousand!

Ira Hinkley walked alone worrying He was an extraordinarily kindly man this huge and bumbling parson He reverently accepted everything no matter how contradictory to everything else that his medical instructors told him but this killing of animals—he hated it By a connection not evident to him he remembered that the Sunday before in the slummy chapel where he preached during his medical course he had exalted the sacrifice of the martyrs and they had sung of the blood of the lamb the fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel s veins but this meditation he lost and he lumbered toward Digamma Pi in a fog of pondering pity

Clif Clawson walking with Fatty Pfaff shouted Gosh, ole pig certainly did jerk when Pa Gottlieb rammed that needle home! and Fatty begged Don t! Please!

But Martin Arrowsmith saw himself doing the same experiment and as he remembered Gottlieb s unerring fingers his hands curved in imitation

III

The guinea pigs grew drowsier and drowsier In two days they rolled over kicked convulsively and died Full of dramatic expectation the class reassembled for the necropsy On the demonstrator s table was a wooden tray scarred from the tacks which for years had pinned down the corpses The guinea pigs were in a glass jar rigid their hair ruffled The class tried to remember how nibbling and alive they had been The assistant stretched out one of them with thumb-tacks Gottlieb swabbed its belly with a cotton wad soaked in lysol slit it from belly to neck and cauterized the heart with a red hot spatula—the class quivered as they heard the searing of the flesh Like a priest of diabolic mysteries he drew out the blackened blood with a pipette With the distended lungs the spleen and kidneys and liver the assistant made wavy smears on glass slides which were stained and given to the class for examination The students who had learned to look through the microscope without having

to close one eye were proud and professional and all of them talked of the beauty of identifying the bacillus, as they twiddled the brass thumbscrews to the right focus and the cells rose from cloudiness to sharp distinctness on the slides before them But they were uneasy for Gottlieb remained with them that day stalking behind them saying nothing watching them always watching the disposal of the remains of the guinea pigs and along the benches ran nervous rumors about a bygone student who had died from anthrax infection in the laboratory

IV

There was for Martin in these days a quality of satisfying delight the zest of a fast hockey game the serenity of the prairie the bewilderment of great music and a feeling of creation He woke early and thought contentedly of the day he hurried to his work devout, unseeing

The confusion of the bacteriological laboratory was ecstasy to him—*the students in shirt sleeves filtering nutrient gelatine* their fingers gummed from the crinkly gelatine leaves or heating media in an autoclave like a silver howitzer The roaring Bunsen flames beneath the hot air ovens the steam from the Arnold sterilizers rolling to the rafters clouding the windows were to Martin lovely with activity and to him the most radiant things in the world were rows of test tubes filled with watery serum and plugged with cotton singed to a coffee brown a fine platinum loop leaning in a shiny test glass a fantastic hedge of tall glass tubes mysteriously connecting jars or a bottle rich with gentian violet stain

He had begun pe haps in youthful imitation of Gottlieb to work by himself in the laboratory at night The long room was dark thick da k but for the gas-mantle behind his microscope The cone of light cast a gloss on the bright brass tube, a sheen on his black hair as he bent over the eyepiece He was studying trypanosomes f om a rat—an eight b anched rosette stained with polychrome methylene blue a cluster of organ sms delic te as a narc ssus with their pu ple nuclei the r l ght blue cells and the thin lines of the flagella He was excited and a little p oud he had stained the ge ms perfectly and it s not easy to stain a rosette without breaking the petal shape In the dark

ness a step the weary step of Max Gottlieb and a hand on Martin's shoulder Silently Martin raised his head pushed the microscope toward him Bending down a cigarette stub in his mouth—the smoke would have stung the eyes of any human being—Gottlieb peered at the preparation

He adjusted the gas light a quarter inch, and mused Splendid! You have craftsmanship Oh there is an art in science—for a few You Americans, so many of you—all full with ideas but you are impatient with the beautiful dullness of long labors I see already—and I watch you in the lab before—perhaps you may try the trypanosomes of sleeping sickness They are very very interesting and very very tickelish to handle It is quite a nice disease In some villages in Africa fifty per cent of the people have it, and it is invariably fatal Yes I think you might work on the bugs

Which to Martin was getting his brigade in battle

I shall have, said Gottlieb a little sandwich in my room at midnight. If you should happen to work so late I should be very pleast if you would come to have a bite

Diffidently Martin crossed the hall to Gottlieb's immaculate laboratory at midnight On the bench were coffee and sandwiches curiously small and excellent sandwiches foreign to Martin's lunch room taste

Gottlieb talked till Clif had faded from existence and Angus Duer seemed but an absurd climber He summoned forth London laboratories dinners on frosty evenings in Stockholm, walks on the Pincio with sunset behind the dome of San Pietro extreme danger and overpowering disgust from excreta smeared garments in an epidemic at Marseilles His reserve slipped from him and he talked of himself and of his family as though Martin were a contemporary

The cousin who was a colonel in Uruguay and the cousin a rabbi who was tortured in a pogrom in Moscow His sick wife—it might be cancer The three children—the youngest girl Miriam she was a good musician but the boy the fourteen year-old he was a worry he was saucy he would not study Himself he had worked for years on the synthesis of antibodies he was at present in a blind alley and at Mohalis there was no one who was interested no one to stir him but he was having

an agreeable time massacring the opsonin theory and that cheered him

No I have done nothing except be unpleasant to people that claim too much but I have dreams of real discoveries some day And— No Not five times in five years do I have students who understand craftsmanship and precision and maybe some big imagination in hypotheses I t'ink perhaps you may have them If I can help you— So!

I do not t ink you will be a good doctor Good doctors are fine—often they are artists—but their trade it is not for us lonely ones that work in labs Once I took an M.D label In Heidelberg that was—Herr Gott back in 1875! I could not get much interested in bandaging legs and looking at tongues I was a follower of Helmholtz—what a wild blithering young fellow! I tried to make researches into the physics of sound—I was bad most unbelievable but I learned that in this wale of tears there is nothing certain but the quantitative method And I was a chemist—a fine stink maker was I And so into biology and much trouble It has been good I have found one or two things And if sometimes I feel an exile, cold— I had to get out of Germany one time for refusing to sing *Die Wacht am Rhein* and trying to kill a cavalry captain—he was a stout fellow—I had to choke him—you see I am boasting but I was a lifely *Kerl* thirty years ago! Ah! So!

There is but one trouble of a philosophical bacter ologist Why should we destroy these amiable pathogenic germs? Are we too sure when we regard these oh most unbeautiful young students attending Y.M.C.A.s and singing dinkle songs and wearing hats with initials burned into them—iss it worth whi'e to protect them from the so elegantly functioning *Bac llus typhosus* with its lovely flagella? You know once I asked Dean Silva would it not be better to let loose the pathogenic germs on the world and so solve all economic questions But he did not care for my met od Oh well he is older than I am he also gives, I hear some dinner parties with bishops and judges present, all in nice clothes He would know more than a German Jew who loves Father Nietzsche and Father Schopenhauer (but damn him, he was teleological minded!) and Father Koch and Father Pasteur and Brother Jacques Loeb and Brother Arrhenius.

Ja! I talk foolishness Let us go look at your slides and so good night"

When he had left Gottlieb at his stupid brown little house his face as reticent as though the midnight supper and all the rambling talk had never happened Martin ran home altogether drunk

# CHAPTER V

THOUGH bacteriology was all of Martin s life now it was the theory of the University that he was also studying pathology hygiene surgical anatomy and enough other subjects to swamp a genius

Clif Clawson and he lived in a large room with flowered wall paper piles of filthy clothes iron beds and cuspidors They made their own breakfasts they dined on hash at the Pilgrim Lunch Wagon or the Dew Drop Inn Clif was occasionally irritating he hated open windows he talked of dirty socks he sang Some Die of Diabetes when Martin was studying and he was altogether unable to say anything directly He had to be humorous He remarked Is it your combobulatory concept that we might now feed the old faces? or How about ingurgitating a few calories? But he had for Martin a charm that could not be accounted for by cheerfulness his shrewdness h s vague courage The whole of Clif was more than the sum of his various parts

In the joy of his laboratory work Martin thought rarely of his recent associates in Digamma Pi He occasionally protested that the Reverend Ira Hinkley was a village policeman and Irving Watters a plumber that Angus Duer would walk to success over his grandmother s head and that for an idiot like Fatty Pfaff to practice on helpless human beings was criminal but mostly he ignored them and ceased to be a pest. And when he had passed h s first triumphs in bacteriology and discovered how remarkably much he did not know he was curiously humble

If he was less annoying in rega d to his classmates, he was more so in his classrooms He had learned from Gottlieb the trick of using the word control in reference to the person or animal or chemical left untreated during an experiment, as a

standard for comparison and there is no trick more infuriating When a physician boasted of his success with this drug or that electric cabinet Gottlieb always snorted 'Where was your control? How many cases did you have under identical conditions and how many of them did not get the treatment? Now Martin began to mouth it—control control control where s your control? where s your control?—till most of his fellows and a few of his instructors desired to lynch him

He was particularly tedious in materia medica

The professor of materia medica, Dr Lloyd Davidson, would have been an illustrious shopkeeper He was very popular From him a future physician could learn that most important of all things the proper drugs to give a patient, particularly when you cannot discover what is the matter with him. His classes listened with zeal and memorized the sacred hundred and fifty favorite prescriptions (He was proud that this was fifty more than his predecessor had required )

But Martin was rebellious He inquired and publicly Dr Davidson how do they know ichthyol is good for erysipelas? Isn t it just rotten fossil fish—isn t it like the mummy-dust and puppy-ear stuff they used to give in the olden days?

How do they know? Why my critical young friend because thousands of physicians have used it for years and found their patients getting better and that s how they know!

But honest Doctor wouldn t the patients maybe have gotten better anyway? Wasn t it maybe a *post hoc propter hoc?* Have they ever experimented on a whole slew of patients together with controls?

Probably not—and until some genius like yourself Arrowsmith can herd together a few hundred people with exactly identical cases of erysipelas it probably never w ll be tried! Meanwhile I trust that you other gentlemen who perhaps lack Mr Arrowsmith s profound scientific attainments and the power to use such handy technical terms as control will merely on my feeble advice continue to use ichthyol!

But Martin insisted Please Dr Davidson what s the use of getting all these prescriptions by heart, anyway? We ll forget most of em and besides we can always look em up in the book

Davidson pressed his lips together then

Arrowsmith with a man of your age I hate to answer you as I would a three year-old boy but apparently I must. Therefore you will learn the properties of drugs and the contents of prescriptions *because I tell you to!* If I did not hesitate to waste the time of the other members of this class, I would try to convince you that my statements may be accepted not on my humble authority but because they are the conclusions of wise men—men wiser or certainly a little older than you my friend—through many ages. But as I have no desire to indulge in fancy flights of rhetoric and eloquence I shall merely say that you will accept and you will study and you will memorize, because I tell you to!

Martin considered dropping his medical course and specializing in bacteriology He tried to confide in Clif but Clif had become impatient of his fretting and he turned again to the energetic and willowy Madeline Fox

II

Madeline was at once sympathetic and sensible Why not complete his medical course then see what he wanted to do?

They tramped they skated they skied they went to the University Dramatic Society play Madeline s widowed mother had come to live with her and they had taken a top-floor flat in one of the tiny apartment houses which were beginning to replace the expansive old wooden houses of Mohalis The flat was ful of literature and decoration a bronze Buddha from Chicago a rubbing of Shakespeare s epitaph a set of Anatole France in translation a photograph of Cologne cathedral, a wicker tea table with a samovar whose operation no one in the University understood and a souvenir post-card album Madeline s mother was a Main Street dowager duchess She was stately and white haired but she attended the Methodist Church In Mohalis she was flustered by the chatter of the students she longed for her home town for the church sociables and the meetings of the women s club—they were studying Education this year and she hated to lose all the information about university way

With a home and a chaperone, Madeline began to entertain eight-o clock parties with coffee, chocolate cake chicken salad and word games She invited Martin but he was jealous of his

evenings beautiful evenings of research The first affair to which she enticed him was her big New Year s Party in January They did advertisements —guessed at tableaux representing advertising pictures they danced to the phonograph and they had not merely a lap-supper but little tables excessively covered with doilies

Martin was unaccustomed to such elegance Though he had come in sulky unwillingness he was impressed by the supper by the frocks of the young women he realized that his dancing was rusty and he envied the senior who could do the new waltz called the Boston There was no strength no grace no knowledge, that Martin Arrowsmith did not covet when consciousness of it had pierced through the layers of his absorption If he was but little greedy for possessions he was hungry for every skill

His reluctant wonder at the others was drowned in his admiration for Madeline He had known her as a jacketed outdoor girl but this was an exquisite indoor Madeline slender in yellow silk She seemed to him a miracle of tact and ease as she bullied her guests into an appearance of merriment She had need of tact for Dr Norman Brumfit was there and it was one of Dr Brumfit s evenings to be original and naughty He pretended to kiss Madeline s mother which vastly discomforted the poor lady he sang a strongly improper Negro song containing the word hell he maintained to a group of women graduate students that George Sand s affairs might perhaps be partially justified by their influence on men of talent and when they looked shocked he pranced a little and his eye glasses glittered

Madeline took charge of him She trilled Dr Brumfit you re terribly learned and so on and so forth and sometimes in English classes I m simply scared to death of you but other times you re nothing but a bad small boy and I won t have you teasing the girls You can help me bring in the sherbet that s what you can do"

Martin adored her He hated Brumfit for the privilege of disappearing with her into the closet like kitchen of the flat Madeline! She was the one person who understood him! Here where everyone snatched at her and Dr Brumfit beamed on her with almost matrimonial fondness she was precious she was something he must have

On pretense of helping her set the tables he had a moment with her and whimpered Lord you re so lovely!

I m glad you think I m a wee bit nice She the rose and the adored of all the world gave him her favor

"Can I come call on you tomorrow evening?

Well I— Perhaps

III

It cannot be said in this biography of a young man who was in no degree a hero who regarded himself as a seeker after truth yet who stumbled and slid back all his life and bogged himself in every obvious morass that Martin s intentions toward Madeline Fox were what is called honorable He was not Don Juan but he was a poor medical student who would have to wait for years before he could make a living Certainly he did not think of proposing marriage He wanted—like most poor and ardent young men in such a case he wanted all he could get.

As he raced toward her flat, he was expectant of adventure He pictured her melting he felt her hand glide down his cheek. He warned himself Don t be a fool now! Probably nothing doing at all Don t go get all worked up and then be disappointed She ll probably cuss you out for something you did wrong at the party She ll probably be sleepy and wish you hadn t come Nothing! But he did not for a second believe it

He rang he saw her opening the door he followed her down the meager hall longing to take her hand He came into the over bright living room—and he found her mother solid as a pyramid permanent looking as sunless winter

But of course Mother would obligingly go and leave him to conquest

Mother did not.

In Mohalis, the suitable time for young men callers to depart is ten o clock but from eight till a quarter after eleven Martin did battle with Mrs Fox talked to her in two languages an audible gossip and a mute but furious protest, while Madeline—she was present she sat about and looked pretty In an equally silent tongue Mrs Fox answered him till the room was thick with their antagonism while they seemed to be discussing the weather the University and the trolley service into Zenith.

"Yes, of course some day I guess they'll *have* a car every twenty minutes" he said weightily

( *Darn her* why doesn t she go to bed? *Cheers!* She s doing up her knitting Nope *Damn it!* She s taking another ball of wool )

Oh yes I m sure they ll have to have better service said Mrs Fox

( Young man I don t know much about you but I *don t* believe you re the right kind of person for Madeline to go with. Anyway it s time you went home )

Oh yes sure you bet. Lot better service

( *I know* I m staying too long and *I know* you know it but I don t care! )

*It* seemed impossible that Mrs Fox should endure his stolid persistence He *used* thought forms will power and hypnotism and when he rose defeated she *was* still there extremely placid They said good by *not* too warmly Madeline took *him* to the door for an exhilarating half minute he had her alone

I wanted so much—I wanted to talk to you!

I know I m sorry Some time! she muttered

He kissed her It was a tempestuous kiss and very sweet

IV

Fudge parties skating parties sleighing parties a literary party with the guest of honor a lady journalist who *did* the social page for the Zenith *Advocate Times*—Madeline leaped into an orgy of jocund *but* extraordinarily tiring entertainments and Martin obediently and smolderingly *followed* her She appeared to have trouble in getting enough men and to the literary evening Martin *dragged* the enraged Clif Clawson *Clif* grumbled *This* is the damnedest zoo of *sparrows* I ever did time in but *he* bore *off treasure*—he had heard Madeline call Martin by her favorite name of Martykins" That was very valuable Clif called *him* Martykins Clif told others *to* call him Martykins Fatty Pfaff and Irving Watters called him Martykins And when Martin wanted to go to sleep Clif croaked

Yuh you ll probably marry her She s a dead shot. *She* can hit a smart young M.D at ninety paces. Oh, you ll have one fine young time going on *with* science after that skirt sets you at

tonsil snatching She s one of these literary birds She knows all about lite ature except maybe how to read She s not so bad looking now She ll get fat like her Ma

Martin said that which was necessary and he concluded She s the only girl in the graduate school that s got any pep The others just sit around and talk and she gets up the best parties—

Any kissing parties?

Now you look here! I ll be getting sore first thing you know! You and I are roughnecks, but Madeline Fox—she s like Angu Duer some ways I realize all the stuff we re missing music and literature yes and decent clothes too—no harm to dressing well—

That s just what I was tellin you! She ll have you all dolled up in a Prince Albert and a boiled shirt, diagnosing everything as rich widowitis How you can fall for that four flushing dame—*Where's your control?*

Clif s opposition stirred him to consider Madeline not merely with a sly and avaricious interest but with a dramatic conviction that he longed to marry her

V

Few women can for long periods keep from trying to Improve their men and To Improve means to change a person from what he is whatever that may be, into something else. Girls like Madeline Fox artistic young women who do not work at it, cannot be restrained from Improving for more than a day at a time The moment the urgent Martin showed that he was stirred by her graces she went at his clothes—his corduroys and soft collars and eccentric old gray felt hat—at his vocabulary and his taste in fiction with new and more patronizing vigor Her sketchy way of saying Why of course everybody knows that Emerson was the greatest thinker irritated him the more in contrast to Gottlieb s dark patience.

Oh let me alone! he hurled at her You re the nicest thing the Lord ever made when you stick to things you know about, but when you spring your ideas on pol t cs and chemotherapy—Darn it quit bullying me! I guess you re r ght about slang I ll cut out all this junk about feeding your face and so on. But I will not put on a hard-boiled collar! I won t!

He might never have proposed to her but for the spring eve ning on the roof

She used the flat roof of her apartment house as a garden She had set out one box of geraniums and a cast iron bench like those once beheld in cemetery plots she had hung up two Japa nese lanterns—they were ragged and they hung crooked She spoke with scorn of the other inhabitants of the apartment house who were so prosaic, so conventional that they never came up to this darling hidey place She compared her refuge to the roof of a Moorish palace to a Spanish patio to a Japanese garden to a pleasaunce of old Provençal But to Martin it seemed a good deal like a plain roof He was vaguely ready for a quarrel that April evening when he called on Madeline and her mother sniffily told him that she was to be found on the roof

Damned Japanese lanterns Rather look at liver sections he grumbled as he trudged up the curving stairs

Madeline was sitting on the funereal iron bench her chin in her hands For once she did not greet him with flowery excite ment but with a noncommittal Hello She seemed spiritless He felt guilty for his scoffing he suddenly saw the pathos in her pretense that this stretch of tar paper and slatted walks was a blazing garden As he sat beside her he piped Say that s a dandy new strip of matting you ve put down

It is not! It s mangy! She turned toward him She wailed Oh Mart I m so sick of myself tonight I m always trying to make people think I m somebody I m not I m a bluff

What is it dear?

Oh it s lots Dr Brumfit hang him—only he was right—he as good as told me that if I don t work harder I ll have to get out of the graduate school I m not doing a thing he said and if I don t have my Ph D then I won t be able to land a nice job teaching English in some swell school and I d better land one too because it doesn t look to poor Madeline as if any body was going to marry her

His arm about her he blared I know exactly who—

No I m not fishing I m almost honest tonight I m no good Mart I tell people how clever I am And I don t suppose they believe it Probably they go off and laugh at me!

They do not! If they did— I d like to see anybody that tried laughing—

Its awfully sweet and dear of you but I m not worth it The poetic Madeline With her re fined vocabulary! I m a—I m a—Martin I m a tin horn sport! I m everything your friend Clif thinks I am Oh you needn t tell me I know what he thinks And—I ll have to go home with Mother and I can t stand it dear I can t stand it! I won t go back! That town! Never any thing doing! The old tabbies and the beastly old men always telling the same old jokes I won t!

*Her head was in the hollow of his arm she was weeping* hard he was stroking her hair not covetously now but tenderly and he was whispering

'Darling! I almost feel as if I dared to love you You re going to marry me and— Take me couple more years to finish my medical course and couple in hospital then we ll be married and— By thunder with you helping me I m going to climb to the top! Be big surgeon! We re going to have everything!

Dearest do be wise. I don t want to keep you from your scientific work—

Oh Well Well I would like to keep up *some* research But thunder I m not just a lab-cat Battle o life Smashing your way through Competing with real men in real he struggle If I can t do that and do some scientific work too I m no good Course while I m with Gottlieb I want to take advantage of it, but afterward— Oh Madeline!

Then was all reasoning lost in a blur of nearness to her

VI

He dreaded the interview with Mrs Fox he was cert in that she would demand 'Young man how do you expect to support my Maddy? And you use bad language But she took his hand and mourned I hope you and my baby will be happy She s a dear good girl even if she is a little flighty sometimes and I know you re nice and kind and hard working I shall pray you ll be happy—oh I'll pray so hard! You young people don t seem to think much of prayer but if you knew how i helped me— Oh, I ll petition for your sweet happiness!

She was weeping she kissed Martin s forehead w th the dry soft, gentle kiss of an old woman and he was near to weeping with her

At parting Madeline whispered Boy I don t care a bit myself but Mother would love it if we went to church with her Don t you think you could just once?

The astounded world the astounded and profane Clif Clawson had the spectacle of Martin in shiny pressed clothes a painful linen collar and an arduously tied scarf accompanying Mrs Fox and the chastely chattering Madeline to the Mohalis Methodist Church to hear the Reverend Dr Myron Schwab discourse on The One Way to Righteousness

They passed the Reverend Ira Hinkley and Ira gloated with a holy gloating at Martin s captivity

VII

For all his devotion to Max Gottlieb s pessimistic view of the human intellect Martin had believed that there was such a thing as progress that events meant something that people could learn something that if Madeline had once admitted she was an ordinary young woman who occasionally failed, then she was saved He was bewildered when she began improving him more airily than ever She complained of his vulgarity and what she asserted to be his slack ambition You think it s terribly smart of you to feel superior Sometimes I wonder if it isn t just laziness You like to day dream around labs Why should *you* be spared the work of memorizing your materia medica and so on and so forth? All the others have to do it No I won t kiss you I want you to grow up and listen to reason

In fury at her badgering in desire for her lips and forgiving smile he was whirled through to the end of the term

A week before examinations when he was trying to spend twenty four hours a day in making love to her twenty four in grinding for examinations and twenty four in the bacteriological laboratory he promised Clif that he would spend that summer vacation with him working as a waiter in a Canadian hotel He met Madeline in the evening and with her walked through the cherry orchard on the Agricultural Experiment Station grounds

You know what I think of your horrid Clif Clawson she complained I don t suppose you care to hear my opinion of him

I ve had your opinion my beloved Martin sounded mature, and not too pleasant

Well I can tell you right now you haven t had my opinion of your being a waiter! For the life of me I can t understand why you don t get some gentlemanly job for vacation instead of hustling dirty dishes Why couldn t you work on a news paper where you d have to dress decently and meet nice people?

Sure. I might edit the paper But since you say so I won t work at all this summer Fool thing to do anyway I ll go to Newport and play golf and wear a dress suit every night

It wouldn t hurt you any! I do respect honest labor It s like Burns says But waiting on table! Oh Mart why are you so proud of being a roughneck? Do stop being smart, for a minute Listen to the night. And smell the cherry blossoms Or maybe a great scientist like you, that s so superior to ordinary people is too good for cherry blossoms!

Well except for the fact that every cherry blossom has been gone for weeks now you re dead right.

Oh they have, have they! They may be faded but— Will you be so *good as to tell me what that pale white mass is up* there?

I will It looks to me like a hired man s shirt

Martin Arrowsmith if you think for one moment that I m ever going to marry a vulgar crude selfish microbe grubbing smart aleck—

And if you think I m going to marry a dame that keeps nag nag naggin and jab-jab-jabbin at me all day long—"

They hurt each other they had pleasure in it and they parted forever tw ce they parted forever the second t me very rudely near a fraternity house where students were singing heart break ing summer songs to a banjo

In ten days without seeing her again he was off with Clif to the North Woods and in his sorrow of losing her his longing for her soft flesh and for her willingness to listen to him he was only a little excited that he should have led the class in bacter ology and that Max Gottlieb should have appo nted him undergraduate ass stant for the coming year

# CHAPTER VI

THE waiters at Nokomis Lodge among the Ontario pines, were all of them university students They were not supposed to appear at the Lodge dances—they merely appeared and took the prettiest girls away from the elderly and denunciatory suitors in white flannels They had to work but seven hours a day The rest of the time they fished swam and tramped the shadowy trails and Martin came back to Mohalis placid—and enormously in love with Madeline

They had written to each other politely regretfully and once a fortnight then passionately and daily For the summer she had been dragged to her home town near the Ohio border of Winnemac, a town larger than Martin s native Elk Mills but more sun baked more barren with little factories She sighed in a huge loose script dashing all over the page

*Perhaps we shall never see each other again but I do want you to know how much I pri e all the talks we had together about science & ideals & education etc—I certainly appreciate them here when I listen to these stick in the muds going on oh it is too dreadful about their automobiles & how much they have to pay their maids and so on & so forth You gave me so much but I did give you something didn t I? I cant always be in the wrong can I?*

My dear my little girl! he lamented Can t always be in the wrong! You poor kid you poor dear kid!

By midsummer they were firmly re-engaged and though he was slightly disturbed by the cashier a young and giggling Wisconsin school teacher with ankles he so longed for Madeline that he lay awake thinking of giving up his job and fleeing to her caresses—lay awake for minutes at a time

The returning train was torturingly slow and he dismounted at Mohalis fevered with visions of her Twenty minutes after they were clinging together in the quiet of her living room It is true that twenty minutes after that she was sneering at Clif Clawson at fishing and at all school teachers but to his fury she yielded in tears

II

His Junior year was a whirlwind To attend lectures on physical diagnosis surgery neurology obstetrics and gynecology in the morning with hospital demonstrations in the afternoon to supervise the making of media and the sterilization of glassware for Gottlieb to instruct a new class in the use of microscope and filter and autoclave to read a page now and then of scientific German or French to see Madeline constantly to get through it all he drove himself to hysterical hurrying and in the dizziest of it he began his first original research—his first lyric, his first ascent of unexplored mountains

He had immunized rabbits to typhoid and he believed that if he mixed serum taken from these immune animals with typhoid germs the germs would die Unfortunately—he felt—the germs grew joyfully He was troubled he was sure that his technique had been clumsy he performed his experiment over and over working till midnight waking at dawn to ponder on his notes (Though in letters to Madeline his writing was an inconsistent scrawl in his laboratory notes it was precise.) When he was quite sure that Nature was persisting in doing something she ought not to he went guiltily to Gottlieb protesting

The darn bugs ought to die in this immune serum but they dont Theres something wrong with the theories

Young man do you set yourself up against science? grated Gottlieb flapping the papers on his desk Do you feel competent huh to attack the dogmas of immunology?

Im sorry sir I cant help what the dogma is Heres my protocols Honestly Ive gone over and over the stuff and I get the same results as you can see I only know what I observe"

Gottlieb beamed I give you, my boy my episcopal blessings! That is the way! Observe what you observe and if it does violence to all the nice correct views of science—out they go!

I am very pleast Martin But now find out the Why the under neath principle

Ordinarily Gottlieb called him Arrowsmith or You or Uh When he was furious he called him or any other student Doctor It was only in high moments that he honored him with *Martin* and the boy trotted off blissfully to try to find (but never to succeed in finding) the Why that made every thing so

III

Gottlieb had sent him into Zenith to the huge Zenith General Hospital to secure a strain of meningococcus from an interesting patient The bored reception clerk—who was interested only in obtaining the names business addresses and religions of patients and did not care who died or who spat on the beautiful blue and white linoleum or who went about collecting meningococci so long as the addresses were properly entered—loftily told him to go up to Ward D Through the long hallways past numberless rooms from which peered yellow faced old women sitting up in bed in linty nightgowns Martin wandered trying to look important, hoping to be taken for a doctor and succeeding only in feeling extraordinarily embarrassed

He passed several nurses rapidly half nodding to them in the manner (or what he conceived to be the manner) of a brilliant young surgeon who is about to operate He was so absorbed in looking like a brilliant young surgeon that he was completely lost and discovered himself in a wing filled with private suites He was late He had no more time to go on being impressive Like all males he hated to confess ignorance by asking directions but grudgingly he stopped at the door of a bed room in which a probationer nurse was scrubbing the floor

She was a smallish and slender probationer muffled in a harsh blue denim dress an enormous white apron and a turban bound about her head with an elastic—a uniform as grubby as her pail of scrub-water She peered up with the alert impudence of a squirrel

Nurse he said I want to find Ward D

Lazily Do you?"

I do! If I can interrupt your work—

Doesn t matter The damn superintendent of nurses put me

at scrubbing and we aren t ever *supposed* to scrub floors be cause she caught me smoking a cigarette She s an old terror If she found a child like you wandering around here, she d drag you out by the ear

My *dear* young woman it may interest you to know—

Oh! My dear young woman it may— Sounds exactly like our old prof back home

Her indolent amusement her manner of treating him as though they were a pair of children making tongues at each other in a railroad station was infuriating to the earnest young assistant of Professor Gottlieb

I am Dr Arrowsmith he snorted and I ve been informed that even probationers learn that the first duty of a nurse is to stand when addressing doctors! I wish to find Ward D to take a strain of—*it may interest you to know!*—a very dangerous microbe and if you will kindly direct me—

Oh gee I ve been getting fresh again I don t seem to get along with this military discipline All right I ll stand up She did Her every movement was swiftly smooth as the runn ng of a cat You go back turn right then left I m sorry I was fresh But if you saw some of the old muffs of doctors that a nurse has to be meek to— Honestly Doctor—if you *are* a doctor—

I don t see that I need to convince you! he raged as he stalked off All the way to Ward D he was furious at her veiled derision He was an eminent scientist and it was outrageous that he should have to endure impudence from a probationer—a singularly vulgar probationer a thin and slangy young woman apparently from the West He repeated his rebuke I don t see that I need to convince you. He was proud of himself for hav ing been lofty He p ctured himself telling Madel ne about it, concluding I just said to her quietly My dear young woman I don t know that you are the person to whom I have to explain my mission here I said and she wilted.

But her image had not wilted when he had found the intern who was to help him and had taken the spinal fluid. She was before him provocative enduring He had to see her again and convince her— 'Take a better man than she is better man than I ve ever met to get away with being insulting to *me!* said the modest young scientist

He had raced back to her room and they were staring at each other before it came to him that he had not worked out the crushing things he was going to say She had risen from her scrubbing She had taken off her turban and her hair was silky and honey colored her eyes were blue her face childish There was nothing of the slavey in her He could imagine her running down hillsides shinning up a stack of straw

Oh she said gravely I didn t mean to be rude then I was just— Scrubbing makes me bad tempered I thought you were awfully nice and I m sorry I hurt your feelings but you did seem so young for a doctor

I m not I m a medic I was showing off

So was I!

He felt an instant and complete comradeship with her a relation free from the fencing and posing of his struggle with Madeline He knew that this girl was of his own people. If she was vulgar jocular, unreticent, she was also gallant, she was full of laughter at humbugs she was capable of a loyalty too casual and natural to seem heroic. His voice was lively, though his words were only

Pretty hard this training for nursing I guess

Not so awful but it s just as romantic as being a hired girl—tha s what we call em in Dakota

Come from Dakota?

I come from the most enterprising town—three hundred and sixty two inhabitants—in the entire state of North Dakota—Wheatsylvania Are you in the U medic school?

To a passing nurse the two youngsters would have seemed absorbed in hospital business Martin stood at the door she by her scrubbing pail She had reassumed her turban its bagginess obscured her bright hair

Yes I m a Junior medic in Mohalis But— I don t know I m not much of a medic. I like the lab side I think I ll be a bacteriologist and raise Cain with some of the fool theories of immunology And I don t think much of the bedside manner

I m glad you don t You get it he e You ought to hear some of the docs that are the sweetest old pussies with their patients—the vay they bawl out the nurses But labs—they eem sort of real I don t suppose you can bluff a bacteria—what is it?—bacterium?

No they re— What do they call you?
Me? Oh its an idiotic name—Leora Tozer
Whats the matter with Leora? Its fine
Sound of mating birds sound of spring blossoms dropping in the tranquil air the bark of sleepy dogs at midnight who is to set them down and make them anything but hackneyed? And as natural, as conventional as youthfully gauche as eternally beautiful and authentic as those ancient sounds was the talk of Martin and Leora in that passionate half hour when each found in the other a part of his own self always vaguely missed discovered now with astonished joy They rattled like hero and heroine of a sticky tale, like sweat shop operatives like bouncing rustics like prince and princess Their words were silly and inconsequential heard one by one yet taken together they were as wise and important as the tides or the sounding wind

He told her that he admired Max Gottlieb that he had crossed her North Dakota on a train and that he was an excellent hockey player She told him that she adored vaudeville that her father *Andrew Jackson Tozer was born in the East (by* which she meant Illinois) and that she didn t particularly care for nursing She had no especial personal ambition she had come here because she liked adventure. She hinted with debonair regret that she was not too popular with the superintendent of nurses she meant to be good but somehow she was always dragged into rebellions connected with midnight fudge or elopements There was nothing heroic in her story but from her placid way of telling it he had an impression of gay courage

He interrupted with an urgent When can you get away from the hospital for dinner? Tonight?
Why—
Please!
All right
When can I call for you?
Do you think I ought to— Well seven"

All the way back to Mohalis he alternat ly raged and rejoiced. He informed himself that he was a moron to make th s long trip into Zenith twice in one day he remembered that he was engaged to a girl called Madel ne Fox he worried the matter of unfaithfulness he asserted that Leora Tozer was merely an imitation nurse who was as illite ate as a kitchen wench and as

impertinent as a newsboy he decided everal times he decided, to telephone her and free himself from the engagement

He was at the hospital at a quarter to seven

He had to wait for twenty minutes in a reception room like that of an undertaker He was in a panic. What was he doing here? She d probably be agonizingly dull through a whole long dinner Would he even recognize her in mufti? Then he leaped up She was at the door Her sulky blue uniform was gone she was childishly slim and light in a princess frock that was a straight line from high collar and soft young breast to her feet. It seemed natural to tuck her hand under his arm as they left the hospital She moved beside him with a little dancing step shyer now than she had been in the dignity of her job but looking up at him with confidence

Glad I came? he demanded

She thought it over She had a trick of gravely thinking over obvious questions and gravely (but with the gravity of a child not the ponderous gravity of a politician or an office manager) she admitted Yes I am glad I was afraid you d go and get sore at me because I was so fresh and I wanted to apologize and— I liked your being so crazy about your bacteriology I think I m a little crazy too The interns here—they come bothering around a lot, but they re so sort of—so sort of soggy, with their new stethoscopes and their brand new dignity. Oh— Most gravely of all Oh gee yes I m glad you came Am I an idiot to admit it?

You re a darling to admit it. He was a little dizzy with her He pressed her hand with his arm

'You won t think I let every medic and doctor pick me up will you?

Leora! And you don t think I try and pick up every pretty girl I meet? I liked—I felt somehow we two could be chums Can t we? Can t we?

I don t know We ll see Where are we going for dinner?

'The Grand Hotel

We are not! It s terribly expensive Unless you re awfully rich You aren t are you?

No I m not Just enough money to get through medic school But I want—

Let s go o the Bijou It s a nice place, and it isn t expensive

He remembered how often Madeline Fox had hinted that it would be a tasty thing to go to the Grand Zenith s most re splendent hotel but that was the last time he thought of Made line that evening He was absorbed in Leora He found in her a casualness, a lack of prejudice, a directness, surprising in the daughter of Andrew Jackson Tozer She was feminine but un demanding she was never Improving and rarely shocked, she was neither flirtatious nor cold. She was indeed the first girl to whom he had ever talked without self-consciousness It is doubt ful if Leora herself had a chance to say anything for he poured out his every confidence as a disciple of Gottlieb To Madeline Gottlieb was a wicked old man who made fun of the sanctities of Marriage and Easter lilies to Clif he was a bore, but Leora glowed as Martin banged the table and quoted his idol Up to the present even in the work of Ehrlich, most research has been largely a matter of trial and error the empirical method, which is the opposite of the scientific method by which one seeks to establish a general law governing a group of phenomena so that he may predict what will happen

He intoned it reverently staring across the table at her almost glaring at her He insisted Do you see where he leaves all these detail grubbing machine made researchers buzzing in the ma nure heap just as much as he does the commercial docs? Do you get him? Do you?

Yes I think I do Anyway I get your enthusiasm for him But please don t bully me so!

Was I bullying? I didn t mean to Only when I get to think ing about the way most of these damned profs don t even know what he s up to—

Martin was off again and if Leora did not altogether under stand the relation of the synthesis of ant bodies to the wo k of Arrhenius yet she listened with comfortable pleasure in h s zeal with none of Madeline Fox s gently corrective admonitions

She had to warn him that she must be at the hospital by ten

I ve talked too much! Lord I hope I haven t bored you he blurted

I loved it.

And I was so technical and so noisy— Oh I *am* a chump!

I like having you trust me I m not earnest, and I haven t any brains whatever but I do love it when my menfolks think

I m intelligent enough to hear what they really think and--
Good night! '

They dined together twice in two weeks and only twice in that time though she telephoned to him did Martin see his honest affianced Madeline

He came to know all of Leora s background Her bed ridden grand aunt in Zenith who was her excuse for coming so far to take hospital training The hamlet of Wheatsylvania North Dakota one street of shanties with the red grain-elevators at the end Her father Andrew Jackson Tozer sometimes known as Jackass Tozer owner of the bank of the creamery and an elevator therefore the chief person in town pious at Wednesday evening prayer meeting fussing over every penny he gave to Leora or her mother Bert Tozer her brother squirrel teeth, a gold eye glass chain over his ear cashier and all the rest of the staff in the one room bank owned by his father The chicken salad and coffee suppers at the United Brethren Church German Lutheran farmers singing ancient Teutonic hymns the Hollanders the Bohemians and Poles And round about the village the living wheat arched above by tremendous clouds He saw Leora always an odd child doing obediently enough the flat household tasks but keeping snug the belief that some day she would find a youngster with whom in whatever danger or poverty she would behold all the colored world

It was at the end of her hesitating effort to make him see her childhood that he cried Darling you don t have to tell me about you. I ve always known you I m not going to let you go no matter what You re going to marry me—

They said it with clasping hands confessing eyes in that blatant restaurant Her first words were

I want to call you Sandy Why do I? I don t know why You re as unsandy as can be but somehow Sandy means you to me and— Oh my dear I do like you!

Martin went home engaged to two girls at once

IV

He had promised to see Madeline the next morning

By any canon of respectable behavior he should have felt like a low dog he assured himself that he must feel like a low dog

but he could not bring it off He thought of Madeline s pathetic enthusiasms her *Provençal pleasaunce* and the limp-leather volumes of poetry which she patted with fond finger tips of the tie she had bought for him and her pride in his hair when he brushed it like the patent leather heroes in magazine illustrations He mourned that he had sinned against loyalty But his agitation broke against the solidity of his union with Leora. Her companionship released his soul Even when as advocate for Madeline he pleaded that Leora was a trivial young woman who probably chewed gum in private and certainly was careless about her nails in public, her commonness was dear to the com monness that was in himself valid as ambition or reverence, an earthy base to her gaiety as it was to his nervous scientific curiosity

He was *absent minded in the laboratory that fatal next day* Gottlieb had twice to ask him whether he had prepared the new batch of medium and Gottlieb was an autocrat, sterner with his favorites than with the ruck of students He snarled Arrow smith you are a moon-calf! My God am I to spend my life with *Dummkopfe?* I cannot be always alone Martin! Are you going to fail me? Two three days now you haf not been keen about work

Martin went off mumbling I love that man! In his tangled mood he catalogued Madeline s pretenses her nagging her self ishness her fundamental ignorance He worked himself up to a state of virtue in which it was agreeably clear to him that he must throw Madeline over entirely as a rebuke He went to her in the *evening prepared to blaze out at her first complaining* to forgive her finally but to break their engagement and make life resolutely simple again.

She did not complain

She ran to him Dear you re so tired—your eyes look tired. Have you been working frightfully hard? I ve been so sorry you couldn t come round, this week Dear you mustn t kill your self Think of all the years you have ahead to do splendid things in No don talk I want you to rest. Mother s gone to the movies S t here See I'll make you so comfy with these p llows. Just lean back—go to sleep if you want to—and I ll read you The Crock of Gold You ll love it

He was determined that he would not love it and, as he prob-

ably had no sense of humor whatever it is doubtful whether he appreciated it, but its differentness aroused him Though Madeline s voice was shrill and cornfieldish after Leora s lazy softness she read so eagerly that he was sick ashamed of his intention to hurt her He saw that it was she, with her pretenses who was the child, and the detached and fearless Leora who was mature, mistress of a real world. The reproofs with which he had planned to crush her vanished

Suddenly she was beside him begging I ve been so lonely for you all week!

So he was a traitor to both women It was Leora who had intolerably roused him it was really Leora whom he was caressing now but it was Madeline who took his hunger to herself and when she whimpered I m so glad you re glad to be here he could say nothing He wanted to talk about Leora to shout about Leora to exult in her his woman He dragged out a few sound but unimpassioned flatteries he observed that Madeline was a handsome young woman and a sound English scholar and while she gaped with disappointment at his lukewarmness he got himself away at ten He had finally succeeded very well indeed in feeling like a low dog

He hastened to Clif Clawson

He had told Clif nothing about Leora He resented Clif's probable scoffing He thought well of himself for the calmness with which he came into their room Clif was sitting on the small of his back shoeless feet upon the study table reading a Sherlock Holmes story which rested on the powerful volume of Osler s Medicine which he considered himself to be reading

"Clif! Want a drink. Tired. Let s sneak down to Barney s and see if we can rustle one

Thou speakest as one having tongues and who putteth the speed behind the ole rhombencephalon comprising the cerebellum and the medulla oblongata.

Oh cut out the cuteness! I m in a bad temper

Ah the laddie has been having a scrap with his chaste lil Madeline! Was she horrid to ickly Martykins? All right I'll quit. Come on Yoicks for the drink

He told three new stories about Professor Robertshaw all of them scurrilous and most of them untrue on their way and he almost coaxed Martin into cheerfulness Barney s was a pool

room a tobacco shop and since Mohalis was dry by local option an admirable blind pig Clif and the hairy handed Barney greeted each other in a high and worthy manner

The benisons of eventide to you, Barney May your circulation proceed unchecked and particularly the dorsal carpal branch of the ulnar artery in which connection comrade Prof Dr Col Egbert Arrowsmith and I would fain trifle with another bottle of that renowned strawberry pop

Gosh Clif you cer nly got a swell line of jaw music If I ever need a arm amputated when you get to be a doc, I'll come around and let you talk it off Strawberry pop gents?

The front room of Barney s was an impressionistic painting in which a pool table piles of cigarettes chocolate bars playing cards and pink sporting papers were jumbled in chaos The back room was simpler cases of sweet and thinly flavored soda a large ice box and two small tables with broken chairs Barney poured from a bottle plainly marked Ginger Ale, two glasses of powerful and appallingly raw whisky and Clif and Martin took them to the table in the corner The effect was swift. Martin s confused sorrows turned to optimism He told Clif that he was going to write a book exposing idealism, but what he meant was that he was going to do something clever about his dual engagement He had it! He would invite Leora and Madeline to lunch together tell them the truth and see which of them loved him He whooped and had another whisky he told Cl f that he was a fine fellow and Barney that he was a public benefactor and unsteadily he returned to the telephone, which was shut off from public hearing in a closet

At the Zenith General Hospital he got the night superintendent and the night superintendent was a man frosty and suspic ous This is no time to be call ng up a probationer! Half past eleven! Who are you anyway?

Martin checked the I ll damn soon tell you who I am! wh ch was his natural reaction and explained that he was speaking for Leora s invalid grand aunt, that the poor old lady was very low and if the night superintendent cared to take upon himself the murder of a blameless gentlewoman—

When Leo a came to the telephone he said quickly and soberly no v feeling as though he had come from the menace of thronging strangers into the security of her presence

Leora? Sandy Meet me Grand lobby tomorrow twelve thirty Must! Important! Fix t somehow—your aunt s sick "

All right dear G night, was all she said

It took him long minutes to get an answer from Madeline s flat then Mrs Fox s voice sounded sleepily quaveringly

"Yes yes?

S Martin

Who is it? Who is it? What is it? Are you calling the Fox apartment?

Yes yes! Mrs Fox it s Martin Arrowsmith speaking

Oh oh my dear! The phone woke me out of a sound sleep and I couldn t make out what you were saying I was so fright ened I thought maybe it was a telegram or something I thought perhaps something had happened to Maddy s brother What is it, dear? Oh I do hope nothing s happened!

Her confidence in him the affection of this uprooted old woman bewildered in a strange land overcame him he lost all his whisky-colored feeling that he was a nimble fellow and in a melancholy way with all the weight of life again upon him he sighed that no nothing had happened but he d forgotten to tell Madeline something—so shor—so sorry call so late—could he speak Mad just minute—

Then Madeline was bubbling Why Marty dear what is it? I do hope nothing has happened! Why dear you just left here—

Listen d-dear Forgot to tell you. There s a—there s a great friend of mine in Zenith that I want you to meet—

Who is he?

"You ll see tomorrow Listen, I want you come in and meet—come meet um at lunch Going with ponderous jocularity going to blow you all to a swell feed at the Grand—

Oh how nice!

—so I want you to meet me at the eleven forty interurban at College Square Can you?

Vaguely Oh I d love to but—I have an eleven o clock and I don t like to cut it and I promised May Harmon to go shopping with her—she s looking for some kind of shoes that you can wear with her pink crepe de chine but that you can walk in—and we sort of thought maybe we might lunch at Ye Kollege Karavanserai—and I d half planned to go to the movies

with her or somebody Mother says that new Alaska film is simply dandy she saw it tonight and I thought I might go see it before they take it off though Heaven knows I ought to come right home and study and not go anywhere at all—

Now *listen!* Its important Don t you trust me? Will you come or not?

Why *of course I trust you dear* All right, I ll *try to be there.* The eleven forty?

Yes

At College Square? *Or at Bluthman s Book Shop?*

*At College Squa el*

Her gentle I trust you and her wambling I ll try to were warring in his ears as he plunged out of the suffocating *cell* and returned to Clif

Whats the grief? Clif wondered Wife passed away? Or did the Giants win in the ninth? Barney our wandering boy tonight looks like a necropsy Slip him another strawberry pop quick Say Doctor I think you better call a physician

Oh shut up was all Martin had to say and that without conviction Before telephoning he had been full of little bright nesses he had praised Clif's pool playing and called Barney old *Cimex lect ilarius* but now wh le the affectionate Clif worked on h m he sat brooding save when he grumbled (with a return of self satisfaction) If you knew all the troubles I have—all the doggone mess a fellow can get into—*you d* feel down in the mouth!

Clif was alarmed Look here old *socks* If *you* ve gotten in debt I ll raise the cash somehow If it s— Been going a little too far with Madeline?

*You make me sick! You ve got a dirty mind. I m not worthy* to touch Madeline s hand I regard her with nothing but respect

The hell you do! But never mind if you say so Gosh wish there was *something* I could do for you. *Oh!* Have nother shot! Barney! Come a runnin !

By several drinks Martin was warmed into a hazy carelessness and Cl f solicitously dragged him home after he had des red to fight three large academic sophomores But in the morning he awoke with a crackling skull and a realization that he was going to face Leora and Madeline at lunch.

## V

His half hour journey with Madeline into Zenith seemed a visible and oppressing thing like a tornado cloud He had not merely to get through each minute as it came the whole grim thirty minutes were present at the same time While he was practicing the tactful observation he was go ng to present two minutes from now he could still hear the clumsy thing he had said two minutes before He fought to keep her attention from the great friend of his whom they were to meet With fatuous beaming he described a night at Barnev s without any success whatever he tried to be funny and when Madeline lectured him on the evils of liquor and the evils of association with immoral persons he was for once relieved But he could not sidetrack her

Who is this man we re going to see? What are you so mysterious about? Oh Martykins is it a joke? Aren t we going to meet anybody? Did you just want to run away from Mama for a while and we have a bat at the Grand together? Oh what fun! I ve always wanted to lunch at the Grand Of course I do think it s too sort of rococo but still it is impressive and— Did I guess it darling?

No there s someone— Oh, we re going to meet somebody all right!

Then why don t you tell me who he is? Honestly Mart you make me impatient

Well I ll tell you. It isn t a Him it s a Her

Oh!

It s— You know my work takes me to the hospitals and some of the nurses at Zenith General have been awfully helpful He was panting His eyes ached Since the torture of the coming lunch was inevitable he wondered why he should go on trying to resist his punishment Especially there s one nurse there who s a wonder She s learned so much about the care of the sick and she puts me onto a lot of good stunts and she seems like a nice girl—Miss Tozer her name is—I think her first name is Lee or something like that—and she s so—her father is one of the big men in North Dakota—awfully rich—big banker—I guess she just took up nursing to do her share in the world s work He had achieved Madeline s own tone of poetic uplift I thought you two might like to know each other

You remember you were saying how few girls there are in Mohalis that really appreciate—appreciate ideals

Ye-es Madeline gazed at something far away and whatever it was she did not like it I shall be ver pleased to meet her of course *Any* friend of yours— Oh Mart! *I do hope you don t* flirt I hope you don t get too friendly with all these nurses I don t know anything about it of course but I keep hearing how *some of these nurses* are regular man hunters

Well let me tell you right now Leora isn t!

No I m sure but— Oh, Martykins you won t be silly and let these nurses just amuse themselves with you? I mean for your *own* sake *They have such an advantage Poor Madeline* she wouldn t be allowed to go hanging around men s rooms learning—things and you think you re so psychological Mart but honestly any smart woman can twist you around her finger

Well I guess I can take care of myself!

Oh I mean—I don t mean— But I do hope this Tozer person— I m sure I shall like her if you do but— I am your own true love *aren t* I *always!*

She, the proper ignored the passengers as she clasped his hand She sounded so frightened that his anger at her reflections on Leora turned into misery Incidentally her thumb was gouging painfully into the back of his hand He tried to look tender as he p otested Sure—sure—gosh honest Mad look out. That old duffer across the aisle is staring at us

For whatever infidelities he might ever commit he was adequately punished before they had reached the Grand Hotel

The Grand was in 1907 the best hotel in Zenith It was compared by traveling salesmen to the Parker House the Palmer House the West Hotel It has been humbled since by the supercilious modesty of the vast Hotel Thornleigh dirty now is its tessellated floor and all the wild gilt tarnished and in its ponderous leather chairs are torn seams and stogie ashes and horse dealers But in its day it was the proudest inn between Chicago and Pittsburgh an oriental palace, the entrance a score of brick Moorish arches the lobby towering from a black and white marble floor up past gilt iron balconies to the green pink pearl, and amber skylight seven stor es above

They found Leora in the lobby tiny on an enormous couch built round a pillar She stared at Madeline quiet, waiting

Martin perceived that Leora was unusually sloppy—his own word It did not matter to him how clumsily her honey colored hair was tucked under her black hat a characterless little mush room of a hat but he did see and resent the contrast between her shirtwaist with the third button missing her checked skirt, her unfortunate bright brown bolero jacket and Madeline s sleekness of blue serge The resentment was not toward Leora Scanning them together (not haughtily as the choosing and lofty male but anxiously) he was more irritated than ever by Madeline That she should be better dressed was an affront His affection flew to guard Leora to wrap and protect her

And all the while he was bumbling

—thought you two girls ought know each other—Miss Fox want t make you quainted with Miss Tozer—little celebration —lucky dog have two Queens of Sheba—

And to himself Oh hell!

While they murmured nothing in particular to each other he herded them into the famous dining room of the Grand It was full of gilt chandeliers red plush chairs heavy silverware and aged Negro retainers with gold and green waistcoats Round the walls ran select views of Pompeii Venice Lake Como and Versailles

Swell room! chirped Leora

Madeline had looked as though she intended to say the same thing in longer words but she considered the frescoes all over again and explained Well it s very large—

He was ordering with agony He had appropriated four dol lars for the orgy strictly including the tip and his standard of good food was that he must spend every cent of the four dol lars While he wondered what Puree St. Germain could be, and the waiter hideously stood watching behind his shoulder Madeline fell to She chanted with horrifying politeness

Mr Arrowsmith tells me you are a nurse Miss—Tozer

Yes sort of

Do you find it interesting?

Well—yes—yes, I think it s interesting

"I suppose it must be wonderful to relieve suffering Of course my work—I m taking my Doctor of Philosophy degree in Eng lish— She made it sound as though she were taking her earl dom— it s rather dry and detached I have to master the growth

of the language and so on and so forth With your practical training I suppose you d find that rather stupid

Yes it must be—no it must be very interesting

Do you come from Zenith, Miss—Tozer?

No I come from— Just a little town Well hardly a town North Dakota

Oh! North Dakota!

Yes Way West.

Oh yes Are you staying East for some time? It was precisely what a much resented New York cousin had once said to Madeline

Well I don t— Yes I guess I may be here quite some time"

Do you uh do you find you like it here?

Oh yes it s pretty nice These b g cities— So much to see

Big? Well I suppose it all depends on the point of view *doesn t* it? I always think of New York as big but— Of course— Do you find the contrast to North Dakota interesting?

Well of course it s different

'Tell me what North Dakota s like I ve always wondered about these Western states It was Madeline s second plagiarism of her cousin What is the general impression it makes on you?

I don t think I know just how you mean.

I mean what is the general effect? The—*impression*

Well it s got lots of wheat and lots of Swedes

But I mean— I suppose you re all terribly virile and energetic, compared with us Easterners

I don t— Well yes maybe.

Have you met lots of people in Zenith?

Not so *awfully* many

Oh have you met Dr Birchall that operates in your hospital? He s such a nice man and not just a good surgeon but frightfully talented He sings won-derfully and he comes from the most frightfully nice family

No I don t think I ve met him yet Leora bleated

Oh you must. And he plays the slickest—the most gorgeous game of tennis He always goes to all these millionaire parties on Royal Ridge Frightfully smart

Martin now first interrupted. Smart? Him? He hasn t got any brains whatever

My dear child I didn t mean smart in that sense! He sat

alone and helpless while she again turned on Leora and ever more brightly inquired whether Leora knew this son of a cor poration lawyer and that famous debutante this hatshop and that club She spoke familiarly of what were known as the Lead ers of Zenith Society the personages who appeared daily in the society columns of the *Advocate Times* the Cowxes and Van Antrims and Dodsworths Martin was astonished by the famil iarity he remembered that she had once gone to a charity ball in Zenith but he had not known that she was so intimate with the peerage Certainly Leora had appallingly never heard of these great ones nor ever attended the concerts the lectures the recitals at which Madeline apparently spent all her glittering evenings

Madeline shrugged a little, then Well— Of course with the fascinating doctors and everybody that you meet in the hospital I suppose you d find lectures frightfully tame Well— She dismissed Leora and looked patronizingly at Martin Are you planning some more work on the what is it with rabbits?

He was grim He could do it now if he got it over quickly Madeline! Brought you two together because— Don t know whether you cotton to each other or not but I wish you could because I ve— I m not making any excuses for myself I couldn t help it I m engaged to both of you and I want to know—

Madeline had sprung up She had never looked quite so proud and fine She stared at them and walked away wordless She came back she touched Leora s shoulder and quietly kissed her Dear I m sorry for you You ve got a job! You poor baby! She strode away her shoulders straight

Hunched frightened Martin could not look at Leora

He felt her hand on his He looked up She was smiling easy a little mocking Sandy I warn you that I m never going to give you up I suppose you re as bad as She says I suppose I m foolish—I m a hussy But you re mine! I warn you it isn t a bit of use your getting engaged to somebody else again I d tear her eyes out! Now don t think so well of yourself! I guess you re pretty selfish But I don t care. You re mine!

He said brokenly many things beautiful in their commonness

She pondered I do feel we re nearer together than you and Her Perhaps you like me better because you can bully me— because I tag after you and She never would And I know your

work is more important to you than I am maybe more important than you are But I am stupid and ordinary and She isn t. I simply admire you frightfully (Heaven knows why but I do) while She has sense enough to make you admire Her and tag after Her

No! I swear t isn t because I can bully you Leora—I swear it isn t—I don t think it is Dearest, don t *don t* think she s brighter than you are She s glib but— Oh let s stop talking! I ve found you! My life s begun!

# CHAPTER VII

THE difference between Martin s relations to Madeline and to Leora was the difference between a rousing duel and a serene comradeship From their first evening Leora and he depended on each other s loyalty and liking and certain things in his existence were settled forever Yet his absorption in her was not stagnant He was always making discoveries about the observations of life which she kept incubating in her secret little head while she made smoke rings with her cigarettes and smiled silently He longed for the girl Leora she stirred him and with gay frank passion she answered him but to an other sexless Leora he talked more honestly than to Gottlieb or his own worried self while with her boyish nod or an occa sional word she encouraged him to confidence in his evolving ambition and disdains

II

Digamma Pi fraternity was giving a dance It was understood among the anxiously whispering medics that so cosmopolitan was the University of Winnemac becoming that they were ex pected to wear the symbols of respectability known as dress suits On the solitary and nervous occasion when Martin had worn evening clothes he had rented them from the Varsity Pantorium but he must own them, now that he was going to introduce Leora to the world as his pride and flowering Like two little old people absorbed in each other and diffidently ex ploring new unwelcoming streets of the city where their alien ated children live, Martin and Leora edged into the garnished magnificence of Benson Hanley and Koch s the loftiest depart ment store in Zenith She was intimidated by the luminous cases of mahogany and plate glass by the opera hats and lustrous

mufflers and creamy riding breeches When he had tried on a dinner suit and come out for her approval his long brown tie and soft-collared shirt somewhat rustic behind the low evenin waistcoat and when the clerk had gone to fetch collars she wailed

Darn it Sandy you re too grand for me. I just simply can t get myself to fuss over my clothes and here you re going to go and look so spiffy I won t have a chance with you

He almost kissed her

The clerk returning warbled I think Modom, you ll find that your husband will look vurry nice indeed in these wing collars

Then while the clerk sought ties he did kiss her and she sighed

Oh gee you re one of these people that get ahead I never thought I d have to live up to a man with a dress-suit and a come-to-Heaven collar Oh, well I ll tag!

III

For the D gamma Ball the University Armory was extremely decorated The brick walls were dizzy w th bunting spotty with paper chrysanthemums and plaster skulls and wooden scalpels ten feet long

In six years at Mohalis Martin had gone to less than a score of dances though the refined titillations of communal embracing were the chief delight of the co-educational university When he arrived at the Armory with Leora timorously brave in a blue crepe de chine made in no recognized style, he did not care whether he had a s ngle two-step though he did achingly desire to have the men crowd in and ask Leora, adm re her and make her welcome Yet he was too proud to introduce her about, lest he seem to be begging his friends to dance with her They stood alone under the balcony disconsolately facing the vastness of the floor while beyond them flashed the current of dancers beautiful formidable desirable. Leora and he had assured each other that for a student affair dinner jacket and black waistcoat would be the thing as stated in the Benson Hanley and Koch Chart of Correct Gents Wearing Apparel but he grew miserable at the s ght of voluptuous white waistcoats, and when

that embryo famous surgeon Angus Duer came by disdainful as a greyhound and pushing on white gloves (which are the whitest the most superciliously white objects on earth) then Martin felt himself a hobbledehoy

Come on *well* dance he said as though it were a defiance to all Angus Duers

He very much wanted to go home

He did not enjoy the dance, though she waltzed easily and himself not too badly He did not even enjoy having her in *his* arms He could not believe that she was in his arms As they evolved he saw Duer join a brilliance of pretty girls and distinguished looking women about the great Dr Silva dean of the medical school Angus seemed appallingly at home and he waltzed off with the prettiest girl, sliding swinging deft. Martin tried to hate him as a fool but he remembered that yesterday Angus had been elected to the honorary society of Sigma Xi.

Leora and he crept back to the exact spot beneath the balcony where they had stood before to their den their one safe refuge. While he tried to be nonchalant and talk up to his new clothes, he was cursing the men he saw go by laughing with girls ignoring his Leora.

Not many here yet, he fussed Pretty soon they ll all be coming and then you ll have lots of dances

Oh I don t mind

( God won t somebody come and ask the poor kid? )

He fretted over his lack of popularity among the dancing men of the medical school He wished Clif Clawson were present—Clif liked any sort of assembly but he could not afford dress-clothes Then rejoicing as at sight of the best beloved he saw Irving Watters, that paragon of professional normality wandering toward them but Watters passed by merely nodding Thrice Martin hoped and desponded and now all his pride was gone If Leora could be happy—

I wouldn t care a hoot if she fell for the gabbiest fusser in the whole U and gave me the go-by all evening Anything to let her have a good time! If I could coax Duer over— No that s one thing I couldn t stand crawling to that dirty snob— I will!

Up ambled Fatty Pfaff just arrived. Martin pounced on him lovingly H lo old Fat! You a stag tonight? Meet my friend Miss Tozer

Fatty s bulbous eyes showed approval of Leora s cheeks and amber hair He heaved Pleasedmeetch—dance starting—have the honor? in so flattering a manner that Martin could have kissed him

That he himself stood alone through the dance did not occur to him He leaned against a pillar and gloated He felt gorgeously unselfish That various girl wallflowers were sitting near him waiting to be asked did not occur to him either

He saw Fatty introduce Leora to a decorative pair of Digams, one of whom begged her for the next Thereafter she had more invitations than she could take Martin s excitement cooled It seemed to him that she clung too closely to her partners that she followed their steps too eagerly After the fifth dance he was agitated Course! *She s* enjoying herself! Hasn t got time to notice that I just stand here—yes by thunder and hold her scarf! Sure! Fine for her Fact I might like a little dancing myself— And the way she grins and gawps at that fool Brindle Morgan, the—the—the damnedest— Oh you and I are going to have a talk young woman! And those hounds trying to pinch her off me—the one thing I ve ever loved! Just because they dance better than I can and spiel a lot of foolishness— And that damn orchestra playing that damn peppery music— And she falling for all their damn cheap compliments and— You and I are going to have one lovely little understanding!

When she next returned to him, besieged by three capering medics he muttered to her Oh it doesn t *matter* about *me!*

Would you like this one? *Cou se* you shall have it! She turned to him fully she had none of Madel ne s sense of having to act for the benefit of observers Through a strained etern ty of waiting while he glowered she babbled of the floor the size of the room and her dandy partners At the sound of the music he held out his arms

No she said I want to talk to you She led him to a corner and hurled at him Sandy this is the last time I m going to stand for your looking jealous Oh I know! See here! If we re going to stick together—and we are!—I m going to dance with just as many men as I want to and I m going to be just as fool sh with em as I want to Dinners and those things—I suppose I ll always go on being a clam Nothing to say But I love dancing and I m going to do exactly what I want to and

if you had any sense whatever you d know I don t care a hang for anybody but you Yours! Absolute No matter what fool things you do—and they ll probably be a plenty So when you go and get jealous on me again you sneak off and get rid of it. Aren t you ashamed of yourself!

I wasn t jealous— Yes I was Oh I can t help it! I love you so much I d be one fine lover now wouldn t I if I never got jealous!

All right Only you ve got to keep it under cover Now we ll finish the dance

He was her slave

iv

It was regarded as immoral at the University of Winnemac, to dance after midnight and at that hour the guests crowded into the Imperial Cafeteria Ordinarily it closed at eight, but ton ght it kept open till one and developed a spirit of almost lascivious mirth. Fatty Pfaff did a jig another humorous student with a napkin over his arm pretended to be a waiter and a girl (but she was much disapproved) smoked a cigarette

At the door Clif Clawson was waiting for Martin and Leora He was in his familiar shiny gray suit with a blue flannel shirt.

Clif assumed that he was the authority to whom all of Martin s friends must be brought for judgment He had not met Leora Martin had confessed his double engagement he had explained that Leora was unquestionably the most gracious young woman on earth but as he had previously used up all of his laudatory adjectives and all of Clif s patience on the subject of Madeline, Clif failed to listen and prepared to dislike Leora as another siren of morality

He eyed her now with patroni ing enmity He croaked at Martin, behind her back Good looking kid I will say that for her—what s wrong with her? When they had brought their own sandwiches and coffee and mosaic cake from the long counter Clif rasped

Well it s grand of a couple of dress-su t swells like you to assassinate with me mid the midmosts of sartorials and Sassiety Gosh it s fierce I had to miss the select pleasures of an evening with Anxious Duer and associated highboys and merely play a low game of poker—in which Father deftly removed the sum

of six simolea point ten from the foregathered bums and yahoos Well Leory I suppose you and Martykins here have now rati ocinated all these questions of polo and, uh Monte Carlo and so on

She had an immense power of accepting people as they were While Clif waited, leering she placidly investigated the inside of a chicken sandwich and assented Um huh

Good boy! I thought you were going to pull that If you are a roughneck I don t see why you think you ve got to boast about it stuff that Mart springs on me!

Clif turned into a jovial and (for him) unusually quiet com panion Ex farmhand ex book agent, ex mechanic he had so little money yet so scratching a desire to be resplendent that he took refuge in pride in poverty pride in being offensive Now when Leora seemed to look through his boasting he liked her as quickly as had Martin and they buzzed with gaiety Martin was warmed to benevolence toward mankind including Angus Duer who was at the end of the room at a table with Dean Silva and his silvery women Without plan Martin sprang up raced down the room Holding out his hand he clamored

Angus old man want to congratulate you on getting Sigma Xi That s fine

Duer regarded the outstretched hand as though it was an in strument which he had seen before but whose use he could not quite remember He picked it up and shook it tentatively He did not turn his back he was worse than rude—he looked patient

Well good luck said Martin chilled and shaky

'Very good of you Thanks

Martin returned to Leora and Clif to tell them the incident as a cosmic tragedy They agreed that Angus Duer was to be shot. In the midst of it Duer came past trailing after Dean Silva s party and nodded to Martin who glared back feeling noble and mature

At parting Clif held Leora s hand and urged Honey I think a lot of Mart and one time I was afraid the old kid was go ng to get tied up to—to pa ties that would tu n him into a hand shaker I m a hand shaker myself I know less about medicine than Prof Robe tshaw But this boob has some consc ence to him and I m so darn glad he s playing around w th a girl that

real folks and— Oh, listen at me fallin all over my clumsy feet! But I just mean I hope you won t mind Uncle Clif saying he does by golly like you a lot!

It was almost four when Martin returned from taking Leora home and sagged into bed He could not sleep The aloofness of Angus Duer racked him as an insult to himself, as somehow an implied insult to Leora but his boyish rage had passed into a bleaker worry Didn t Duer for all his snobbishness and shallowness have something that he himself lacked? Didn t Clif with his puppy-dog humor his speech of a vaudeville farmer his suspicion of fine manners as posing take life too easily? Didn t Duer know how to control and drive his hard little mind? Wasn t there a technique of manners as there was of experimentation Gottlieb s fluent bench technique versus the clumsy and podgy hands of Ira Hinkley Or was all this inquiry a treachery a yielding to Duer s own affected standard?

He was so tired that behind his closed eyelids were flashes of fire His whirling mind flew over every sentence he had said or 'eard that night till round his twisting body there was fevered shouting

V

As he grumped across the medical campus next day he cam unexpectedly upon Angus and he was smitten with the guiltiness and embarrassment one has toward a person who has borrowed money and probably will not return it Mechanically he began to blurt Hello but he checked it in a croak scowled, and stumbled on

Oh Mart Angus called He was dismayingly even Remember speaking to me last evening? It struck me when I was going out that you looked huffy I was wondering if you thought I d been rude I m sorry if you did Fact is I had a rotten headache Look. I ve got four tickets for As It Listeth in Zenith next Friday evening—original New York cast! Like to see it? And I noticed you were with a peach at the dance Suppose she might like to go along with us she and some friend of hers?

Why—gosh—I ll phone her—darn nice of you to ask us—

It was not till melancholy dusk when Leora had accepted

and promised to bring with her a probationer nurse named Nelly Byers that Martin began to brood

Wonder if he did have a headache last night?

Wonder if somebody *gave* him the tickets?

Why didn t he ask Dad Silva s daughter to go with us? Does he think Leora is some tart I ve picked up?

Sure he never really quarrels with anybody—wants to keep us all friendly so we ll send him surgical patients some day when we re hick G P s and he s a Great and Only

Why did I crawl down so meekly?

I don t care! If Leora enjoys it— Me personally I don t care two hoots for all this trotting around— Though of course it isn t so bad to see pretty women in fine clothes and be dressed as good as anybody— Oh I don t *know!*

VI

In the slightly Midwestern city of Zenith the appearance of a play with the original New York cast was an event (What play it was did not much matter) The Dodsworth Theatre was splendid with the aristocracy from the big houses on Royal Ridge Leora and Nelly Byers admired the bloods—graduates of Yale and Harvard and Princeton lawyers and bankers motor manufacturers and inheritors of real estate virtuosi of golf familiars of New York—who with their shrill and glistening women occupied the front rows Miss Byers pointed out the Dodsworths who were often mentioned in *Town Topics*

Leora and Miss Byers bounced with admiration of the hero when he refused the governorship Martin worried because the heroine was prettier than Leora and Angus Duer (who gave an appearance of knowing all about plays without having seen more than half a dozen in his life) admitted that the set depicting Jack Vanduzen s Camp in the Adirondacks Sunset the Next Day was really very nice

Martin was in a mood of determined hospitality He was going to give them supper and that was all there was to it Miss Byers explained that they had to be in the hospital by a quarter after eleven but Leora said lazily Oh I don t care I ll slip in through a window If you re there in the morning the Old Cat can t prove you got in late Shaking her head at this lying

wickedness, Miss Byers fled to a trolley car while Leora, Angus, and Martin strolled to Epstein s Alt Nuremberg Cafe for beer and Swiss cheese sandwiches flavored by the sight of German drinking mottos and papier mache armor

Angus was studying Leora looking from her to Martin watching their glances of affection. That a keen young man should make a comrade of a girl who could not bring him social advancement that such a thing as the boy and girl passion be tween Martin and Leora could exist was probably inconceivable to him He decided that she was conveniently frail He gave Martin a refined version of a leer and set himself to acquiring her for his own uses

I hope you enjoyed the play " he condescended to her

Oh yes—

Jove I envy you two Of course I understand why girls fall for Martin here with his romantic eyes but a grind like me I have to go on working without a single person to give me sympathy Oh well I deserve it for being shy of women

With unexpected defiance from Leora When anybody says that it means they re not shy and they despise women.

Despise them? Why child honestly I long to be a Don Juan But I don t know how Won t you give me a lesson? Angus s aridly correct voice had become lulling he concentrated on Leora as he would have concentrated on dissecting a guinea pig She smiled at Martin now and then to say Don t be jealous, idiot I m magnificently uninterested in this conceited hypnotist But she was flustered by Angus s sleek assurance, by his homage to her eyes and wit and reticence

Martin twitched with jealousy He blurted that they must be going—Leora really had to be back— The trolleys ran infre quently after midnight and they walked to the hospital through hollow and sounding streets Angus and Leora kept up a high strung chatter while Martin stalked beside them silent, sulky proud of being sulky Skittering through a garage alley they came out on the mass of Zenith General Hospital a block long five stories of bleak windows with infrequent dim blotches of light No one was about The first floor was but five feet from the ground and they lifted Leora up to the limestone ledge of a half-open corridor window She slid in whispering G night! Thanks!

Martin felt empty dissatisfied The night was full of a chill mournfulness A light was suddenly flickering in a window above them and there was a woman s scream breaking down into moans. He felt the tragedy of parting—that in the briefness of life he should lose one moment of her living presence

I m going in after her see she gets there safe he said

The frigid edge of the stone sill bit his hands but he vaulted thrust up his knee crawled hastily through the window Ahead of him in the cork floored hallway lit only by a tiny electric globe Leora was tiptoeing toward a flight of stairs He ran after her on his toes She squeaked as he caught her arm

We got to say good night better than that! he grumbled With that damn Duer—

Ssssssh! They d simply murder me if they caught you here Do you want to get me fired?

Would you care if it was because of me?

Yes—no—well— But they d probably fire you from med c school my lad If— His caressing hands could feel her shiver with anxiety She peered along the corridor and his quickened imagination created sneaking forms eyes peering from door ways She sighed then resolutely We can t talk here We ll sl p up to my room—roommate s away for the week Stand there in the shadow If nobody s in sight upstairs I'll come back

He followed her to the floor above to a white door then breathlessly inside As he closed the door he was touched by this cramped refuge with its camp-beds and photographs from home and softly wrinkled linen He clasped her but with hand against his chest she forbade him as she mourned

You were jealous aga n! How can you distrust me so With that fool! Women not like him? They wouldn t have a chance! Likes himself too well And then you jealous!

I wasn t— Yes I was but I don t dare! To have to s t there and grin like a hyena with him between us, when I wanted to talk to you to kiss you! All right! Probably I ll always be jealous It s you that have got to trust me I m not easy going never will be. Oh trust me—

Their profound and unresisted kiss was the more blind in memory of that barren hour with Angus. They forgot that the superintendent of nurses might dreadfully come bursting in

they forgot that Angus was waiting Oh curse Angus—let him go home! was Martin s only reflection as his eyes closed and his long loneliness vanished

Good night dear love—my love forever he exulted

In the still ghostliness of the hall he laughed as he thought of how irritably Angus must have marched away But from the window he discovered Angus huddled on the stone steps asleep As he touched the ground he whistled but stopped short He *saw bursting from the shadow a bulky man vaguely in a porter s* uniform, who was shouting

I ve caught yuh! Back you come into the hospital and we ll find out what you ve been up to!"

They closed Martin was wiry but in the watchman s clasp he was smothered There was a reek of dirty overalls of un bathed flesh. Martin kicked his shins, struck at his boulder of red cheek, tried to twist his arm He broke loose started to flee and halted The struggle in its contrast to the aching sweetness of Leora had infuriated him He faced the watchman raging

From the awakened Angus suddenly appearing beside him there was a thin sound of disgust Oh come *on!* Let s get out of this Why do you dirty your hands on scum like him?

The watchman bellowed Oh I m scum am I? I'll show you!

He collared Angus and slapped him

Under the sleepy street lamp Martin saw a man go mad It was not the unfeeling Angus Duer who stared at the watchman it was a killer and his eyes were the terrible eyes of the killer speaking to the least experienced a message of death He gasped only He dared to touch me! A pen knife was somehow in his hands he had leaped at the watchman and he was busily and earnestly endeavoring to cut his throat.

As Martin tried to hold them he heard the agitated pounding of a policeman s night stick on the pavement Martin was slim but he had pitched hay and strung telephone wire He hit the watchman judiciously beside the left ear snatched Angus s wrist and dragged him away They ran up an alley across a courtyard They came to a thoroughfare as an owl trolley glowed and rattled round the corner they ran beside it, swung up on the steps, and were safe

Angus stood on the back platform sobbing My God, I wish

I d killed him! He laid his filthy hands on me! Martin! Hold me here on the car I thought I d got over that. Once when I was a kid I tried to kill a fellow— God I wish I d cut that filthy swine s throat!

As the trolley came into the center of the city Martin coaxed There s an all night lunch up Oberlin Avenue where we can get some white mule Come on It ll straighten you up

Angus was shaky and stumbling—Angus the punctilious Martin led him into the lunch room where, between catsup bottles they had raw whisky in granite like coffee cups Angus leaned his head on his arm and sobbed careless of stares till he had drunk himself into obliteration and Martin steered him home Then to Martin in his furnished room with Clif snoring the evening became incredible and nothing more incredible than Angus Duer Well he ll be a good friend of mine now for always Fine!

Next morning in the hall of the Anatomy Building he saw Angus and rushed toward him Angus snapped You were frightfully stewed last night Arrowsmith If you can t handl your liquor better than that you better cut it out entirely

He walked on clear-eyed unruffled

# CHAPTER VIII

AND always Martin's work went on—assisting Max Gottlieb instructing bacteriological students attending lectures and hospital demonstrations—sixteen merciless hours to the day He stole occasional evenings for original research or for peering into the stirring worlds of French and German bacteriological publications he went proudly now and then to Gottlieb's cottage where against rain smeared brown wall paper were Blake drawings and a signed portrait of Koch. But the rest was nerve gnawing

Neurology O B., internal medicine physical diagnosis always a few pages more than he could drudge through before he fell asleep at his rickety study-table

Memorizing of gynecology of ophthalmology till his mind was burnt raw

Droning afternoons of hospital demonstrations among stumbling students barked at by tired clinical professors

The competitive exactions of surgery on dogs in which Angus Duer lorded it with impatient perfection.

Martin admired the professor of internal medicine, T. J. H Silva known as Dad Silva, who was also dean of the medical faculty He was a round little man with a little crescent of mustache Silva's god was Sir William Osler, his religion was the art of sympathetic healing, and his patriotism was accurate physical diagnosis. He was a Doc Vickerson of Elk Mills grown wiser and soberer and more sure But Martin's reverence for Dean Silva was counterbalanced by his detestation for Dr. Roscoe Geake, professor of otolaryngology

Roscoe Geake was a peddler He would have done well with oil stock As an otolaryngologist he believed that tonsils had been placed in the human organism for the purpose of provid-

ing specialists with closed motors A physician who left the tonsils in any patient was, he felt, foully and ignorantly over looking his future health and comfort—the physician s future health and comfort His earnest feeling regarding the nasal septum was that it never hurt any patient to have part of it removed and if the most hopeful examination could find noth ing the matter with the patient s nose and throat except that he was smoking too much still in any case, the enforced rest after an operation was good for him Geake denounced this cant about Letting Nature Alone Why the average well to-do man appreciated attention! He really didn t think much of his spe cialists unless he was operated on now and then—just a little and not very painfully Geake had one classic annual address in which winging far above otolaryngology he evaluated all medicine, and explained to grateful healers like Irving Watters the method of getting suitable fees

Knowledge is the greatest thing in the medical world but it s no good whatever unless you can sell it, and to do this you must first impress your personality on the people who have the dollars Whether a patient is a new or an old friend you must always use *salesmanship* on him Explain to him, also to his stricken and anxious family the hard work and thought you are giving to his case, and so make him feel that the good you have done h m, or intend to do him, is even greater than the fee you plan to charge Then when he gets your bill he will not misunderstand or kick

II

There was, as yet, no vision in Martin of serene spaciousness of the mind Beyond doubt he was a bustling young man, and rather shrill He had no uplifted moments when he saw h m self in relation to the whole world—if indeed he realized that there was a deal of the wo ld besides himself His friend Clif was boorish his beloved Leora was rustic, however gallant she might be and he himself wasted energy in hectic busyness and in astonishment at dullness But if he had not ripened yet he was close to earth he did hate pretentiousness, he did use his hands, and he did seek ron actualities with a curiosity inextin guishable.

And at infrequent times he perceived the comedy of life relaxed for a gorgeous hour from the intensity wearing to his admirers Such was the hour before Christmas vacation when Roscoe Geake rose to glory

It was announced in the *Winnemac Daily News* that Dr Geake had been called from the chair of otolaryngology to the vice presidency of the puissant New Idea Medical Instrument and Furniture Company of Jersey City In celebration he gave a final address to the entire medical school on The Art and Science of Furnishing the Doctor s Office

He was a neatly finished person Geake eye glassed and enthusiastic and fond of people He beamed on his loving students and cried

Gentlemen the trouble with too many doctors even those splendid old pioneer war horses who through mud and storm through winter s chill blast and August s untempered heat, go bringing cheer and surcease from pain to the world s humblest yet even these old Nestors not so infrequently settle down in a rut and never shake themselves loose Now that I am leaving this field where I have labored so long and happily I want to ask every man jack of you to read before you begin to practice medicine not merely your Rosenau and Howell and Gray but also as a preparation for being that which all good citizens must be namely practical men a most valuable little manual of modern psychology How to Put Pep in Salesmanship by Grosvenor A Bibby For don t forget gentlemen and this is my last message to you the man worth while is not merely the man who takes things with a smile but also the man who s trained in philosophy, *practical* philosophy, so that instead of day-dreaming and spending all his time talking about ethics splendid though they are, and charity, glorious virtue though that be, yet he never forgets that unfortunately the world judges a man by the amount of good hard cash he can lay away The graduates of the University of Hard Knocks judge a physician as they judge a business man not merely by his alleged high ideals but by the horsepower he puts into carrying them out—and making them pay! And from a scientific standpoint don t overlook the fact that the impression of properly remunerated competence which you make on a patient is of just as much importance in these days of the new psychology as the drugs you

get into him or the operations he lets you get away with The minute he begins to see that other folks appreciate and reward your skill that minute he must begin to feel your power and so to get well.

Nothing is more important in inspiring him than to have such an office that as soon as he steps into it you have begun to sell him the idea of being properly cured I don t care whether a doctor has studied in Germany Munich, Baltimore, and Rochester I don t care whether he has all science at his finger tips whether he can instantly diagnose with a considerable degree of accuracy the most obscure ailment whether he has the surgical technique of a Mayo a Crile a Blake an Ochsner a Cushing If he has a dirty old office with hand me-down chairs and a lot of second hand magazines then the patient isn t going to have confidence in him he is going to resist the treatment—and the doctor is going to have difficulty in putting over and collecting an adequate fee.

To go far below the surface of this matter into the fundamental philosophy and esthetics of office furnishing for the doctor there are today two warring schools, the Tapestry School and the Aseptic School, if I may venture to so denominate and conveniently distinguish them Both of them have their merits. The Tapestry School claims that luxurious chairs for waiting patients, handsome hand painted pictures a bookcase jammed with the world s best literature in expensively bound sets together with cut-glass vases and potted palms p oduce an impression of that opulence which can come only from sheer ability and knowledge The Aseptic School, on the other hand ma n tains that what tne patien wants is that appearance of scrupulous hygiene which can be produced only by furnishing the outer waiting room as well as the inner offices in wh te pa nted chairs and tables, with merely a Japanese print against a gray wall.

But, gentlemen, it seems obv ous to me, so obvious that I wonder it has not been brought out before that the ideal reception room is a combination of these two schools! Have your potted palms and handsome pictures—to the practical physician they are as necessary a part of his working equipment as a sterilizer or a Baumanometer But so far as possible have everything in sanitary looking white—and th nk of the color-schemes you

can evolve or the good wife for you, if she be one blessed with artistic tastes! Rich golden or red cushions in a Morris chair enameled the purest white! A floor-covering of white enamel, with just a border of delicate rose! Recent and unspotted numbers of expensive magazines with art covers, lying on a white table! Gentlemen, there is the idea of imaginative salesmanship which I wish to leave with you there is the gospel which I hope to spread in my fresh field of endeavor the New Idea Instrument Company of Jersey City where at any time I shall be glad to see and shake by the hand any and all of you."

III

Through the storm of his Christmas examinations, Martin had an intensified need of Leora She had been summoned home to Dakota, perhaps for months on the ground that her mother was unwell and he had or thought he had to see her daily He must have slept less than four hours a night. Grinding at examinations on the interurban car he dashed in to her looking up to scowl when he thought of the lively interns and the men patients whom she met in the hospital scorning himself for being so primitive, and worrying all over again To see her at all he had to wait for hours in the lobby or walk up and down in the snow outside till she could slip to a window and peep out. When they were together they were completely absorbed She had a genius for frank passion she teased him tantalized him but she was tender and unafraid

He was sick lonely when he saw her off at the Union Station.

His examination papers were competent but, save in bacteriology and internal medicine, they were sketchy He turned emptily to the laboratory for vacation time

He had so far displayed more emotion than achievement in his tiny original researches. Gottlieb was patient It iss a fine system, this education All what we cram into the students, not Koch and two dieners could learn Do not worry about the research We shall do it yet But he expected Martin to perform a miracle or two in the whole fortnight of the holidays and Martin had no stomach with which to think He played in the laboratory he spent his time polishing glassware and when he transplanted cultures from his rabbits his notes were incomplete.

Gottlieb was instantly grim *Wass giebt es dann?* Do you call these notes? Always when I praise a man must he stop working? Do you think that you are a Theobald Smith or a Novy that you should sit and meditate? You have the ability of Pfaff!

For once Martin was impenitent He mumbled to himself as Gottlieb stamped out like a Grand Duke Rats I ve got *some* rest coming to me. Gosh most fellows why they go to swell homes for vacation, and have dances and fathers and everything If Leora was here, we d go to a show tonight

He viciously seized his cap (a soggy and doubtful object) sought Clif Clawson, who was spending the vacation in sleeping between poker games at Barney s and outlined a project of going into town and getting drunk It was executed so successfully that during vacation it was repeated whenever he thought of the coming torture wheel of uninspir ng work, whenever he realized that it was only Gottlieb and Leora who held him here After vacation in late January he found that whisky relieved him from the frenzy of work, from the terror of loneliness—then betrayed him and left him the more weary the more lonely He felt suddenly old he was twenty four now he reminded himself and a schoolboy his real work not even begun Clif was his refuge Clif admired Leora and would listen to his babbling of her

But Clif and Martin came to the misfortune of Founder s Day

IV

January thirtieth the birthday of the late Dr Warburton Stonedge, founder of the medical department of Winnemac was annually celebrated by a banquet rich in fraternalism and speeches and large lack of wine. All the faculty reserved their soundest observations for the event, and all the students were expected to be present.

This year it was held in the large hall of the Univers ty Y.M.C.A., a moral apartment with red wall paper portraits of whiskered alumni who had gone out to be missionaries and long thin pine boxes intended to resemble exposed oak beams About the famous guests—Dr Rouncefield the Ch cago surgeon, a diabetes specialist from Omaha, a Pittsburgh internist—stood massed the faculty members. They tried to look festal but they

were worn and nervous after four months of school They had wrinkles and tired eyes They were all in business suits mostly unpressed They sounded scientific and interested they used words like phlebarteriectasia and hepatocholangio-enterostomy and they asked the guests So you just been in Rochester? Whats uh what re Charley and Will doing in orthopedics? But they were full of hunger and melancholy It was half past seven and they who did not normally dine at seven dined at six thirty

Upon this seedy gaiety entered a splendor a tremendous black bearded personage magnificent of glacial shirt bosom vast of brow wild-eyed with genius or with madness In a marvelous great voice with a flavor of German accent he inquired for Dr Silva and sailed into the dean s group like a frigate among fishing smacks

Who the dickens is that? wondered Martin

Let s edge in and find out said Clif and they clung to the fast increasing knot about Dean Silva and the mystery who was introduced as Dr Benoni Carr the pharmacologist

They heard Dr Carr to the pale admiration of the school bound assistant professors boom genially of working with Schmiedeberg in Germany on the isolation of dihydroxypentamethylendiamin of the possibilities of chemotherapy of the immediate cure of sleeping sickness of the era of scientific healing Though I am American born I have the advantage of speaking German from a child and so perhaps I can better understand the work of my dear friend Ehrlich I saw him receive a decoration from His Imperial Highness the Kais r Dear old Ehrlich he was like a child!

There was at this t me (but it changed curiously in 1914 and 1915) an active Germanophile section of the faculty They bent before this tornado of erudition Angus Duer forgot that he was Angus Duer and Martin listened with excited stimulation Benoni Carr had all of Gottlieb s individuality all this scorn of machine made teachers all his air of a great world which showed Mohalis as provincial with none of Gottlieb s nervous touchiness Martin wished Gottlieb were present he wondered whether the two giants would clash.

Dr Carr was placed at the speakers table near the dean. Martin was astonished to see the eminent pharmacologi t, after

a shocked inspection of the sour chicken and mishandled salad which made up most of the dinner pour something into his water glass from a huge silver flask—and pour that something frequently He became boisterous He leaned across two men to slap the indignant dean on the shoulder he contradicted his neighbors he sang a stanza of I m Bound Away for the Wild Missourai

Few phenomena at the dinner were so closely observed by the students as the manners of Dr Benoni Carr

After an hour of strained festivity when Dean Silva had risen to announce the speakers Carr lumbered to his feet and shouted Let s not have any speeches Only fools make speeches Wise men sing songs Whoopee! Oh tireolee oh tireolee oh tireolee a lady! You profs are the bunk!

Dean Silva was to be seen beseeching him then leading him out of he room with the assistance of two professors and a foot ball t kle and in the hush of a joyful horror Clif grunted to Martin

Here s where I get mine! And the damn fool promised to stay sober!

Huh?

I might of known he d show up stewed and spill the beans Oh maybe the dean won t hand me hell proper!

He explained Dr Benoni Carr was born Benno Karkowski He had graduated from a medical school which gave degrees in two years He had read vastly but he had never been in Europe He had been spieler' in medicine shows chiropod st, spiritualist medium esoter c teacher head of sanitariums for the divers on of neurotic women Clif had encountered him in Zenith when they were both drunk It was Cl f who had told Dean Silva that the celebrated pharmacologist just back from Europe was in Zenith for a few days and perhaps m ght accept an inv tat on—

The dean had thanked Clif ardently

The banquet ended early and the e was inadequate attention to Dr Rouncefield s valuable address on the Steril zation of Catgut

Clif sat up worrying and admitt ng the truth of Mart n s several observat ons Next day—he had a way with women when he deigned to take the trouble—he pumped the d an s girl

secretary and discovered his fate There h.d been a meeting of a faculty committee the blame for the Benoni Carr outrage had been placed on Clif and the dean had said all the things Clif had imagined with a number which he had not possessed the talent to conceive But the dean was not going to summon him at once he was going to keep him waiting in torture, then exe cute him in public

Good-by old M.D degree! Rats, I never thought much of the doctor business Guess I ll be a bond salesman, said Clif to Martin He strolled away he went to the dean and remarked

Oh Dean Silva I just dropped in to tell you I ve decided to resign from the medic school Been offered a big job in uh in Chicago and I don t think much of the way you run the school anyway Too much memorizing and too little real spirit of science. Good luck Doc. So long

Gggggg— said Dean Silva

Clif moved into Zenith and Martin was left alone He gave up the double room at the front of his boarding house for a hall room at the rear and in that narrow den he sat and mourned in a desolation of loneliness He looked out on a vacant lot in which a tattered advertisement of pork and beans flapped on a leaning billboard He saw Leora s eyes and heard Cl f's comfortable scoffing and the quiet was such as he could not endure.

# CHAPTER IX

THE persistent yammer of a motor horn drew Martin to the window of the laboratory a late afternoon in February He looked down on a startling roadster all stream lines and cream paint, with enormous headlights He slowly made out that the driver a young man in coffee-colored loose motor coat and hectic checked cap and intense neckwear was Clif Clawson and that Clif was beckoning

He hastened down, and Clif cried

Oh boy! *How do you like the boat? Do you diagnose this* suit? Scotch heather—honest! Uncle Clif has nabbed off a twenty five buck a week job *with* commissions selling autos Boy I was lost in your old medic school I can sell anything to anybody In a year I ll be making eighty a week Jump in old son I m going to take you in to the Grand and blow you to the handsomest feed you ever stuffed into your skinny organism

The thirty-eight miles an hour at which Clif drove into Zenith was in 1908 dismaying speed Martin discovered a new Clif He was as noisy as ever but more sure, glowing with schemes for immediately acquiring large sums of money His hair once bushy and greasy in front tending to stick out jaggedly behind was sleek now and his face had the pinkness of massage He stopped at the fabulous Grand Hotel with a jar of brakes before he left the car he changed his violent yellow driving-gauntlets for a pair of gray gloves with black stitching which he immediately removed as he paraded through the lobby He called the coat girl Sweetie, and at the din ng room door he addressed the head waiter

Ah Gus how s the boy how s the boy feeling tonight? How s the mucho famoso majordomoso? Gus want to make you quainted with Dr Arrowsmith. Any time the doc comes

here I want you to shake a leg and hand him out that well known service, my boy and give him anything he wants and if he s broke you charge it to me. Now Gus, I want a nice little table for two with garage and hot and cold water and wouldst fain have thy advice, Gustavus on the oysters and hors duffers and all the ingredients fair of a Maecenan feast"

Yes sir right this way Mr Clawson breathed the head waiter

Clif whispered to Martin I ve got him like that in two weeks! You watch my smoke!

While Clif was ordering a man stopped beside their table He resembled an earnest traveling man who liked to get back to his suburban bungalow every Saturday evening He was beginning to grow slightly bald slightly plump His rimless eye glasses in the midst of a round smooth face made him seem innocent He stared about as though he wished he had someone with whom to dine Clif darted up patted the man s elbow and bawled

Ah there Babski old boy Feeding with anybody? Come join the Sporting Gents Association

"All right be glad to Wife s out of town said the man.

Shake hands with Dr Arrowsmith Mart meet George F Babbitt the hoch gecelebrated Zenith real-estate king Mr Babbitt has just adorned his thirty fourth birthday by buying his first benzine buggy from yours truly and beg to remain as always

It was at least on the part of Clif and Mr Babbitt a mirth ful affair and when Martin had joined them in cocktails St. Louis beer and highballs he saw that Clif was the most gen erous person now living and Mr George F Babbitt a companion of charm

Clif explained how certain he was—apparently his distin guished medical training had something to do with it—to be president of a motor factory and Mr Babbitt confided

You fellows are a lot younger than I am eight ten years and you haven t learned yet like I have that ~~where the big pleasure~~ is is in Ideals and Service and a Public Career Now just between you and me and the gatepost my vogue doesn t lie in real estate but in oratory Fact one time I planned to study law and go right in for politics Just between ourselves and I don t

want this to go any farther I ve been making some pretty good affiliations lately—been meeting some of the rising young Re publican politicians Of course a fellow has got to start in modestly but I may say *sotto voce* that I expect to run for alder man next fall It s practically only a step from that to mayor and then to governor of the state and if I find the career suits me, there s no reason why in ten or twelve years say in 1918 or 1920 I shouldn t have the honor of representing the great state of Winnemac in Washington D C!

In the presence of a Napoleon like Clif and a Gladstone like George F Babbitt Martin perceived his own lack of power and business skill and when he had returned to Mohalis he was restless Of his poverty he had rarely thought, but now, in con trast to Clif s rich ease his own shabby clothes and his pinched room seemed shameful

II

A long letter from Leora hinting that she might not be able to return to Zenith, left him the more lonely Nothing seemed worth doing In that listless state he was mooning about the laboratory during elementary bacteriology demonstration hour when Gottlieb sent him to the basement to bring up six male rabbits for inoculation Gottlieb was working eighteen hours a day on new experiments he was jumpy and testy he gave orders like insults When Martin came dreamily back with six females instead of males Gottlieb shrieked at him You are the worst fool that was ever in this lab!

The groundlings second year men who were not unmindful of Martin s own scoldings tittered like small animals and jarred him into raging Well, I couldn t make out what you said And it s the first time I ever fell down I won t stand your talk ing to me l ke that!

You will stand anything I say! Clumsy! You can take your hat and get out!

You mean I m fired as assistant?

I am glad you haf enough intelligence to understand that, no matter how wretchet I talk!

Martin flung away Gottl eb suddenly looked bewildered and took a step toward Martin s retreating back But the class the small giggl ng animals they stood delighted hoping for more,

and Gottlieb shrugged glared them into terror sent the least *awkward of them for the rabbits, and went on curiously quiet*

And Martin at Barney s dive, was hotly drinking the first of the whiskys which sent him wandering all night by himself. With each drink he admitted that he had an excellent chance to become a drunkard and with each he boasted that he did *not care Had Leora been nearer than Wheatsylvania* twelve hundred miles away he would have fled to her for salvation. He was still shaky next morning and he had already taken a drink to make it possible to live through the morning when he received the note from Dean Silva bidding him report to the office at once

The dean lectured

Arrowsmith you ve been discussed a good deal by the faculty council of late Except in one or two courses—in my own I have no fault to find—you have been very inattentive Your marks have been all right, but you could do still better Recently you have also been drinking You have been seen in places of very low repute and you have been intimate with a man who took it upon himself to insult me the Founder our guests and the University Various faculty members have complained of your superior attitude—making fun of our courses right out in class! But Dr Gottlieb has always warmly defended you. He insisted that you have a real flair for investigative science. Last night, however he admitted that you had recently been impertinent to him Now unless you immediately turn over a new leaf young man I shall have to suspend you for the rest of the year and if that doesn t do the work, I shall have to ask for your resignation. And I think it might be a good thing for your humility—you seem to have the pride of the devil young man!—it might be a good idea for you to see Dr Gottlieb and start off your reformation by apologizing—

It was the whisky spoke not Martin

I m damned if I will! He can go to the devil! I ve given him my life and then he tattles on me—

That s absolutely unfair to Dr Gottlieb He merely—

Sure He merely let me down I ll see him in hell before I'll apologize, after the way I ve worked for him And as for *Clif* Clawson that you were hinting at—him take it on himself to

insult anybody ? He just played a joke, and you went after his scalp I m glad he did it!

Then Martin waited for the words that would end his scientific life

The little man, the rosy pudgy good little man he stared and hummed and spoke softly

Arrowsmith I could fire you right now of course, but I believe you have good stuff in you I decline to let you go Naturally you re suspended at least till you come to your senses and apologize to me and to Gottlieb " He was fatherly almost he made Martin repent but he concluded And as for Clawson his joke regarding this Benoni Carr person—and why I never looked the fellow up is beyond me, I suppose I was too busy—his joke, as you call it was the action either of an idiot or a blackguard and until you are able to perceive that fact, I don t think you will be ready to come back to us

All right said Martin and left the room

He was very sorry for himself The real tragedy he felt was that though Gottlieb had betrayed him and ended his career ended the possibility of his mastering science and of marrying Leora he still worshiped the man

He said good-by to no one in Mohalis save his landlady He packed and it was a s mple packing He stuffed his books h s notes a shabby suit his inadequate linen and his one glory the dinner clothes into his unwieldy imitation leather bag He remembered with drunken tears the hour of buying the dinner jacket

Martin s money from his father s tiny estate came in bi monthly checks from the bank at Elk Mills He had now but six dollars

In Zenith he left his bag at the interurban trolley station and sought Clif, whom he found practicing eloquence over a beautiful pearl gray motor hearse in which a beer fed undertaker was jovially interested He waited sitting hunched and tw sted on the steel running board of a limous ne He resented but he was too l stless to esent greatly the stares of the other salesmen and the girl stenographe s

Clif dashed up bumbling Well well how s th boy? Come out and catchum little d ink

I could use one.

Martin knew that Clif was staring at him As they entered the bar of the Grand Hotel with its paintings of lovely but absent minded ladies its mirrors its thick marble rail along a mahogany bar he blurted

Well I got mine, too Dad Silva s fired me for general foot lessness I m going to bum around a little and then get some kind of a job God but I m tired and nervous! Say can you lend me some money?

'You bet All I ve got. How much you want?

Guess I ll need a hundred dollars May drift around quite some time"

Golly I haven t got that much but prob ly I can raise it at the office Here sit down at this table and wait for me

How Clif obtained the hundred dollars has never been ex plained but he was back with it in a quarter-hour They went on to dinner and Martin had much too much whisky Clif took him to his own boarding house—which was decidedly less promissory of prosperity than Clif's clothes—firmly gave him a cold bath to bring him to and put him to bed Next morning he offered to find a job for him but Martin refused and left Zenith by the northbound train at noon.

Always in America there remains from pioneer days a cheer ful pariahdom of shabby young men who prowl causelessly from state to state from gang to gang in the power of the Wanderlust They wear black sateen shirts and carry bundles They are not permanently tramps They have home towns to which they return to work quietly in the factory or the section gang for a year—for a week—and as quietly to disappear again They crowd the smoking cars at night they sit silent on benches in filthy stations they know all the land yet of it they know nothing because in a hundred cities they see only the employ ment agencies the all night lunches the blind pigs the scabrous lodging houses Into that world of voyageurs Martin vanished Drinking steadily only half-conscious of whither he was going of what he desired to do shamefully haunted by Leora and Clif and the swift hands of Gottlieb he flitted from Zenith to the city of Sparta across to Ohio up into Michigan west to Illinois His mind was a shambles He could never quite remember afterward where he had been Once it is clear he was soda fountain clerk in a Minnemagantic drug store Once he must

have been, for a week dishwasher in the stench of a cheap restaurant He wandered by freight trains on blind baggages on foot. To his fellow prospectors he was known as Slim, the worst tempered and most restless of all their company

After a time a sense of direction began to appear in his crazy drifting He was instinctively headed westward and to the west toward the long prairie dusk Leora was waiting For a day or two he stopped drinking He woke up feeling not like the sickly hobo called Slim but like Martin Arrowsmith and he pondered with his mind running clear Why shouldn t I go back? Maybe this hasn t been so bad for me I was working too hard. I was pretty high strung Blew up Like to uh— Wonder what happened to my rabbits? Will they ever let me do research again?

But to return to the University before he had seen Leora was impossible. His need of her was an obsession making the rest of earth absurd and worthless He had with blurry cunning saved most of the hundred dollars he had taken from Clif he had lived—very badly on grease swimming stews and soda reeking bread—by what he earned along the way Suddenly on no particular day in no particular town in Wisconsin he stalked to the station bought a ticket to Wheatsylvania North Dakota and telegraphed to Leora, Coming 2.43 tomorrow Wednesday Sandy

III

He crossed the wide Mississippi into Minnesota He changed trains at St Paul he rolled into gusty vastnesses of snow cut by thin lines of fence e He felt free in release from the little fields of Winnemac and Ohio in relaxation from the shaky nerves of midnight study and midnight booziness He remembered his days of wire stringing in Montana and regained that careless peace Sunset was a surf of crimson and by night, when he stepped from the choking railroad coach and tramped the platform at Sauk Center he drank the icy air and looked up to the vast and solitary winter stars The fan of the Northern Lights frightened and glorified the sky He returned to the coach with the energy of that courageous land He nodded and gurgled in brief smothering sleep he sprawled on the seat and talked with friendly fellow vagrants he drank bitter coffee and

ate enormously of buckwheat cakes at a station restaurant and so changing at anonymous towns he came at last to the squatty shelters, the two wheat-elevators the cattle pen the oil tank and the red box of a station with its slushy platform which composed the outskirts of Wheatsylvania Against the station absurd in a huge coonskin coat, stood Leora He must have looked a little mad as he stared at her from the vestibule as he shivered with the wind She lifted to him her two open hands childish in red mittens He ran down he dropped his awkward bag on the platform and unaware of the gaping furry farmers, they were lost in a kiss

Years after in a tropic noon he remembered the freshness of her wind-cooled cheeks

The train was gone, pounding out of the tiny station It had stood like a dark wall beside the platform protecting them but now the light from the snowfields glared in on them and left them exposed and self-conscious

What—whats happened? she fluttered 'No letters I was so frightened"

Off bumming The dean suspended me—being fresh to profs D y care?

Course not if you wanted to—

I ve come to marry you

I dont see how we can dearest but— All right Therel' be a lovely row with Dad She laughed Hes always so surprised and *hurt* when anything happens that he didnt plan out Itll b nice to have you with me in the scrap because you arent supposed to know that he expects to plan out everythin for everybody and— Oh Sandy I ve been so lonely for you! Mother isnt really a bit sick not the least bit but they go on keeping me here I think probably somebody hinted to Dad that folks were saying he must be broke if his dear little dau h ter had to go off and learn nursing and he hasnt worried it all out yet—it takes Andrew Jackson Tozer about a year to worry out anything Oh Sandy! You re here!

After the clatter and jam of the train the village seemed blankly empty He could have walked around the borders of Wheatsylvania in ten minutes Probably to Leora one building differed from another—she appeared to distinguish between the general store of Norblom and that of Frazier & Lamb—but to

Martin the two-story wooden shacks creeping aimlessly along the wide Main Street were featureless and inappreciable. Then 'There s our house, end of the next block said Leora as they turned the corner at the feed and implement store, and in a panic of embarrassment Martin wanted to halt He saw a storm coming Mr Tozer denouncing him as a failure who desired to ruin Leora Mrs Tozer weeping

Say—say—say—have you told em about me? he stammered

Yes Sort of. I said you were a wonder in medic school and maybe we d get married when you finished your internship and then when your wire came they wanted to know why you were coming and why it was you wired from Wisconsin and what color necktie you had on when you were sending the wire and I couldn t make em understand I didn t know They discussed it Quite a lot. They do discuss things. All through supper Solemn Oh Sandy do curse and swear some at meals

He was in a funk Her parents formerly amusing figures in a story became oppressively real in sight of the wide, brown porchy house A large plate glass window with a colored border had recently been cut through the wall as a sign of prosperity and the garage was new and authoritative

He tagged after Leora, expecting the blast Mrs. Tozer opened the door and stared at him plaintively—a thin faded unhumor ous woman. She bowed as though he was not so much unwel come as unexplained and doubtful

Will you show Mr Arrowsmith his room Ory or shall I? she peeped

It was the kind of house that has a large phonograph but no books and if there were any pictures as beyond hope there must have been, Martin never remembered them The bed in his room was lumpy but covered with a chaste figured spread and the flowery pitcher and bowl rested on a cover embroidered in red with lambs frogs water lilies and a pious motto

He took as long as he could in unpacking things which needed no unpacking and hesitated down the stairs No one was in the parlor which smelled of furnace heat and balsam pillows then, from nowhere apparent Mrs Tozer was there, worrying about him and trying to think of something polite to say

Did you have a comfortable trip on the train?

Oh, yes it was— Well it was pretty crowded"

Oh was it crowded?

Yes there were a lot of people traveling"

Were there? I suppose— Yes Sometimes I wonder where all the people can be going that you see going places all the time Did you—was it very cold in the Cities—in Minneapolis and St Paul?

Yes it was pretty cold

Oh was it cold?

Mrs Tozer was so still so anxiously polite He felt like a burglar taken for a guest and intensely he wondered where Leora could be She came in serenely with coffee and a tremendous Swedish coffee ring voluptuous with raisins and glistening brown sugar and she had them talking almost easily about the coldness of winter and the value of Fords when into the midst of all this brightness slid Mr Andrew Jackson Tozer and they drooped again to politeness

Mr Tozer was as thin and undistinguished and sun worn as his wife and like her he peered he kept silence and fretted He was astonished by everything in the world that did not bear on his grain elevator his creamery his tiny bank the United Brethren Church and the careful conduct of an *Overland car* It was not astounding that he should have become almost rich for he accepted nothing that was not natural and convenient to Andrew Jackson Tozer

He hinted a desire to know whether Martin drank how prosperous he was and how he could possibly have come all this way from the urbanities of Winnemac (The Tozers were born in Illinois but they had been in Dakota since childhood, and they regarded Wisconsin as the farthest most perilous rim of the Eastern horizon ) They were so blank so creepily polite, that Martin was able to avoid such unpleasant subjects as being suspended He dandled an impression that he was an earnest young medic who in no time at all would be making large and suitable sums of money for the support of their Leora but as he was beginning to lean back in his chair he was betrayed by the appearance of Leora's brother

Bert Tozer Albert R Tozer cashier and vice president of the Wheatsylvania State Bank auditor and vice president of the Tozer Grain and Storage Company treasurer and vice president of the Star Creamery was not in the least afflicted by the listen-

ing dubiousness of his parents Bertie was a very articulate and modern man of affairs He had buck teeth and on his eye-glasses was a gold chain leading to a dainty hook behind his left ear He believed in town boosting organized motor tours Boy Scouts baseball and the hanging of I W W s and his most dolorous regret was that Wheatsylvania was too small—as yet—to have a Y.M.C.A or a Commercial Club Plunging in beside him was his fiancee Miss Ada Quist daughter of the feed and implement store Her nose was sharp but not so sharp as her voice or the suspiciousness with which she faced Martin

This Arrowsmith? demanded Bert Huh! Well, guess you re glad to be out here in God s country!

Yes it s fine—

Trouble with the Eastern states is they haven t got the git, or the room to grow You ought to see a real Dakota harvest! Look here, how come you re away from school this time of y ar?

Why—

I know all about school terms I went to business college in Grand Forks How come you can get away now?

I took a little lay-off"

Leora says you and her are thinking of getting married

We—

Got any cash outside your school money?

I have not!

Thought so! How juh expect to support a wife?

I suppose I ll be practicing medicine some day

Some day! Then what s the use of talking about being engaged till you can support a wife?

That interrupted Bert s lady love Miss Ada Quist that s just what *I* said Ory! She seemed to speak with her pointed nose as much as with her button of a mouth. "If Bert and I can wa t I guess other people can!

Mrs Tozer whimpered Don t be too hard on Mr Arrowsmith Bertie I m sure he wants to do the right thing"

I m not being hard on anybody! I m being sensible. If Pa and you would tend to things instead of standing around fussing I wouldn t have to butt in I don t believe in interfering with anybody else s doings or anybody interfering v th m ne Live and let live and mind your own business is my motto and

thats what I said to Alec Ingleblad the other day when I was in there having a shave and he was trying to get funny about our holding so many mortgages but I ll be blamed if I m goin to allow a fellow that I don t know anything about to come snooping around My Sister till I find out something about his prospects!

Leora crooned Bertie, lamb your tie is climbing your collar again

Yes and *you* Ory shrieked Bert if it wasn t for me you d have married Sam Petchek two years ago!

Bert further said with instances and illustrations, that she was light minded and as for nursing— *Nursing!*

She said that Bert was what he was and tried to explain to Martin the matter of Sam Petchek (It has never yet been altogether explained )

Ada Quist said that Leora did not care if she broke her dear parents hearts and ruined Bert s career

Martin said Look here I— and never got farther

Mr and Mrs Tozer said they were all to be calm and of course Bert didn t mean— But really it was true they had to be sensible and how Mr Arrowsmith could expect to support a wife—

The conference lasted till nine thirty which as Mr Tozer pointed out was everybody s bedtime, and except for the five minute discussion as to whether Miss Ada Quist was to stay to supper and the debate on the saltiness of this last cornbeef they clave faithfully to the inquiry as to whether Martin and Leora were engaged All persons interested which apparently did not include Martin and Leora decided that they were not Bert ushered Martin upstairs He saw to it that the lovers should not have a chance for a good night kiss and until Mr Tozer called down the hall at seven minutes after ten You going to stay up and chew the rag the whole blessed night, Bert he made himself agreeable by sitting on Martin s bed lookin derisively at his shabby baggage and demanding the details of his parentage religion politics and attitude toward the horrors of card playing and dancing

At breakfast they all hoped that Martin would stay one more night in their home—plenty of room.

Bert stated that Martin would come down town at ten and be shown the bank creamery and whea elevator

But at ten Martin and Leora were on the eastbound train. They got out at the county seat, Leopolis a vast city of four thousand population with a three story building At one that afternoon they were married by the German Lutheran pastor His study was a bareness surrounding a large rusty wood stove, and the witnesses the pastor s wife and an old German who had been shoveling walks, sat on the wood box and looked drowsy Not till they had caught the afternoon train for Wheatsylvania did Martin and Leora escape from the ghostly apprehension which had hunted them all day In the fetid train huddled close hands locked innocently free of the alienation which the pom posity of weddings sometimes casts between lovers they sighed Now what are we going to do—what *are* we going to do?

At the Wheatsylvania station they were met by the whole family rampant

Bert had suspected elopement. He had searched half a dozen towns by long-distance telephone and got through to the county clerk just after the license had been granted It did not soften Bert s mood to have the clerk remark that if Martin and Leora were of age there was nothing he could do and he didn t care a damn who s talking—I m running this office!

Bert had come to the station determined to make Martin per fect, even as Bert Tozer was perfect and to do it right now

It was a dreadful evening in the Tozer mansion

Mr Tozer said with length that Martin had undertaken re sponsib lities

Mrs Tozer wept, and said that she hoped Ory had not for certain reasons *had* to be married—

Bert said that if such was the case, he d kill Martin—

Ada Quist said that Ory could now see what came of pride and boasting about going off to her old Zer th—

Mr Tozer said that there was one good thing about it any way Ory could see for herself that they couldn t let her go back to nurs ng school and get int more difficulties—

Martin from time to time offered remarks to the effect that he was a good young man a wonderful bacteriologist and able to take care of *his* wife but no one save Leora listened

Bert further propounded (while his father squeaked 'Now

zon t be *too* hard on the boy ) that if Martin *thought* for one single *second* that he was going to get one red *cent* out of the Tozers because he d gone and butted *in* where nobody d *invited* him he Bert wanted to *know* about it that was all he certainly wanted to *know* about it!

And Leora watched them turning her little head from one to another Once she came over to press Martin s hand. In the roughest of the storm, when Martin was beginning to glare she drew from a mysterious pocket a box of very bad cigarettes and lighted one None of the Tozers had discovered that she smoked. Whatever they thought about her sex morals her infidelity to United Brethrenism and her general dementia they had not suspected that she could commit such an obscenity as smoking They charged on her and Martin caught his breath savagely

During these fulminations Mr Tozer had somehow made up his mind He could at times take the lead away from Bert whom he considered useful but slightly indiscreet and unable to grasp the full value of a dollar (Mr Tozer valued it at one dollar and ninety but the progressive Bert at scarce more than one fifty ) Mr Tozer mildly gave orders

They were to stop scrapping They had no proof that Martin was necessarily a bad match for Ory They would see Martin would return to medical school at once and be a good boy and get through as quickly as he could and begin to earn money Ory would remain at home and behave herself—and she certainly would never act like a Bad Woman again and smoke cigarettes Meantime Martin and she would have no uh relations (Mrs Tozer looked embarrassed and the hungrily attentive Ada Quist tried to blush ) They could write to each other once a week but that was all They would in no way uh, act as though they were married till he gave permission

Well? he demanded

Doubtless Martin should have defied them and with his bride in his arms have gone forth into the night. But it seemed only a moment to graduation to beginning his practice He had Leora now forever For her he must be sensibl He would return to work and be Practical Gottlieb s ideals of science? Laboratories? Research? Rot!

All right he said

It did not occur to him that their abstention from love began

tonight it did not come to him till holding out his hands to Leora smiling with virtue at having determined to be prudent he heard Mr Tozer cackling Ory you go on up to bed now—in your own room!

That was his bridal night tossing in his bed ten yards from her

Once he heard a door open and thrilled to her coming He waited taut She did not come He peeped out determined to find her room His deep feeling about his brother in law suddenly increased. Bert was parading the hall on guard Had Bert been more formidable Martin might have killed him but he could not face that buck toothed and nickering righteousness He lay and resolved to curse them all in the morning and go off with Leora but with the coming of the three-o clock depression he perceived that with him she would probably starve that he was disgraced that it was not at all certain he would not become a drunkard

Poor kid I m not going to spoil her life. God I do love her! I m going back and the way I m going to work— Can I stand this?

That was his bridal night and the barren dawn

Three days later he was walking into the office of Dr Silva, dean of the Winnemac Medical School

# CHAPTER X

DEAN SILVAS secretary looked up delightedly she hea kened with anticipation But Martin said meekly Please, could I see the dean? and meekly he waited, in the row of oak chairs beneath the Dawson Hunziker pharmaceutical calendar

When he had gone solemnly through the ground glass door to the dean s office he found Dr Silva glowering Seated the little man seemed large so domed was his head so full his rounding mustache

Well sir!

Martin pleaded I d like to come back if you ll let me Honest I do apologize to you and I ll go to Dr Gottlieb and apologize—though honest I can t lay down on Clif Clawson—

Dr Silva bounced up from his chair bristling Martin braced himself Wasn t he welcome? Had he no home anywhere? He could not fight. He had no more courage. He was so tired after the drab journey after restraining himself from flaring out at the Tozers He was so tired! He looked wistfully at the dean.

The little man chuckled, "Never mind boy Its all right! We re glad you re back Bother the apologies! I just wanted you to do whatever d buck you up It s good to have you back! I believed in you and then I thought perhaps we d lost you Clumsy old man!

Martin was sobbing too weak for restraint too lonely and too weak and Dr Silva soothed, Let s just go over everything and find out where the trouble was What can I do? Understand Martin the thing I want most in life is to help give the world as many good physicians, great healers as I can. What started your nervousness? Where have you been?

When Martin came to Leora and his marriage Silva purred,

I'm delighted! She sounds like a splendid girl! Well, we must try and get you into Zenith General for your internship a year from now and make you able to support her properly."

Martin remembered how often, how astringently Gottlieb had sneered at "dese merry vedding or jail bells." He went away Silva's disciple; he went away to study furiously, and the brilliant insanity of Max Gottlieb's genius vanished from his faith.

II

Leora wrote that she had been dropped from the school of nursing for over-absence and for being married. She suspected that it was her father who had informed the hospital authorities. Then it appeared she had secretly sent for a shorthand book and, on pretense of helping Bert, she was using the typewriter in the bank, hoping that by next autumn she could join Martin and earn her own living as a stenographer.

Once he offered to give up medicine, to take what work he could find and send for her. She refused.

Though in his service to Leora and to the new god Dean Silva, he had become austere, denying himself whisky, learning page on page of medicine with a frozen fury, he was always in a vacuum of desire for her, and always he ran the last block to his boarding-house looking for a letter from her. Suddenly he had a plan. He had tasted shame—this one last shame would not matter. He would flee to her in Easter vacation; he would compel Tozer to support her while she studied stenography in Zenith; he would have her near him through the last year. He paid Clif the borrowed hundred, when the bi-monthly check came *from Elk Mills, and calculated his finances to the penny.* By not buying the suit he distressingly needed he could manage it. Then for a month and more he had but two meals a day, and of those meals one was bread and butter and coffee. He washed his own linen in the bath-tub and, except for occasional fiercely delightful yieldings, he did not smoke.

His return to Wheatsylvania was like his first flight, except that he talked less with fellow tramps, and all the way, between uneasy naps in the red plush seats of coaches, he studied the bulky books of gynecology and internal medicine. He had written certain instructions to Leora. He met her on the edge of

Wheatsylvania and they had a moment s talk a resolute kiss.

News spreads not slowly in Wheatsylvania There is a certain interest in other people s affairs and the eyes of citizens of whose existence Martin did not know had followed him from his arrival When the culprits reached the bone littered castle of the Tozer ogres Leora s father and brother were already there and raging Old Andrew Jackson cried out upon them. He said that conceivably it may not have been insane in Martin to have run away from school once but to go and sneak back this second time was absolutely plumb crazy Through his tirade Martin and Leora smiled confidently

From Bert By God, sir this is too much! Bert had been reading fiction I object to the use of profanity but when you come and annoy My Sister a second time all I can say is by God sir this is too blame much!

Martin looked meditatively out of the window He noticed three people strolling the muddy street They all viewed the Tozer house with hopeful interest Then he spoke steadily

Mr Tozer I ve been working hard Everything has gone fine But I ve decided I don t care to live without my wife I ve come to take her back Legally you can t prevent me I ll admit without any argument I can t support her yet if I stay in the University She s going to study stenography She ll be supporting herself in a few months and meanwhile I expect you to be decent enough to send her money

This is too much said Tozer and Bert carried it on Fellow not only practically ruins a girl but comes and demands that we support her for him!

All right Just as you want In the long run it ll be better for her and for me and for you if I finish medic school and have my profession but if you won t take care of her I ll chuck school I ll go to work Oh I ll support her all right! Only you'll never see her again. If you go on being idiots she and I will leave here on the night train for the Coast and that ll be the end For the first time in his centuries of debate with the Tozers he was melodramatic. He shook his fist under Bert s nose And if you try to prevent our going God help you! And the way this town will laugh at you! How about it Leora? Are you ready to go away with me—forever?

Yes she said

They discussed it greatly Tozer and Bert struck attitudes of defense They couldn t they said be bullied by anybody Also, Martin was an Adventurer and how did Leora know he wasn t planning to live on the money they sent her? In the end they crawled They decided that this new mature Martin this new hard-eyed Leora were ready to throw away everything for each other

Mr Tozer whined a good deal and promised to send her seventy dollars a month till she should be prepared for office work.

At the Wheatsylvania station looking from the train window Mart n realized that this anxious-eyed lip puckering Andrew Jackson Tozer did love his daughter did mourn her going

III

He found for Leora a room on the frayed northern edge of Zenith miles nearer Mohalis and the University than her hospital had been a square white and blue room with blotchy but shoulder wise chairs It looked out on breezy stubbly waste land reaching to distant glittering railroad tracks The landlady was a round German woman with an eye for romance It is doubtful if she ever believed that they were married She was a good woman

Leora s trunk had come Her stenography books were primly set out on her little table and her pink felt slippers were arranged beneath the white iron bed Martin stood with her at the window mad with the pride of proprietorship Suddenly he was so weak so tired that the mysterious cement which holds cell to cell seemed dissolved and he felt that he was collapsing But with knees rigidly stra ghtening his head back his lips tight across his teeth, he caught himself and cried Our first home!

That he should be with her quiet none d sturbing was intoxication

The commonplace room shone with peculiar light the vigorous weeds and rough grass of the waste land were radiant under the April sun and sparrows were cheeping

"Yes said Leora, with voice then hungry lips.

IV

Leora attended the Zenith University of Business Administration and Finance, which title indicated that it was a large and quite reasonably bad school for stenographers bookkeepers, and such sons of Zenith brewers and politicians as were unable to enter even state universities She trotted daily to the car line, a neat childish figure with note books and sharpened pencils, to vanish in the horde of students It was six months before she had learned enough stenography to obtain a place in an insurance office

Till Martin graduated they kept that room their home, ever dearer No one was so domestic as these birds of passage At least two evenings a week Martin dashed in from Mohalis and studied there. She had a genius for keeping out of his way, for not demanding to be noticed so that while he plunged into his books as he never had done in Clif s rustling, grunting, expectorating company, he had ever the warm, half-conscious feeling of her presence. Sometimes, at midnight, just as he began to realize that he was hungry he would find that a plate of sandwiches had by silent magic appeared at his elbow He was none the less affectionate because he did not comment She made him secure. She shut out the world that had pounded at him

On their walks at dinner in the dissolute and deliciously wasteful quarter hour when they sat on the edge of the bed with comforters wrapped about them and smoked an inexcusable cigarette before breakfast, he explained his work to her and when her own studying was done, she tried to read whichever of his books was not in use Knowing nothing, never learning much, of the actual details of medicine, yet she understood—better it may be than Angus Duer—his philosophy and the basis of his work. If he had given up Gottlieb worship and his yearning for the laboratory as for a sanctuary if he had resolved to be a practical and wealth mastering doctor yet something of Gottlieb s spirit remained He wanted to look behind d tails and impressive sounding lists of technical terms for the causes of things, for general rules which might reduce the chaos of dissimilar and contradictory symptoms to the orderliness of chemistry

Saturday evening they went solemnly to the motion pictures—one and two-reel films with Cowboy Billy Anderson and a girl later to be famous as Mary Pickford—and solemnly they discussed the non-existent plots as they returned unconscious of other people on the streets but when they walked into the country on a Sunday (with four sandwiches and a bottle of ginger ale in his threadbare pockets) he chased her up hill and down-gully and they lost their solemnity in joyous childishness He intended when he came to her room in the evening to catch the owl-car to Mohalis and be near his work when he woke in the morning He was resolute about it, always, and she admired his efficiency, But he never caught the car. The crew of the six o'clock morning interurban became used to a pale quick moving young man who sat hunched in a back seat devouring large red books absently gnawing a rather dreadful doughnut But in this young man there was none of the heaviness of workers dragged out of bed at dawn for another gray and futile day of labor. He appeared curiously determined, curiously content

It was all so much eas er now that he was partly freed from the tyrannical honesty of Gottliebism from the unswerving quest for causes which, as it drove through layer below layer seemed ever farther from the bottommost princ ples from the intole able strain of learn ng day by d y how much he d d not know. It warmed him to escape from Gottl eb s ice box into Dean Silva s neighborly world

Now and then he saw Gottlieb on the campus They bowed in embarrassment and passed in haste

V

There seemed to be no division between his Junior and Senior years Because of the time he had lost he had to remain in Mohalis all summer The year and a half from his marriage to his graduation was one whirling bewilderment, w thout seasons or dates

When he had as they put it cut out h s nonsense and buckled *down to work* he had won the admiration of Dr Silva and all the Good Students, especially Angus Duer and the Reverend Ira Hinkley Martin had always announced that he did not care for their approbation for the applause of com

monplace drudges but now that he had it he prized it. How ever much he scoffed he was gratified when he was treated as a peer by Angus, who spent the summer as extern in the Zenith General Hospital and who already had the unapproachable dig nity of a successful young surgeon

Through that hot summer Martin and Leora labored pant ing and when they sat in her room over their books and a stout pot of beer neither their costumes nor their language had the decorum which one ought to expect from a romantic pair devoted to science and high endeavor They were not very modest Leora came to use in her casual way such words such ancient Anglo-Saxon monosyllables as would have dismayed Angus or Bert Tozer On their evenings off they went economi cally to an imitation Coney Island beside a scummy and stink ing lake and with grave pleasure they ate Hot Dogs painstak ingly they rode the scenic railway

Their chief appetizer was Clif Clawson Clif was never will ingly alone or silent except when he was asleep It is probable that his success in motor salesmanship came entirely from his fondness for the enormous amounts of bright conversation which seem necessary in that occupation How much of his attention to Martin and Leora was friendliness and how much of it was due to his fear of being alone cannot be determined but cer tainly he entertained them and drew them out of themselves and never seemed offended by the surly unwillingness with which Martin was sometimes guilty of greeting him

He would come roaring up to the house in a motor the muffler always cut out He would shout at their window Come on you guys! Come out of it! Shake a leg! Lez have a little drive and get cooled off and then I ll buy you a feed

That Martin had to work Clif never comprehended There was small excuse for Martin s occasional brutality in showing his annoyance but now that he was fulfilled in Leora and quite thoroughly and selfishly careless as to what hungry need others might have of himself now that he was in a rut of industry and satisfied companionship he was bored by Clif s unchanging flood of heavy humor It was Leora who was courteous She had heard rather too often the seven jokes which, under varying guises made up all of Clif's humor and philosophy but she could sit for hours looking amiable while Clif told how clever

he was at selling and she sturdily reminded Martin that they would never have a friend more loyal or generous

But Clif went to New York to a new motor agency and Martin and Leora were more completely and happily dependent on each other than ever before

Their last agitation was removed by the complacence of Mr Tozer He was cordial now in all his letters however much he irritated them by the parental advice with which he penalized them for every check he sent

VI

None of the hectic activities of Senior year—neurology and pediatrics practical work in obstetrics taking of case histories in the hospitals attendance on operations dressing wounds, learn ing not to look embarrassed when charity patients called one Doctor —was quite so important as the discussion of What shall we do after graduation?

Is it necessary to be an intern for more than a year? Shall we remain general practitioners all our lives or work toward be coming specialists? Which specialties are the best—that is the best paid? Shall we settle in the country or in the city? How about going West? What about the army medical corps salutes rid ng boots pretty women travel?

This discussion they harried in the corridors of Main Medical at the hospital at lunch rooms and when Martin came home to Leora he went through it all again very learnedly very ex planatorily Almost every evening he reached a decision which was undecided again by morning

Once when Dr Loizeau professor of surgery had operated before a clinic which included several renowned visiting doc tors—the small white figure of the surgeon below them slash ing between l fe and death dramatic a a great actor taking his curtain-call—Martin came away certa n that he was for surgery He agreed then with Angus Duer who had just won the Hugh Loizeau Medal in *Experimental Surgery* that the operator was the lion the eagle the soldier among doctors Angus was one of the few who knew w thout waver ng precisely what he was go ng to do after his internship he was to join the celebrated Chicago cl nic headed by Dr Rouncefield the eminent abdomi

nal surgeon He would he said briefly be making twenty thou sand a year as a surgeon within five years

Martin explained it all to Leora Surgery Drama. Fearless *nerves Adoring assistants Save lives Science in devising new* techniques Make money—not be commercial of course, but provide Leora with comforts To Europe—they two together—gray London Viennese cafes Leora was useful to him during his oration. She blandly agreed and the next evening when he sought to prove that surgery was all rot and most surgeons merely good carpenters she agreed more amiably than ever

Next to Angus and the future medical missionary Ira Hinkley Fatty Pfaff was the first to discover what his future was He was going to be an obstetrician—or as the medical students called it technically a baby snatcher Fatty had the soul of a midwife he sympathized with women in their gasping agony sympathized honestly and almost tearfully and he was magnificent at sitting still and drinking tea and waiting During his first obstetrical case when the student with him was merely nervous as they fidgeted by the bed in the hard desolation of the hospital room Fatty was terrified and he longed as he had never longed for anything in his flabby yet wistful life to comfort this gray faced straining unknown woman to take her pains on himself

While the others drifted often by chance, often through relatives into their various classes Martin remained doubtful He admired Dean Silva s insistence on the physician s immediate service to mankind but he could not forget the cool as etic hours in the laboratory Toward the end of Senior year decision became necessary and he was moved by a speech in which Dean Silva condemned too much specialization and pictured the fine old country doctor priest and father of his people, sane under open skies erene in self-conquest On top of this came urgent letters from Mr Tozer begging Martin to settle in Wheatsylvania

Tozer loved his daughter apparently and more or less liked Martin and he wanted them near him Wheatsylvania was a good location he said solid Scandinavian and Dutch and German and Bohemian farmers who paid their bills The nearest doctor was Hesselink at Groningen nine and a half miles away and Hesselink had more than he could do If they would

come he would help Martin buy his equipment he would even send him a check now and then during his two-year hospital internship Martin s capital was practically gone Angus Duer and he had received appointments to Zenith General Hospital where he would have an incomparable training but Zen th General gave its interns, for the first year nothing but board and room and he had feared that he could not take the appointment Tozer s offer excited him All night Leora and he sat up working themselves into enthusiasm about the freedom of the West about the kind hearts and friendly hands of the pioneers about the heroism and usefulness of country doctors and this time they reached a decision which remained decided

They would settle in Wheatsylvania

If he ached a little for research and Gottlieb s divine curiosity —well he would be such a country doctor as Robert Koch! He would not degenerate into a bridge playing duck hunting drone He would have a small laboratory of his own So he came to the end of the year and graduated looking rather flu tered in his cap and gown Angus stood first and Martin seventh in the class He said good by with lamentations and considerable beer he found a room for Leora nearer to the hospital and he emerged as Martin L Arrowsmith MD house physician in the Zenith General Hospital

# CHAPTER XI

THE Boardman Box Factory was afire All South Zenith was agitated by the glare on the low hung clouds the smell of scorched timber the infernal bells of charging fire apparatus Miles of small wooden houses west of the factory were threatened and shawled women tousled men in trousers over nightshirts tumbled out of bed and came running with a thick mutter of footsteps in the night-chilled streets

With professional calmness firemen in helmets were stoking the dripping engines Policemen tramped in front of the press of people, swinging their clubs shouting Get back there, you! The fire line was sacred Only the factory-owner and the reporters were admitted A crazy-eyed factory hand was stopped by a police sergeant

My tools are in there! he shrieked

That don t make no never minds bawled the strutting sergeant *Nobody* can t get through here!

But one got through They heard the blang blang blang of a racing ambulance incessant, furious defiant Without orders the crowd opened and through them almost grazing them slid the huge gray car At the back haughty in white uniform nonchalant on a narrow seat was The Doctor—Martin Arrowsmith

The crowd admired him the policemen sprang to receive him

Where s the fireman got hurt? he snapped

Over in that shed cried the police sergeant running beside the ambulance.

Drive over closer Nev mind the smoke! Martin barked at the driver

A lieutenant of firemen led him to a pile of sawdust on which was huddled an unconscious youngster his face bloodless and clammy

He got a bad dose of smoke from the green lumber and keeled over Fine kid Is he a goner? the lieutenant begged

Martin knelt by the man felt his pulse, listened to his breathing Brusquely opening a black bag he gave him a hypodermic of strychnin and held a vial of ammonia to his nose He ll come around Here, you two getum into the ambulance—hustle!

The police sergeant and the newest probationer patrolman sprang together and together they mumbled All right Doc

To Martin came the chief reporter of the *Advocate Times* In years he was only twenty nine but he was the oldest and perhaps the most cynical man in the world He had interviewed senators he had discovered graft in charity societies and even in prize fights There were fine wrinkles beside his eyes, he rolled Bull Durham cigarettes constantly and his opinion of man s honor and woman s virtue was but low Yet to Martin or at least to The Doctor he was polite

Will he pull through Doc? he twanged

Sure, I think so Suffocation Heart s still going

Martin yelped the last words from the step at the back of the ambulance as it went bumping and rocking through the factory yard through the bitter smoke toward the shrinking rowd He owned and commanded the city he and the driver They ignored traffic regulations they disdained the people returning from theaters and movies who dotted the streets which unrolled before the flying gray hood Let em get out of the way! The traffic officer at Chickasaw and Twentieth heard them coming speeding like the Midnight Express—urrrrrr—blang blang blang blang—and cleared the noisy corner People were jammed against the curb threatened by rearing horses and backing motors and past them hurled the ambulance blang blang blang blang with The Doctor holding a strap and swinging easily on his perilous seat

At the hospital the hall man cried Shooting case in the Arbor Doc

All right Wait ll I sneak in a drink said Martin placidly

On the way to his room he passed the open door of the hospital laboratory with its hacked bench, its lifeless rows of flasks and test-tubes

Huh! That stuff! Poking round labs! This is real sure-

enough life he exulted and he did not permit himself to see the vision of Max Gottlieb waiting there so gaunt so tired so patient

II

The six interns in Zenith General, including Martin and Angus Duer lived in a long dark room with six camp beds, and six bureaus fantastic with photographs and ties and undarned socks They spent hours sitting on their beds arguing surgery versus internal medicine planning the dinners which they hoped to enjoy on their nights off and explaining to Martin as the only married man the virtues of the various nurses with whom one by one, they fell in love

Martin found the hospital routine slightly dull Though he developed the Intern s Walk that quick corridor step with the stethoscope conspicuous in the pocket he did not he could not develop the bedside manner He was sorry for the bruised, yel lowed suffering patients always changing as to individuals and never changing as a mass of drab pain but when he had thrice dressed a wound he had had enough he wanted to go on to new experiences Yet the ambulance work outside the hospital was endlessly stimulating to his pride

The Doctor and The Doctor alone was safe by night in the slum called the Arbor His black bag was a pass Policemen saluted him prostitutes bowed to him without mockery saloon keepers called out Evenin Doc, and hold up men stood back in doorways to let him pass Martin had power the first obviou power in his life And he was led into incessant adventure

He took a bank president out of a dive he helped the family conceal the disgrace he irritably refused their bribe and after ward when he thought of how he might have dined with Leora he was sorry he had refused it He broke into hotel rooms reek ing with gas and revived would be suicides He drank Trinidad rum with a Congressman who advocated prohibition He at tended a policeman assaulted by strikers and a striker assaulted by policemen He assisted at an emergency abdominal operatio at three o clock in the morning The operating room—white til walls and white tile floor and glittering frosted glass skyl ght—seemed lined with fire lit ice and the large incandescents glare on the glass instrument cases the cruel little knives The su

geon in long white gown white turban and pale orange rubber gloves made his swift incision in the square of yellowish flesh exposed between towels cutting deep into layers of fat and Martin looked on unmoved as the first blood menacingly followed the cut And a month after during the Chaloosa River flood he worked for seventy six hours, with half hours of sleep in the ambulance or on a police station table

He landed from a boat at what had been the second story of a tenement and delivered a baby on the top floor he bound up heads and arms for a line of men but what gave him glory was the perfectly foolhardy feat of swimming the flood to save five children marooned and terrified on a bobbing church pew The newspapers gave him large headlines and when he had returned to kiss Leora and sleep twelve hours he lay and thought about research with salty self-defensive scorn

Gottlieb the poor old impractical fusser! I d like to see him swim that current! jeered Dr Arrowsmith to Martin

But on night duty alone he had to face the self he had been afraid to uncover and he was homesick for the laboratory for the thrill of uncharted discoveries the quest below the surface and beyond the moment, the search for fundamental laws which the scientist (however blasphemously and colloquially he may describe it) exalts above temporary healing as the religious exalts the nature and terrible glory of God above pleasant daily virtues With this sadness there was envy that he should be left out of things that others should go ahead of him ever surer in technique more widely aware of the phenomena of biological chemistry more deeply daring to explain laws at which the pioneers had but fumbled and hinted

In his second year of internship, when the thrills of fires and floods and murder became as obvious a routine as bookkeeping when he had seen the strangely few ways in which mankind can contrive to injure themselves and slaughter one another when it was merely wearing to have to live up to the pretentiousness of being The Doctor Martin tried to satisfy and perhaps kill his guilty scientific lust by voluntary scrabbling about the hospital laboratory correlating the blood counts in pernicious anemia His trifling with the drug of research was risky Amid the bustle of operations he began to picture the rapt quietude of the laboratory I better cut this out" he said to Leora if

I m going to settle down in Wheatsylvania and tend to business and make a living—and I by golly am!

Dean Silva often came to the hospital on consultations He passed through the lobby one evening when Leora returned from the office where she was a stenographer was meeting Martin for dinner Martin introduced them, and the little man held her hand purred at her and squeaked 'Will you children give me the pleasure of taking you to dinner? My wife has deserted me I am a lone and misanthropic man

He trotted between them round and happy Martin and he were not student and teacher but two doctors together for Dean Silva was one pedagogue who could still be interested in a man who no longer sat at his feet. He led the two starvelings to a chop-house and in a settle walled booth he craftily stuffed them with roast goose and mugs of ale

He concentrated on Leora but his talk was of Martin

Your husband must be an Artist Healer not a picker of trifles like these laboratory men

But Gottlieb s no picker of trifles insisted Martin

No-o But with him— It s a difference of one s gods Gottlieb s gods are the cynics the destroyers—crapehangers the vulgar call em Diderot and Voltaire and Elser great men wonder workers yet men that had more fun destroying other peoples theories than creating their own. But my gods now they re the men who took the discoveries of Gottlieb s gods and turned them to the use of human beings—made them come alive!

All credit to the men who invented paint and canvas but there s more credit eh? to the Raphaels and Holbeins who used those discoveries! Laennec and Osler those are the men! It s all very fine this business of pure research seeking the truth unhampered by commercialism or fame-chasing Getting to the bottom Ignoring consequences and practical uses But do you realize if you carry that idea far enough a man could justify himself for doing nothing but count the cobblestones on Warehouse Avenue—yes and justify himself for torturing people just to see how they screamed—and then sneer at a man who was making millions of people well and happy!

No no! Mrs Arrowsmith this lad Martin is a passionate fellow, not a drudge. He must be passionate on behalf of mankind He s chosen the highest calling in the world, but he s

feckless, experimental devil You must keep him at it, my dear and not let the world lose the benefit of his passion

After this solemnity Dad Silva took them to a musical comedy and sat between them patting Martin s shoulder patting Leora s arm choking with delight when the comedian stepped into the pail of whitewash In midnight volubility Martin and Leora sputtered their affection for him and saw their Wheatsylvania venture as glory and salvation

But a few days before the end of Martin s internship and their migration to North Dakota they met Max Gottlieb on the street

Martin had not seen him for more than a year Leora never He looked worried and ill While Martin was agonizing as to whether to pass with a bow Gottlieb stopped

How is everything Martin? he said cordially But his eyes said Why have you never come back to me?

The boy stammered something nothing and when Gottlieb had gone by stooped and moving as in pain he longed to run after him

Leora was demanding Is that the Professor Gottlieb you r always talking about?

Yes Say! How does he strike you?

I don t— Sandy he s the greatest man I ve ever seen! I don t know how I know but he is! Dr Silva is a darling but that was a *g eat* man! I wish—I wish we were going to see him again There s the first man I ever laid eyes on that I d leave you for if he wanted me He s so—oh he s like a sword—no he s like a brain walking Oh Sandy he looked so wretched. I wanted to cry I d black his shoes!

God! So would I!

But in the bustle of leaving Zenith the excitement of the journey to Wheatsylvania the scramble of his state examina tions the dignity of being a Pract cing Phys cian he forgot Gottlieb and on that Dakota prairie rad ant in early June with meadow larks on every fence post he began his work

# CHAPTER XII

AT the moment when Martin met him on the street, Gottlieb was ruined

Max Gottlieb was a German Jew born in Saxony in 1850 Though he took his medical d gree, at Heidelberg he was never interested in practicing medicine He was a follower of Helmholtz, and youthful researches in the physics of sound convinced him of the need of the quantitative method in the medical sciences Then Koch s discoveries drew him into biology Always an elaborately careful worker a maker of long rows of figures always realizing the presence of uncontrollable variables, always a vicious assailant of what he considered slackness or lie or pomposity never too kindly to well intentioned stupidity he worked in the laboratories of Koch of Pasteur he followed the early statements of Pearson in biometrics he drank beer and wrote vitriolic letters he voyaged to Italy and England and Scandinavia and casually between two days he married (as he might have bought a coat or hired a housekeeper) the patient and wordless daughter of a Gentile merchant

Then began a series of experiments very important very undramatic sounding very long and exceedingly unappreciated Back in 1881 he was confirming Pasteur s results in chicken cholera immunity and for relief and pastime trying to separate an enzyme from yeast A few years later living on the tiny inheritance from his father a petty banker and quite carelessly nd cheerfully exhausting it he was analyzing critically the ptomain theory of disease and investigating the mechanism of the attenuation of virulence of microorganisms He got thereby small fame Perhaps he was over-cautious and more than the devil or starvation he hated men who rushed into publication unprepared

Though he meddled little in politics considering them the most repetitious and least scientific of human activities he was a sufficiently patriotic German to hate the Junkers As a youngster he had a fight or two with ruffling subalterns once he spent a week in jail often he was infuriated by discriminations against Jews and at forty he went sadly off to the America which could never become militaristic or anti-Semitic—to the Hoagland Laboratory in Brooklyn then to Queen City University as professor of bacteriology

Here he made his first investigation of toxin anti toxin reactions. He announced that antibodies, excepting antitoxin, had no relation to the immune state of an animal, and while he himself was being ragingly denounced in the small but hectic world of scientists he dealt calmly and most brutally with Yersin s and Marmorek s theories of sera

His dearest dream, now and for years of racking research, was the artificial production of antitoxin—its production *in vitro* Once he was prepared to publish but he found an error and rigidly suppressed his notes All the while he was lonely There was apparently no one in Queen City who regarded him as other than a cranky Jew catching microbes by their little tails and leering at them—no work for a tall man at a time when heroes were building bridges experimenting with Horseless Carriages writing the first of the poetic Compelling Ads and selling miles of calico and cigars.

In 1899 he was called to the University of Winnemac, as professor of bacteriology in the medical school and here he drudged on for a dozen years Not once did he talk of results of the sort called practical not once did he cease warring on the *post hoc propter hoc* conclusions which still make up most medical lore not once did he fail to be hated by his colleagues who were respectful to his face, uncomfortable in feeling his ironic power but privily joyous to call him Mephisto, Diabolist, Killjoy Pessimist, Destructive Critic, Flippant Cynic, Scientific Bounder Lacking in Dignity and Seriousness, Intellectual Snob Pacifist, Anarchist Atheist, Jew They said with reason that he was so devoted to Pure Science to art for art s sake, that he would rather have people die by the right therapy than be cured by the wrong Having built a shrine for humanity he wanted to kick out of it all mere human beings.

The total number of his papers in a brisk scientific realm where really clever people published five times a year was not more than twenty five in thirty years They were all exquisitely finished all easily reduplicated and checked by the doubtfulest critics

At Mohalis he was pleased by large facilities for work, by excellent assistants endless glassware plenty of guinea pigs, enough monkeys but he was bored by the round of teaching and melancholy again in a lack of understanding friends Always he sought someone to whom he could talk without suspicion or caution He was human enough when he meditated upon the exaltation of doctors bold through ignorance of inventors who were but tinkers magnified to be irritated by his lack of fame in America even in Mohalis and to complain not too nobly

He had never dined with a duchess never received a prize never been interviewed never produced anything which the public could understand nor experienced anything since his schoolboy amours which nice people could regard as romantic. He was in fact an authentic scientist

He was of the great benefactors of humanity There will never, in any age, be an effort to end the great epidemics or the petty infections which will not have been influenced by Max Gottlieb s researches, for he was not one who tagged and prettily classified bacteria and protozoa. He sought their chemistry the laws of their existence and destruction, basic laws for the most part unknown after a generation of busy biologists Yet they were right who called him pessimist for this man who as much as any other will have been the cause of reducing infectious diseases to almost zero often doubted the value of reducing infectious diseases at all

He reflected (it was an international debate in which he was joined by a few and damned by many) that half a dozen generations nearly free from epidemics would produce a race so low in natural immunity that when a great plague suddenly springing from almost zero to a world smothering cloud appeared again it might wipe out the world entire so that the measures to save lives to which he lent his genius might in the end be the destruction of all human life

He meditated that if science and public hygiene did emove

tuberculosis and the other major plagues the world was grimly certain to become so overcrowded to become such a universal slave packed shambles that all beauty and ease and wisdom would disappear in a famine-driven scamper for existence. Yet these speculations never checked his work If the future became overcrowded the future must by birth-control or otherwise look to itself Perhaps it would he reflected But even this drop of wholesome optimism was lacking in his final doubts For he doubted all progress of the intellect and the emot ons and he doubted, most of all, the superiority of divine mankind to the cheerful dogs the infallibly graceful cats the unmoral and un agitated and irreligious horses the superbly adventuring sea gulls

While medical quacks manufacturers of patent medicines chewing-gum salesmen and high priests of advertising lived in large houses attended by servants and took their sacred persons abroad in limousines Max Gottlieb dwelt in a cramped cottage whose paint was peeling and rode to his laboratory on an an cient and squeaky bicycle Gottlieb himself protested rarely He was not so unreasonable—usually—as to demand both freedom and the fruits of popular slavery Why he once sa d to Martin should the world pay me for doing what I want and what they do not want?

If in h s house there was but one comfortable chair on his desk were letters long ntimate, and respectful from the great ones of France and Germany Italy and Denmark and from scientists whom Great Britain so much valued that she gave them titles almost as high as those with which sne rewarded distillers cigarette manufactu ers and the owners of obscene newspapers

But poverty kept him from fulfillment of his summer longing to sit beneath the poplars by the Rhine or the tranquil Seine, at a table on whose checkered cloth were bread and cheese and wine and dusky cherries those ancient and holy simplicities of all the world

II

Max Gottl eb s wife was thick and slo v mov ng and mute at sixty she had not learned to speak easy English and her Ger man was of the small town bourgeois who pay tl eir debts and

over-eat and grow red If he was not confidential with her if at table he forgot her in long reflections neither was he unkind or impatient, and he depended on her housekeeping her warm ing of his old fashioned nightgown She had not been well of late. She had nausea and indigestion but she kept on with her work Always you heard her old slippers slapping about the house

They had three children all born when Gottlieb was over thirty-eight Miriam the youngest an ardent child who had a touch at the piano an instinct about Beethoven and hatred for the ragtime popular in America an older sister who was nothing in particular and their boy Robert—Robert Koch Gott lieb He was a wild thing and a distress They sent him with anxiety over the cost, to a smart school near Zenith where he met the sons of manufacturers and discovered a taste for fast motors and eccentric clothes and no taste whatever for studying At home he clamored that his father was a tightwad When Gottlieb sought to make it clear that he was a poor man the boy answered that out of his poverty he was always sneakingly spending money on his researches—he had no right to do that and shame his son—let the confounded University provide him with material!

III

There were few of Gottlieb s students who saw him and his learning as anything but hurdles to be leaped as quickly as possible One of the few was Martin Arrowsmith

However harshly he may have pointed out Martin s errors however loftily he may have seemed to ignore his devotion, Gottlieb was as aware of Martin as Martin of him He planned vast things If Martin really desired his help (Gottlieb could be as modest personally as he was egotistic and swaggering in com petitive science) he would make the boy s career his own Dur ing Martin s minute original research Gottlieb rejoiced in his willingness to abandon conventional—and convenient—theories of immunology and in the exasperated carefulness with which he checked results When Martin for unknown reasons became careless when he was obviously drinking too much obviously mixed up in some absurd personal affair it was tragic hunger for friends and flaming respect for excellent work which drove

Gottlieb to snarl at him Of the apologies demanded by Silva he had no notion He would have raged—

He waited for Martin to return He blamed himself 'Fool! There was a fine spirit. You should have known one does not use a platinum loop for shoveling coal. As long as he could (while Martin was dish washing and wandering on improbable trains between impossible towns), he put off the appointment of a new assistant. Then all his wistfulness chilled to anger He considered Martin a traitor, and put him out of his mind.

IV

It is possible that Max Gottl eb was a genius Certainly he was mad as any genius He did, during the period of Martin s internship in Zenith General a thing more preposterous than any of the superstitions at which he scoffed

He tried to become an executive and a reformer! He, the cynic, the anarch, tried to found an Institution, and he went at it like a spinster organizing a league to keep small boys from learning naughty words.

He conceived that there might, in this world, be a medical school which should be altogether scientific, ruled by exact quantitative biology and chemistry with spectacle fitting and most of surgery ignored, and he further conceived that such an enterprise might be conducted at the Univers ty of Winnemac! He tried to be practical about it oh, he was extremely practical and plausible!

I admit we should not be able to turn out doctors to cure village bellyaches. And ordinary phys cians are admirable and altogether necessary—perhaps. But there are too many of them already And on the practical side you gif me twenty years of a school that is precise and cautious, and we shall cure diabetes, maybe tuberculosis and cancer and all these arthritis things that the carpenters shake their heads at them and call them rheumatism So!

He did not desire the control of such a school, nor any credit. He was too busy But at a meeting of the American Academy of Sciences he met one Dr Entwisle, a youngish physiologist from Harvard, who would make an excellent dean Entwisle admired him and sounded him on his w llingness to be called

to Harvard When Gottlieb outlined his new sort of medical school Entwisle was fervent Nothing I d like so much as to have a chance at a place like that, he fluttered and Gottlieb went back to Mohalis triumphant He was the more assured because (though he sardonically refused it) he was at this time offered the medical deanship of the University of West Chippewa

So simple or so insane was he that he wrote to Dean Silva politely bidding him step down and hand over his school—his work his life—to an unknown teacher in Harvard! A courteous old gentleman was Dad Silva a fit disciple of Osler but this incredible letter killed his patience He replied that while he could see the value of basic research the medical school belonged to the people of the state and its task was to provide them with immediate and practical attention For himself he hinted if he ever believed that the school would profit by his resignation he would go at once but he needed a rather broader suggestion than a letter from one of his own subordinates!

Gottlieb retorted with spirit and indiscretion He damned the People of the State of Winnemac Were they in their present condition of nincompoopery worth any sort of attention? He unjustifiably took his demand over Silva s head to that great o ator and patriot Dr Horace Greeley Truscott president of the University

President Truscott said Really I m too engrossed to consider chimerical schemes however ingenious they may be

'You are too busy to consider anything but selling honorary degrees to millionaires for gymnasiums remarked Gottl eb

Next day he was summoned to a special meeting of the University Council As head of the medical department of bacteriology Gottlieb was a member of this all ruling body and when he entered the long Council Chamber with its gilt ceiling its heavy maroon curtains its somber paintings of pioneers he started for his usual seat unconscious of the knot of whispering members meditating on far-off absorbing things

Oh uh Professor Gottlieb will you please sit down there at the far end of the table? called President Truscott

Then Gottlieb was aware of tensions He sa v that out of the seven members of the Board of Regents the four who lived in or near Zenith were present He saw that sitting beside Truscott

was not the dean of the academic oepartment but Dean Silva. He saw that however easily they talked they were looking at him through the mist of their hatter

President Truscott announced Gentlemen this joint meeting of the Council and the regents is to consider charges against Professor Max Gottlieb preferred by his dean and by myself

Gottlieb suddenly looked old

These charges are Disloyalty to his dean, his president, his regents and to the State of Winnemac. Disloyalty to recognized med cal and scholastic ethics Insane egotism. Atheism Persistent failure to collaborate with his colleagues, and such inability to understand practical affairs as makes it dangerous to let him conduct the important laboratories and classes with which we have entrusted h m Gentlemen I shall now prove each of these points from Professor Gottliebs own letters to Dean Silva

He proved them

The chairman of the Board of Regents suggested Gottlieb I think it would simplify things if you just handed us your resig nation and permitted us to part in good feeling instead of hav ing the unpleasant—

I m damned if I will resign! Gottlieb was on his feet a lean fury Because you all haf schoolboy m nds golf l nks minds you are twisting my expression and perfectly accurate expres sion of a sound revolutionary ideal which would personally to me be of no value or advantage whatefer into a desire to steal promotions That fools should judge honor—! His long fore finger was a fish hook reaching for President Truscott s soul No! I will not resign! You can cast me out!

I m afraid then we must ask you to leave the room while we vote The pres dent was very suave for so large and strong and hearty a man

Gottlieb rode h s wavering bicycle to the laboratory It was by telephone message from a brusque girl clerk in the president s office that he was informed that his resignation had been accepted

He agonized Discharge me? They couldn t! I m the ch ef glory the only glory of this shopkeepers school! When he comprehended that apparently they very much had discharged him he was shamed that he should have given them a chance to kick him. But the really dismaying thing was that he should

by an effort to be a politician have interrupted the sacred work.
He required peace and a laboratory at once

They d see what fools they were when they heard that Harvard had called him!

He was eager for the mellower ways of Cambridge and Boston Why had he remained so long in raw Mohalis? He wrote to Dr Entwisle hinting that he was willing to hear an offer He expected a telegram. He waited a week then had a lon letter from Entwisle admitting that he had been premature in speaking for the Harvard faculty Entwisle presented the facultys compliments and their hope that some time they might have the honor of his presence but as things were now—

Gottlieb wrote to the University of West Chippewa that after all he was willing to think about their medical deanship and had answer that the place was filled that they had not greatly liked the tone of his former letter and they did not care to go into the matter further

At sixty-one Gottlieb had saved but a few hundred dollars—literally a few hundred Like any bricklayer out of work he had to have a job or go hungry He was no longer a genius impatient of interrupted creation but a shabby schoolmaster in disgrace

He prowled through his little brown house fingering papers staring at his wife staring at old pictures staring at nothin He still had a month of teaching—they had dated ahead the resignation which they had written for him—but he was too dispirited to go to the laboratory He felt unwanted almost unsafe His ancient sureness was broken into self pity He waited from delivery to delivery for the mail Surely there would be aid from somebody who knew what he was what he meant There were many friendly letters about research but the sort of men with whom he corresponded did not listen to intercollegiate faculty tattle nor know of his need

He could not after the Harvard mischance and the West Chippewa rebuke approach the universities or the scientific institutes and he was too proud to write begging letters to the men who revered him No he would be business like! He applied to a Chicago teachers agency and received a stilted answer promising to look about and inquiring whetl er he would

care to take the position of teacher of physics and chemistry in a suburban high school

Before he had sufficiently recovered from his fury to be able to reply his household was overwhelmed by his wife s sudden agony

She had been unwell for months He had wanted her to see a physician but she had refused and all the while she was stolidly terrified by the fear that she had cancer of the stomach Now when she began to vomit blood she cried to him for help The Gottlieb who scoffed at medical credos at carpenters and pill mongers had forgotten what he knew of diagnosis and when he was ill or his family he called for the doctor as desperately as any backwoods layman to whom illness was the black malignity of unknown devils

In unbelievable simplicity he considered that as his quarrel with S lva was not personal he could still summon him and this time he was justified Silva came, full of excessive benignity chuckling to himself When he s got something the matter he doesn t run for Arrenhius or Jacques Loeb but for me! Into the meager cottage the little man brought strength, and Gottlieb gazed down on him trustingly

Mrs Gottlieb was suffering Silva gave her morphine Not without satisfaction he learned that Gottlieb did not even know the dose He examined her—h s pudgy hands had the sensitive ness if not the precision of Gottlieb s skeleton fingers He peered about the airless bedroom the da k green curtains the crucifix on the dumpy bureau the color print of a virtuously voluptuous maiden He was bothered by an impression of having recently been in the room He remembered It was the twin of the dole ful chamber of a German grocer whom he had seen during a consultation a month ago

He spoke to Gottlieb not as to a colleague or an enemy but as a patient, to be cheered

Don t think there s any tumorous mass As of course you know Doctor you can tell such a lot by the d fferences in the shape of the lower border of the ribs and by the surface of the belly during deep breath ng

Oh, yesss

I don t think you need to worry in the least. We d better hustle her off to the University Hospital and we ll g ve her a

test meal and get her X rayed and take a look for Boas-Oppler bugs

She was taken away heavy inert carried down the cottage steps Gottlieb was with her Whether or not he loved her whether he was capable of ordinary domestic affection could not be discovered The need of turning to Dean Silva had damaged his opinion of his own wisdom It was the final affront, more subtle and more enervating than the offer to teach chemistry to children As he sat by her bed his dark face was blank and the wrinkles which deepened across that mask may have been sorrow may have been fear Nor is it known how through the secure and uninvaded years he had regarded his wife s crucifix which Silva had spied on their bureau—a gaudy plaster crucifix on a box set with gilded shells

Silva diagnosed it as probable gastric ulcer and placed her on treatment with light and frequent meals She improved but she remained in the hospital for four weeks and Gottlieb wondered Are these doctors deceiving us? Is it really cancer which by Their mystic craft They are concealing from me who know naught?

Robbed of her silent assuring presence on which night by weary night he had depended he fretted over his daughters despaired at their noisy piano-practice their inability to manage the slattern maid When they had gone to bed he sat alone in the pale lamplight unmoving not reading He was bewildered His haughty self was like a robber baron fallen into the hands of rebellious slaves stooped under a filthy load the proud eye rheumy and patient with despair the sword hand chopped off obscene flies crawling across the gnawed wrist

It was at this time that he encountered Martin and Leora on the street in Zenith

He did not look back when they had passed him but all that afternoon he brooded on them That girl maybe it was she that stole Martin from me—from science! No! He was right. One sees what happens to the fools like me!

On the day after Martin and Leora had started for Wheatsylvania singing Gottlieb went to Chicago to see the teachers agency

The firm was controlled by a Live Wire who had once been a county superintendent of schools He was not much interested

Gottlieb lost his temper Do you make an endeavor to find positions for teachers or do you merely send out circulars to amuse yourself? Haf you looked up my record? Do you know who I am?

The agent roared Oh we know about you all right all right! I didn t when I first wrote you but— You seem to have a good record as a laboratory man though I don t see that you ve produced anything of the slightest use in medicine We had hoped to give you a chance such as you nor nobody else ever had. John Edtooth, the Oklahoma oil magnate has decided to found a university that for plant and endowment and individuality will beat anything that s ever been pulled off in education—biggest gymnasium in the world with an ex New York Giant for baseball coach! We thought maybe we might work you in on the bacteriology or the physiology—I guess you could manage to teach that, too if you boned up on it But we ve been making some inquiries From some good friends of ours down Winnemac way And we find that you re not to be trusted with a position of real responsibility Why they fired you for general incompetence! But now that you ve had your lesson— Do you think you d be competent to teach Practical Hygiene in Edtooth University?

Gottlieb was so angry that he forgot to speak English, and as all his cursing was in student German in a creaky dry voice the whole scene was very funny indeed to the cackling bookkeeper and the girl stenographers When he went from that place Marx Gottlieb walked slowly without purpose and in his eyes were senile tears

# CHAPTER XIII

NO ONE in the medical world had ever damned more heartily than Gottlieb the commercialism of certain large pharmaceutical firms particularly Dawson T Hunziker & Co Inc of Pittsburgh The Hunziker Company was an old and ethical house which dealt only with reputable doctors—or practically only with reputable doctors It furnished excellent antitoxins for diphtheria and tetanus as well as the purest of official preparations, with the plainest and most official looking labels on the swaggeringly modest brown bottles Gottlieb had asserted that they produced doubtful vaccines, yet he returned from Chicago to write to Dawson Hunziker that he was no longer interested in teaching and he would be willing to work for them on half time if he might use their laboratories on possibly important research, for the rest of the day

When the letter had gone he sat mumbling He was certainly not altogether sane Education! Biggest gymnasium in the world! Incapable of responsibility Teaching I can do no more But Hunziker will laugh at me I haf told the truth about him and I shall haf to— Dear Gott what shall I do?

Into this still frenzy while his frightened daughters peered at him from doorways hope glided

The telephone rang He did not answer it On the third irascible burring he took up the receiver and grumbled Yes yes, vot iss it?

A twanging nonchalant voice This M C Gottlieb?

'This is Dr Gottlieb!

Well I guess you're the party Hola wire. Long distance wants yuh

Then Professor Gottlieb? This is Dawson Hunziker speak

ing From Pittsburgh My dear fellow we should be delighted to have you join our staff

I— But—

I believe you have criticized the pharmaceutical houses—oh we read the newspaper clippings very efficiently!—but we feel that when you come to us and understand the Spirit of the Old Firm better you ll be enthusiastic I hope, by the way I m not interrupting something

Thus over certain hundreds of miles from the gold and blue drawing room of his Sewickley home, Hunziker spoke to Max Gottlieb sitting in his patched easy chair and Gottlieb grated with a forlorn effort at dignity

"No it iss all right

"Well—we shall be glad to offer you five thousand dollars a year for a starter and we shan t worry about the half time arrangement We ll give you all the space and technicians and material you need and you just go ahead and ignore us and work out whatever seems important to you Our only request is that if you do find any serums which are of real value to the world we shall have the privilege of manufacturing them, and if we lose money on em it doesn t matter We like to make money if we can do it honestly but our chief purpose is to serve mankind. Of course if the serums pay we shall be only too delighted to give you a generous commission Now about practical details—

II

Gottlieb the placidly virulent hater of religious rites had a religious-seeming custom

Often he knelt by his bed and let his mind run free. It was very much like prayer though certainly there was no formal invocation no consciousness of a Supreme Being—other than Max Gottlieb This night, as he knelt, with the wrinkles softening in his drawn face, he meditated, I was asinine that I should ever scold the commercialists! This salesm n fellow, he has his feet on the ground How much more aut entic the worst counter jumper than f ghtened professors! Fine dieners! Freedom! No teaching of imbeciles! *Du Heiliger!*

But he had no contract with Dawson Hunziker

III

In the medical periodicals the Dawson Hunziker Company published full page advertisements most starchy and refined in type announcing that Professor Max Gottlieb perhaps the most distinguished immunologist in the world had joined their staff

In his Chicago clinic, one Dr Rouncefield chuckled Thats what becomes of these super highbrows Pardon me if I seem to grin

In the laboratories of Ehrlich and Roux Bordet and Sir David Bruce, sorrowing men wailed How could old Max have gone over to that damned pill peddler? Why didn t he come to us? Oh, well if he didn t want to— *Voila!* He is dead

In the village of Wheatsylvania in North Dakota a young doctor protested to his wife Of all the people in the world! I wouldn t have believed it! Max Gottlieb falling for those crooks!

I don t care! said his wife If he s gone into business, he had some good reason for it I told you I d leave you for—

Oh, well sighingly "give and forgive I learned a lot from Gottlieb and I m grateful for— God Leora I wish *he* hadn t gone wrong!

And Max Gottlieb with his three young and a pale slow moving wife was arriving at the station in Pittsburgh tugging a shabby wicker bag an immigrant bundle, and a Bond Street dressing case From the train he had stared up at the valiant cliffs down to the smoke tinged splendor of the river and his heart was young Here was fiery enterprise not the flat land and flat minds of Winnemac At the station-entrance every dingy taxicab seemed radiant to him and he marched forth a conqueror

IV

In the Dawson Hunziker building Gottlieb found such laboratories as he had never planned and instead of student assistants he had an expert who himself had taught bacteriology as well as three swift technicians one of them German trained. He was received with acclaim in the private office of Hunziker which was remarkably like a minor cathedral Hunziker was bald and business-like as to skull but tortoise spectacled and sen

timental of eye. He stood up at his Jacobean desk gave Gottlieb a Havana cigar and told him that they had awaited him pantingly

In the enormous staff dining room Gottlieb found scores of competent young chemists and biologists who treated him with reverence. He liked them If they talked too much of money—of how much this new tincture of cinchona ought to sell and how soon their salaries would be increased—yet they were free of the careful pomposities of college instructors As a youngster the cap-tilted young Max had been a laughing man and now in gusty arguments his laughter came back

His wife seemed better his daughter Miriam found an excellent piano teacher the boy Robert entered college that autumn they had a spacious though decrepit house the relief from the droning and the annually repeated, inevitable routine of the classroom was exhilarating and Gottlieb had never in his life worked so well He was unconscious of everything outside of his laboratory and a few theaters and concert halls.

Six months passed before he realized that the young technical experts resented what he considered his jolly thrusts at their commercialism. They were tired of his mathematical enthusiasm and some of them viewed him as an old bore, muttered of him as a Jew He was hurt, for he liked to be merry with fellow workers He began to ask questions and to explore the Hunziker building He had seen nothing of it save his laboratory a corridor or two the dining room and Hunziker s office.

However abstracted and impractical Gottlieb would have made an excellent Sherlock Holmes—if anybody who would have made an excellent Sherlock Holmes would have been willing to be a detective H s mind burned through appea ances to actuality He discovered now that the Dawson Hunziker Company was quite all he had asserted in earlier days They did make excellent antitox ns and ethical preparations, but they were also producing a new "cancer remedy" manufactured from the orchid, pontifically recommended and possessing all the value of mud. And to various billboard advertising beauty companies they sold millions of bottles of a comple. on-cream guaranteed to turn a Canadian Ind an guide as lily fair as the angels This treasure cost six cents a bottle to make and a dollar over the

counter and the name of Dawson Hunziker was never connected with it

It was at this time that Gottlieb succeeded in his masterwork after twenty years of seeking He produced antitoxin in the test tube, which meant that it would be possible to immunize against certain diseases without tediously making sera by the inoculation of animals It was a revolution the revolution in immunology

if he was right

He revealed it at a dinner for which Hunziker had captured a general a college president and a pioneer aviator It was an expansive dinner with admirable hock the first decent German wine Gottlieb had drunk in years He twirled the slender green glass affectionately he came out of his dreams and became excited gay demanding They applauded him and for an hour he was a Great Scientist Of them all Hunziker was most generous in his praise Gottlieb wondered if someone had not tricked this good bald man into intrigues with the beautifiers

Hunziker summoned him to the office next day Hunziker did his summoning very well indeed (unless it happened to be merely a stenographer) He sent a glossy morning-coated male secretary who presented Mr Hunziker s compliments to the much less glossy Dr Gottlieb and hinted with the delicacy of a lilac bud that if it was quite altogether convenient if it would not in the least interfere with Dr Gottlieb s experiments Mr Hunziker would be flattered to see him in the office at a quarter after three

When Gottlieb rambled in Hunziker motioned the secretary out of existence and drew up a tall Spanish chair

I lay awake half the night thinking about your discovery Dr Gottlieb I ve been talking to the technical director and sales-manager and we feel it s the time to strike We ll patent your method of synthesizing antibodies and immediately put them on the market in large quantities with a great big advertising campaign—you know—not circus it of course—strictly high-class ethical advertising We ll start with anti-diphtheria serum By the way when you receive your next check you ll find we ve raised your honorarium to seven thousand a year Hunziker was a large purring pussy now and Gottlieb death still Need I say my dear fellow that if there s the demand I anticipate, you will have exceedingly large commissions coming!

Hunziker leaned back with a manner of How s that for glory my boy?

Gottlieb spoke nervously I do not approve of patenting serological processes They should be open to all laboratories And I am strongly against premature production or even announcement I think I am right but I must check my technique perhaps improve it—be *sure* Then I should think there should be no objection to market production but in ve ry small quantities and in fair competition with others not under patents as if this was a dinglebat toy for the Christmas tradings!

My dear fellow I quite sympathize Personally I should like nothing so much as to spend my whole life in just producing one priceless scientific discovery without consideration of mere profit But we have our duty toward the stockholders of the Dawson Hunziker Company to make money for them Do you realize that they have—and many of them are poor widows and orphans—invested their Little All in our stock and that we must keep faith? I am helpless I am but their Humble Servant And on the other side I think we ve treated you rather well Dr Gottlieb and we ve given you complete freedom And we intend to go on treating you well! Why man you ll be rich you ll be one of us! I don t like to make any demands but on this point it s my duty to insist and I shall expect you at the earliest possible moment to start manufacturing—

Gottlieb was sixty two The defeat at Winnemac had done someth ng to his courage And he had no contract with Hunziker

He protested shakily but as he crawled back to h s laboratory it seemed impossible for him to leave this sanctuary and face the murderous brawling world and quite as impossible to tolerate a cheapened and ineffective imitation of his antitoxin He began, that hour a sordid strategy which his old proud self would have called inconceivable he began to equivocate, to put off announcement and production till he should have cleared up a few points while week on week Hunziker became more threatening Meantime he prepared for disaster He moved his family to a smaller house and gave up every luxury even smoking

Among his economies was the reduct on of his son s allowance

Robert was a square rigged swart tempestuous boy arrogant

where there seemed to be no reason for arrogance, longed for by the anemic, milky sort of girls yet ever supercilious to them. While his father was alternately proud and amiably sardonic about his own Jewish blood the boy conveyed to his classmates in college that he was from pure and probably noble German stock He was welcomed or half welcomed in a motoring poker playing country-club set and he had to have more money Gottlieb missed twenty dollars from his desk He who ridiculed conventional honor had the honor as he had the pride, of a savage old squire A new misery stained his incessant bitterness at having to deceive Hunziker He faced Robert with My boy did you take the money from my desk?

Few youngsters could have faced that jut of his hawk nose the red veined rage of his sunken eyes Robert spluttered then shouted

Yes I did! And I ve got to have some more! I ve got to get some clothes and stuff It s your fault You bring me up to train with a lot of fellows that have all the cash in the world and then you expect me to dress like a hobo!

Stealing—

Rats! What s stealing! You re always making fun of these preachers that talk about Sin and Truth and Honesty and all those words that ve been used so much they don t mean a darn thing and— I don t care! Daws Hunziker the old man s son he told me his dad said you could be a millionaire, and then you keep us strapped like this and Mom sick— Let me tell you back in Mohalis Mom used to slip me a couple of dollars almost every week and— I m tired of it! If you re going to keep me in rags I m going to cut out college!

Gottlieb stormed but there was no force in it *He did not know* all the next fortnight what his son was going *to do* what himself was going to do

Then so quietly that not till they had returned from the cemetery did they realize her passing his wife died and the next week his oldest daughter ran off with a worthless laughing fel low who lived by gambling

Gottlieb sat alone Over and over he read the Book of Job Truly the Lord hath smitten me and my house, he whispered. When Robert came in mumbling that he would be good, the

old man lifted to him a blind face unhearing But as he repeated the fables of his fathers it did not occur to him to believe them, or to stoop in fear before their God of Wrath—or to gain ease by permitting Hunziker to defile his discovery

He arose, in time and went silently to his laboratory His experiments were as careful as ever and his assistants saw no change save that he did not lunch in hall He walked blocks away to a vile restaurant at which he could save thirty cents a day

V

Out of the dimness which obscured the people about him Miriam emerged

She was eighteen the youngest of his brood squat, and in no way comely save for her tender mouth She had always been proud of her father understanding the mysterious and unreasoning compulsions of his science but she had been in awe till now when he walked heavily and spoke rarely She dropped her piano lessons discharged the maid studied the cook book and prepared for him the fat crisp dishes that he loved Her regret was that she had never learned German for he dropped now and then into the speech of his boyhood

He eyed her and at length Sol One is with me Could you endure the poverty if I went away—to teach chemistry in a high school!

Yes Of course. Maybe I could play the piano in a movie theater

He might not have done it without her loyalty but when Dawson Hunziker next paraded into the laboratory demanding Now look here We ve fussed long enough We got to put your stuff on the market then Gottlieb answered, No If you wait till I have done all I can—maybe one year probably three—you shall have it. But not till I am sure No

Hunziker went off huffily and Gottlieb prepared for sentence

Then the card of Dr A DeWitt Tubbs Director of the McGurk Institute of Biology of New York was brought to him

Gottlieb knew of Tubbs He had never visited McGurk but he considered it, next to Rockefeller and McCormick the soundest and freest organization for pure scientific research in the

country and if he had pictured a Heavenly laboratory in which good scientists might spend eternity in happy and thoroughly impractical research he would have devised it in the likeness of McGurk He was mildly pleased that its director should have called on him

Dr A DeWitt Tubbs was tremendously whiskered on all visible spots save his nose and temples and the palms of his hands short but passionately whiskered like a Scotch terrier Yet they were not comic whiskers they were the whiskers of dignity and his eyes were serious his step an earnest trot his voice a piping solemnity

Dr Gottlieb this is a great pleasure I have heard your papers at the Academy of Sciences but to my own loss I have hitherto failed to have an introduction to you

Gottlieb tried not to sound embarrassed

Tubbs looked at the assistants like a plotter in a political play and hinted May we have a talk—

Gottlieb led him to his office overlooking a vast bustle of side tracks of curving rails and brown freight-cars and Tubbs urged

It has come to our attention by a curious chance that you are on the eve of your most significant discovery We all wondered when you left academic work at your decision to enter the commercial field We wished that you had cared to come to us

You would have taken me in? I needn t at all have come here?

Naturally! Now from what we hear you are not giving your attention to the commercial side of things and that tempts us to wonder whether you could be persuaded to join us at McGurk So I just sprang on a train and ran down here We should be delighted to have you become a member of the institute and chief of the Department of Bacteriology and Immunology Mr McGurk and I desire nothing but the advancement of science You would of course have absolute freedom as to what researches you thought it best to pursue and I think we could provide as good assistance and material as would be obtainable anywhere in the world In regard to salary—permit me to be business like and perhaps blunt as my train leaves in one hour—I don t suppose we could equal the doubtless large

emolument which the Hunziker people are able to pay you, but we can go to ten thousand dollars a year—

Oh my God, do not talk of the money! I shall be wit you in New York one week from today You see, said Gottlieb I haf no contract here!

# CHAPTER XIV

ALL afternoon they drove in the flapping buggy across the long undulations of the prairie. To their wandering there was no barrier neither lake nor mountain nor factory-bristling city and the breeze about them was flowing sunshine

Martin cried to Leora I feel as if all the Zenith dust and hospital lint were washed out of my lungs Dakota Real mans country Frontier Opportunity America!

From the thick swale the young prairie chickens rose As he watched them sweep across the wheat, his sun-drowsed spirit was part of the great land and he was almost freed of the impatience with which he had started out from Wheatsylvania

If you re going driving don t forget that supper is six o clock sharp Mrs Tozer had said smiling to sugar-coat it

On Main Street, Mr Tozer waved to them and shouted, Be back by six Supper at six o clock sharp

Bert Tozer ran out from the bank like a country schoolmaster skipping from a one room schoolhouse and cackled, Say you folks better not forget to be back at six o clock for supper or the Old Man ll have a fit He ll expect you for supper at six o clock sharp and when he says six o clock *sharp* he means six o clock *sha p* and not five minutes *past* six!

Now that observed Leora is funny because in my twenty two years in Wheatsylvania I remember three different times when supper was as late as seven minutes after six Let s get out of this Sandy I wonder were we so wise to live with the family and save money?

Before they had escaped from the not very extensive limits of Wheatsylvania they passed Ada Quist the future Mrs Bert

Tozer and through the lazy air they heard her voice slashing· Better be home by six

Martin would be heroic. We ll by golly get back when we re by golly good and ready! he said to Leora but on them both was the cumulative dread of the fussing voices beyond every breezy prospect was the order Be back at six sharp and they whipped up to arrive at eleven minutes to six as Mr Tozer was returning from the creamery full thirty seconds later than usual

Glad to see you among us he said Hustle now and get that horse in the livery stable Supper s at six—sharp!"

Martin survived it sufficiently to sound domestic when he announced at the supper table

We had a bully drive I m going to like it here Well I ve loafed for a day and a half, and now I ve got to get busy First thing is, I must find a location for my office What is there vacant Father Tozer?

Mrs Tozer said brightly Oh, I have such a nice idea Martin Why can t we fix up an office for you out in the barn? It d be so handy to the house for you to get to meals on time, and you could keep an eye on the house if the girl was out and Ory and I went out visiting or to the Embroidery Circle

In the barn!

Why yes in the old harness room It s partly ceiled and we could put in some nice tar paper or even beaver board"

Mother Tozer what the dickens do you think I m planning to do? I m not a hired man in a livery stable or a kid looking for a place to put his birds eggs! I was thinking of opening an office as a physician!

Bert made it all easy Yuh but you aren t much of a physician yet You re just getting your toes in

I m one hell of a good physician! Excuse me for cussing Mother Tozer but— Why nights in the hospital I ve held hundreds of lives in my hand! I intend—

Look here, Mart said Bertie. As we re putting up the money—I don t want to be a tightwad but after all a dollar is a dollar—if we furnish the dough we ve got to decide the best way to spend it

Mr Tozer looked thoughtful and said helplessly "That s so No sense taking a risk with the blame farmers demanding all the money they can get for their wheat and cream and then

deliberately going to work and not paying the interest on their loans I swear it dont hardly pay to invest in mortgages any longer No sense putting on lugs Stands to reason you can look at a fellow s sore throat or prescribe for an ear ache just as well in a nice simple little office as in some fool place all fixed up like a Moorhead saloon Mother will see you have a comfortable corner in the barn—

Leora intruded Look here Papa I want you to lend us one thousand dollars outright to use as we see fit The sensation was immense We ll pay you six per cent—no we wont we ll pay you five thats enough

And mortgages bringing six seven and eight! Bert quavered

Fives enough And we want our own say absolute as to how we use it—to fit up an office or anything else

Mr Tozer began Thats a foolish way to—

Bert took it away from him Ory you re crazy! I suppose we ll have to lend you some money but you ll blame well come to us for it from time to time and you ll blame well take our advice—

Leora rose Either you do what I say just exactly what I say or Mart and I take the first train and go back to Zenith, and I mean it! Plenty of places open for him there with a big salary so we wont have to be dependent on anybody!

There was much conversation most of which sounded like all the rest of it Once Leora started for the stairs to go up and pack once Martin and she stood waving their napkins as they shook their fists the general composition remarkably like the Laocoon

Leora won

They settled down to the most solacing fussing

Did you bring your trunk up from the depot? asked Mr Tozer

No sense leaving it there—paying two bits a day storage! fumed Bert

I got it up this morning said Martin

Oh yes Martin had it brought up this morning agreed Mrs Tozer

You had it brought? Didnt you bring it up yourself? agonized Mr Tozer

No I had the fellow that runs the lumberyard haul it up for me said Martin

Well gosh almighty you could just as well ve put it on a wheelbarrow and brought it up yourself and saved a quarter! said Bert

But a doctor has to keep his dignity said Leora

Dignity rats! Blame sight more dignified to be seen shoving a wheelbarrow than smoking them dirty cigarettes all the time!

Well anyway— Where d you put it? asked Mr Tozer

"It s up in our room said Martin

Where d you think we better put it when it s unpacked? The attic is awful full Mr Tozer submitted to Mrs Tozer

Oh I think Martin could get it in there

Why couldn t he put it in the barn?

Oh not a nice new trunk like that!

What s the matter with the barn? said Bert It s all nice and dry Seems a shame to waste all that good space in the barn now that you ve gone and decided he mustn t have his dear little office there!

Bertie from Leora I know what we ll do You seem to have the barn on your brain. You move your old bank there, and Martin ll take the bank building for his office

'That s entirely different—

Now there s no sense you two showing off and trying to be smart, protested Mr Tozer Do you ever hear your mother and I scrapping and fussing like that? When do you think you ll have your trunk unpacked Mart? Mr Tozer could consider barns and he could consider trunks but his was not a brain to grasp two such complicated matters at the same time

I can get it unpacked tonight if it makes any difference—

Well I don t suppose it really makes any special difference, but when you start to *do* a thing—"

Oh what difference does it make whether he—

If he s going to look for an office instead of moving right into the barn he can t take a month of Sundays getting unpacked and—

Oh, good Lord I'll get it done tonight—"

And I th nk we can get it in the attic—"

I tell you it s jam full already—

We ll go take a look at it after supper—"

Well now I tell you when I tried to get that duck boat in—
Martin probably did not scream but he heard himself screaming The free and virile land was leagues away and for years forgotten

II

To find an office took a fortnight of diplomacy and of discussion brightening three meals a day every day (Not that office finding was the only thing the Tozers mentioned They went thoroughly into every moment of Martin s day they commented on his digestion his mail his walks, his shoes that needed cobbling and whether he had yet taken them to the farmer trapper cobbler and how much the cobbling ought to cost, and the presumable theology politics and marital relations of the cobbler)

Mr Tozer had from the first known the perfect office. The Norbloms lived above their general store and Mr Tozer knew that the Norbloms were thinking of moving There was indeed nothing that was happening or likely to happen in Wheatsylvania which Mr Tozer did not know and explain. Mrs Norblom was tired of keeping house and she wanted to go to Mrs Beeson s boarding house (to the front room on the right as you went along the up stairs hall, the room with the plaster walls and the nice little stove that Mrs Beeson bought from Otto Krag for seven dollars and thirty five cents—no seven and a quarter it was)

They called on the Norbloms and Mr Tozer hinted that it might be nice for the Doctor to locate over the store, if the Norbloms were thinking of making any change—

The Norbloms stared at each other with long bleached cautious, Scandinavian stares and grumbled that they didn t *know* —of course it was the finest location in town— Mr Norblom admitted that if against all probability they ever considered moving they would probably ask twenty five dollars a month for the flat unfurnished

Mr Tozer came out of the international conference as craftily joyful as any Mr Secretary Tozer or Lord Tozer in Washington or London

Fine! Fine! We made him commit himself! Twenty five, he says That means when the time s ripe we ll offer him eighteen and close for twenty-one seventy five. If we just handle him

careful and give him time to go see Mrs Beeson and fix up about boarding with her we ll have him just where we want him!

Oh if the Norbloms can t make up their minds then let s try something else said Martin There s a couple of vacant rooms behind the *Eagle* office

What? Go chasing around after we ve given the Norbloms reason to think we re serious and make enemies of em for life? Now *that would be a fine way to start building up a practice* wouldn t it! And I must say I wouldn t blame the Norbloms one bit for getting wild if you let em down like that This ain t Zenith where you can go yelling around expecting to get things done in two minutes!

Through a fortnight, while the Norbloms agonized over deciding to do what they had long ago decided to do Martin waited unable to begin work Until he should open a certified and recognizable office most of the village did not regard him as a competent physician but as that son in law of Andy Tozer s In the fortnight he was called only once for the sick headache of Miss Agnes Ingleblad aunt and housekeeper of Alec Ingleblad the barber He was delighted till Bert Tozer explained

Oh so *she* called you in eh? She s always doctorin around. There ain t a thing the matter with her but she s always trying out the latest stunt Last time it was a fellow that come through here selling pills and liniments out of a Ford, and the time before that it was a faith healer crazy loon up here at Dutchman s Forge and then for quite a spell she doctored with an osteopath in Leopolis—though I tell you there s something to this osteopathy—they cure a lot of folks that you regular docs can t seem to find out what s the matter with em don t you think so?

Martin remarked that he did not think so

Oh you docs! Bert crowed in his most jocund manner for Bert could be very joky and bright You re all alike, especially when you re just out of school and think you know it all You can t see any good in chiropractic or electric belts or bone-setters or anything because they take so many good dollars away from you

Then behold the Dr Martin Arrowsmith who had once in-

furiated Angus Duer and Irving Watters by his sarcasm on medical standards upholding to a lewdly grinning Bert Tozer the benevolence and scientific knowledge of all doctors proclaiming that no medicine had ever (at least by any Winnemac graduate) been prescribed in vain nor any operation needlessly performed

He saw a good deal of Bert now He sat about the bank hoping to be called on a case his fingers itching for bandages Ada Quist came in with frequency and Bert laid aside his figuring to be coy with her

You got to be careful what you even think about when the doc is here, Ade He s been telling me what a whale of a lot of neurology and all that mind reading stuff he knows How about it Mart? I m getting so scared that I ve changed the combination on the safe

Heh! said Ada He may fool some folks but he can t fool me Anybody can learn things in books but when it comes to practicing em— Let me tell you Mart if you ever have one tenth of the savvy that old Dr Winter of Leopolis has you ll live longer than I expect!

Together they pointed out that for a person who felt his Zenith training had made him so gosh awful smart that he sticks up his nose at us poor hicks of dirt farmers Martin s scarf was rather badly tied

All of his own wit and some of Ada s Bert repeated at the supper table

You oughtn t to ride the boy so hard Still that was pretty cute about the necktie—I guess Mart does think he s some punkins chuckled Mr Tozer

Leora took Martin aside after supper Darlin can you stand it? We ll have our own house soon as we can Or shall we vamoose?

I m by golly going to stand it!

Um Maybe Dear when you hit Bertie do be careful—they ll hang you

He ambled to the front porch He determined to view the rooms behind the *Eagle* office Without a retreat in which to be safe from Bert he could not endure another week He could not wait for the Norbloms to make up their minds thou h they had become to him dread and eternal figures whose enmity

would crush him prodigious gods shadowing this Wheatsylvania which was the only perceptible world

He was aware in the late sad light that a man was tramping the plank walk before the house hesitating and peering at him The man was one Wise a Russian Jew known to the village as Wise the Polack In his shack near the railroad he sold silver stock and motor factory stock bought and sold farmlands and horses and muskrat hides He called out, That you Doc?

Yup!

Martin was excited A patient!

Say I wish you d walk down a ways with me Couple things I d like to talk to you about Or say come on over to my place and sample some new cigars I ve got He emphasized the word cigars North Dakota was like Mohalis theoretically dry

Martin was pleased. He had been sober and industrious so long now!

Wise s shack was a one story structure not badly built half a block from Main Street with nothing but the railroad track between it and open wheat country It was lined with pine, pleasant smelling under the stench of old pipe smoke Wise winked—he was a confidential untrustworthy wisp of a man—and murmured Think you could stand a little jolt of first class Kentucky bourbon?

Well I wouldn t get violent about it

Wise pulled down the sleazy window shades and from a warped drawer of his desk brought up a bottle out of which they both drank wiping the mouth of the bottle with circling palms Then W se abruptly

Look here Doc. You re not like these hicks you understand that sometimes a fellow gets mixed up in crooked business he didn t intend to Well make a long story short I guess I ve sold too much mining stock and they ll be coming down on me I ve got to be moving—curse it—hoped I could stay settled for couple of years this time Well I hear you re looking for an office Th s place would be ideal. Ideal! T o rooms at the back besides this one I'll rent it to you, furniture and the whole shooting match for fifteen dollars a month if you ll pay me one year in advance Oh this ain t phony Your brother in la v knows all about my ownersh p

Martin tried to be very business like. Was he not a young

doctor who would soon be investing money one of the most Substantial Citizens in Wheatsylvania? He returned home, and under the parlor lamp with its green daisies on pink glass the Tozers listened acutely Bert stooping forward with open mouth.

You d be safe renting it for a year but that ain t the point, said Bert.

It certainly isn t! Antagonize the Norbloms, now that they ve almost made up their minds to let you have their place? Make me a fool after all the trouble I ve taken? groaned Mr Tozer

They went over it and over it till almost ten o clock, but Martin was resolute and the next day he rented Wise s shack

For the first time in his life he had a place utterly his own, his and Leora s

In his pride of possession this was the most lordly building on earth and every rock and weed and doorknob was peculiar and lovely At sunset he sat on the back stoop (a very interesting and not too broken soap box) and from the flamboyant horizon the open country flowed across the thin band of the railroad to his feet Suddenly Leora was beside him, her arm round his neck and he hymned all the glory of their future

Know what I found in the kitchen here? A dandy old auger hardly rusty a bit and I can take a box and make a test tube rack of my own!

# CHAPTER XV

WITH none of the profane observations on medical peddlers which had annoyed Digamma Pi Martin studied the catalogue of the New Idea Instrument and Furniture Company of Jersey City It was a handsome thing On the glossy green cover in red and black were the portraits of the president a round quippish man who loved all young physicians the general manager a cadaverous scholarly man who surely gave all his laborious nights and days to the advancement of science and the vice president Martin s former preceptor Dr Roscoe Geake who had a lively eye glassed for ward looking modernity all his own The cover also contained, in surprisingly small space a quantity of poetic prose, and the inspiring promise

*Doctor don t be buffaloed by the unenterprising No reason why* YOU *should lack the equipment which impresses pat ents makes practice easy and brings honor and riches All the high class suppl es which distinguish the Leaders of the Profession from the Di bs are within* YOUR *reach right* NOW *by the famous New Idea Fin ncial System Just a l ttle do vn and the rest* FREE*—out of the increased earnings u h ch New Idea apparatus will bring you!*

Above, in a border of laurel wreaths and Ionic capitals was the challenge

*Sing not the glory of soldiers or explorers or statesmen for who can touch the doctor—wise hero c uncontaminated by c mmon gr ed Gentlemen we sal te you humbly nd herewith offer you the most up to-the-jiffy catalogue ever p esented by any su gical supply house*

The back cover though it was less glorious with green and red was equally arousing It presented illustrations of the Bindledorf Tonsillectomy Outfit and of an electric cabinet with the demand

*Doctor are you sending your patients off to specialists for tonsil removal or to sanitoriums for electric etc treatment? If so you are losing the chance to show yourself one of the distinguished powers in the domain of medical advancement in your locality and losing a lot of big fees Dont you* WANT *to be a high-class practitioner? Heres the Open Door*

*The Bindledorf Outfit is not only useful bt t exquisitely beautiful adorns and gives class to any office We guarantee that by the installation of a Bindledorf Outfit and a New Idea Panaceatic Electro Therapeutic Cabinet (see details on pp 34 and 97) you can increase your income from a thousand to ten thousand annually and please patients more than by the most painstaking plugging*

*When the Great Call sounds Doctor and its time for you to face your reward will you be satisfied by a big Masonic fureral and tributes from Grateful Patients if you have failed to l y up provision for the kiddies and faithful wife who has shared your tribulations?*

*You may drive through bliz ard and August heat and go down into the purple shadowed vale of sorrow and wrestle with the ebon-cloaked Powers of Darkness for the lives of your patients but that heroism is incomplete without Modern Progress to be obtained by the use of a Bindledo f Tonsillectomy Outfit and the New Idea Panaceatic Cabinet to be obtained on small payment down rest on easiest terms known in history of medicine!*

*II*

This poetry of pas ion Martin neglected for his opinion of poetry was like his opinion of electric cabinets but excitedly he ordered a steel stand a sterilizer flasks test tubes and a white enameled mechanism with enchanting levers and gears wh ch transformed it from examining-chair to operating table He yearned over the picture of a centrifuge while Leora was admiring the stunning seven piece Reception Room fumed oak set

upholstered in genuine Barcelona Longware Leatherette will give your office the class and distinction of any high grade New York specialist s

Aw let em sit on plain chairs Martin grunted

In the attic Mrs Tozer found enough seedy chairs for the reception room and an ancient bookcase which when Leora had lined it with pink fringed paper became a noble instrument cabinet Till the examining-chair should arrive Martin would use Wise s lumpy couch and Leora busily covered it with white oilcloth. Behind the front room of the tiny office building were two cubicles formerly bedroom and kitchen Martin made them into consultation room and laboratory Whistling he sawed out racks for the glassware and turned the oven of a discarded kerosene stove into a hot air oven for sterilizing glassware

But understand Lee, I m not going to go monkeying with any scientific research I m through with all that.

Leora smiled innocently While he worked she sat outside in the long wild grass sniffing the prairie breeze her hands about her ankles but every quarter hour she had to come in and admire

Mr Tozer brought home a package at suppertime The family opened it babbling After supper Martin and Leora hastened with the new treasure to the office and nailed it in place It was a plate-glass sign on it in gold letters M Arrowsmith M D They looked up arms about each other squealing softly and in reverence he grunted, There—by—jiminy!

They sat on the back stoop exulting in freedom from Tozers Along the railroad bumped a freight train with a cheerful clank ing The fireman waved to them from the engine a brakeman from the platform of the red caboose. After the train there was s lence but for the crickets and a distant frog

I ve never been so happy he murmured

III

He had brought from Zenith h s own Ochsner surg cal case. As he la d out the instruments he admired the th n sha p shin ing bistoury the strong tenotome the delicate curved needles With them was a dental forceps. Dad Silva had varned his classes, Don t forget the country doctor often has to be not only

physician but dentist, yes, and priest, divorce lawyer blacksmith, chauffeur and road engineer and if you are too lily handed for those trades don t get out of sight of a trolley line and a beauty parlor And the first patient whom Martin had in the new office, the second patient in Wheatsylvania was Nils Krag the carpenter roaring with an ulcerated tooth This was a week before the glass sign was up and Martin rejoiced to Leora, Begun already! You ll see em tumbling in now

They did not see them tumbling in For ten days Martin tinkered at his hot air oven or sat at his desk reading and trying to look busy His first joy passed into fretfulness and he could have yelped at the stillness the inactivity

Late one afternoon when he was in a melancholy way pre paring to go home into the office stamped a grizzled Swedish farmer who grumbled Doc, I got a fish hook caught in my thumb and it s all swole. To Arrowsmith intern in Zenith General Hospital with its out patient clinic treating hundreds a day the dressing of a hand had been less important than bor rowing a match but to Dr Arrowsmith of Wheatsylvania it was a hectic operation and the farmer a person remarkable and very charming Martin shook his left hand violently and burbled Now if there s anything you just phone me—you just phone me

There had been he felt, a rush of admiring patients sufficient to justify them in the one thing Leora and he longed to do the thing about which they whispered at night the purchase of a motor car for his country calls

They had seen the car at Frazier s store

It was a Ford five years old with torn upholstery a gummy motor and springs made by a blacksmith who had never made springs before Next to the chugging of the gas engine at the creamery the most familiar sound in Wheatsylvania was Fra zier s closing the door of his Ford He banged it flatly at the store and usually he had to shut it thrice again before he reachec home

But to Martin and Leora when they had tremblingly bough the car and three new tires and a horn it was the most impres sive vehicle on earth It was their own they could go when an where they wished

During his summer at a Canadian hotel Martin had learne

to drive the Ford station wagon but it was Leora s first venture. Bert had given her so many directions that she had refused to drive the family Overland When she first sat at the steering wheel when she moved the hand throttle with her little finger and felt in her own hands all this power sorcery enabling her to go as fast as she might desire (within distinct limits) she transcended human strength she felt that she could fly like the wild goose—and then in a stretch of sand she killed the engine

Martin became the demon driver of the village To ride with him was to sit holding your hat your eyes closed waiting for death Apparently he accelerated for corners to make them more interesting The sight of anything on the road ahead from an other motor to a yellow pup stirred in him a frenzy which could be stilled only by going up and passing it The village adored

The Young Doc is quite some driver all right" They waited with amiable interest to hear that he had been killed It is possible that half of the first dozen patients who drifted into his office came because of awe at his driving the rest because there was nothing serious the matter and he was nearer than Dr Hesselink at Groningen

IV

W th his first adm rers he developed his first enemies

When he met the Norbloms on the street (and in Wheatsylvania it is difficult not to meet everyone on the street every day) they glared Then he antagonized Pete Yeska.

Pete conducted what he called a drug store devoted to the sale of candy soda water patent medicines fly paper magazines washing mach nes and Ford accessor es yet Pete would have starved if he had not been postmaster also He alleged that he was a licensed pharmacist but he so mangled prescriptions that Martin burst into the store and addressed him piously

You young docs make me sick sa d Pete 'I was putting up prescriptions when you was in the cradle The old doc that used to be here sent everything to me. My way o doing things suits me and I don t figure on changing it for you or any other half baked young string-bean

Thereafter Ma t n had to purchase drugs from St Paul over crowd h s tiny laboratory, and prepare his own pills and o nt

ments looking in a homesick way at the rarely used test tubes and the dust gathering on the bell glass of his microscope, while Pete Yeska joined with the Norbloms in whispering This new doc here ain t any good You better stick to Hesselink"

## V

So blank so idle had been the week that when he heard the telephone at the Tozers at three in the morning he rushed to it as though he were awaiting a love message

A hoarse and shaky voice I want to speak to the doctor

Yuh—yuh— S the doctor speaking

This is Henry Novak four miles northeast on the Leopolis road My little girl Mary she has a terrible sore throat I think maybe it is croup and she look awful and— Could you come right away?

'You bet Be right there

Four miles—he would do it in eight minutes

He dressed swiftly dragging his worn brown tie together while Leora beamed over the first night call He furiously cranked the Ford banged and clattered past the station and into the wheat prairie When he had gone six miles by the speedometer slackening at each rural box to look for the owner s name he realized that he was lost He ran into a farm driveway and stopped under the willows his headlight on a heap of dented milk cans broken harvester wheels cordwood, and bamboo fishing poles From the barn dashed a woolly anomalous dog barking viciously leaping up at the car

A frowsy head protruded from a ground floor window What you want? screamed a Scandinavian voice

This is The Doctor Where does Henry Novak live?

Oh! The Doctor! Dr Hesselink?

No! Dr Arrowsmith

Oh Dr Arrowsmith From Wheatsylvania? Um Well you went right near his place You yoost turn back one mile and turn to the right by the brick schoolhouse and it s about forty rods up the road—the house with a cement silo Somebody sick by Henry s?

Yuh—yuh—girl s got croup—thanks—

Yoost keep to the right You can t miss it.

Probably no one who has listened to the dire you can t miss it has ever failed to miss it

Martin swung the Ford about grazing a slashed chopping block he rattled up the road, took the corner that side of the schoolhouse instead of this ran half a mile along a boggy trail between pastures and stopped at a farmhouse In the surprising fall of silence cows were to be heard feeding and a white horse startled in the darkness raised its head to wonder at him He had to arouse the house with wild squawkings of his horn and an irate farmer who bellowed Who s there? I ve got a shotgun! sent him back to the country road

It was forty minutes from the time of the telephone call when he rushed into a furrowed drivewav and saw on the doorstep against the lamplight a stooped man who called The Doctor? This is Novak

He found the child in a newly finished bedroom of white plastered walls and pale varnished pine Only an iron bed a stra ght chair a chromo of St Anne and a shadeless hand lamp on a rickety stand broke the staring shininess of the apart ment a recent extension of the farmhouse A heavy shouldered woman was kneeling by the bed As she lifted her wet red face Novak urged

Don t cry now he s here! And to Martin The little one is pretty bad but we done all we could for her Last night and tonight we steam her throat and we put her here in our own bedroom!

Mary was a child of seven or eight Martin found her l ps and finger tips blue but in her face no flush In the effort to expel her breath she writhed into terrify ng knots then coughed up saliva dotted with grayish specks Martin worried as he took out his clinical thermometer and gave it a professional looking shake.

It was he decided laryngeal croup or diphtheria Probably d phtheria No time now for bacteriological examination for cultures and leisurely precis on Silva the healer bulked in the room, crowding out Gottl eb the inhuman perfection t Martin leaned nervously over the child on the tousled bed absent mindedly trying her pulse again and again. He felt helpless without the equipment of Zenith General its nurses and Angus Duer s sure advice He had a sudden respect for the lone coun try *doctor*

He had to make a decision irrevocable perhaps perilous He would use diphtheria antitoxin. But certainly he could not obtain it from Pete Yeska s in Wheatsylvania

Leopolis?

Hustle up and get me Blassner the druggist at Leopolis, on the phone he said to Novak as calmly as he could contrive He pictured Blassner driving through the night respectfully bringing the antitoxin to The Doctor While Novak bellowed into the farm line telephone in the dining room Martin waited —waited—staring at the child Mrs Novak waited for him to do miracles the child s tossing and hoarse gasping became horrible and the glaring walls, the glaring lines of pale yellow wood work hypnotized him into sleepiness It was too late for any thing short of antitoxin or tracheotomy Should he operate cut into the wind pipe that she might breathe? He stood and wor ried he drowned in sleepiness and shook himself awake He had to do something with the mother kneeling there, gaping at him beginning to look doubtful

Get some hot cloths—towels napkins—and keep em around her neck. I wish to God he d get that telephone call! he fretted.

As Mrs Novak padding on thick slippered feet brought in the hot cloths Novak appeared with a blank Nobody sleeping at the drug store and Blassner s house line is out of order

Then listen I m afraid this may be serious I ve got to have antitoxin Going to drive t Leopolis and get it You keep up these hot applications and— Wish we had an atomizer And room ought to be moister Got n alcohol stove? Keep some water boiling in here No use of medicine B right back

He drove the twenty four miles to Leopolis in thirty seven minutes Not once did he slow down for a cross road He defied the curves the roots thrusting out into the road thou h always one dark spot in his mind feared a blow-out and a swerve The speed the casting away of all caution wrought in him a high exultation, and it was blessed to be in the cool air and alone after the strain of Mrs Novak s watching In his mind all the while was the page in Osler regarding diphtheria the very pic ture of the words In severe cases tl e first dose should be from 8,000— No Oh yes —*from 10,000 to 15,000 units*

He regained confidence. He thanked the god of science for

antitoxin and for the gas motor It was he decided a Race with Death

I m going to do it—going to pull it off and save that poor kid! he rejoiced

He approached a grade crossing and hurled toward it ignoring possible trains He was aware of a devouring whistle, saw sliding light on the rails and brought up sharp Past him ten feet from his front wheels flung the Seattle Express like a flying volcano The fireman was stoking and even in the thin clearness of coming dawn the glow from the fire box was appalling on the under side of the rolling smoke Instantly the apparition was gone and Martin sat trembling hands trembling on the little steering wheel foot trembling like St Vitus s dance on the brake That was an awful close thing! he muttered and thought of a widowed Leora abandoned to Tozers But the vision of the Novak child, struggling for each terrible breath overrode all else Hell! I ve killed the engine! he groaned He vaulted over the side cranked the car and dashed into Leopolis

To Crynssen County Leopolis with its four thousand people was a metropolis but in the pinched stillness of the dawn it was a tiny graveyard Main Street a sandy expanse the low shops desolate as huts He found one place astir in the bleak office of the Dakota Hotel the night clerk was playing poker with the bus-driver and the town policeman

They wondered at his hysterical entrance.

Dr Arrowsmith from Wheatsylvania Kid dying from diphtheria Where s Blassner live? Jump in my car and show me

The constable was a lanky old man his vest swinging open over a collarless shirt his trousers in folds, his eyes resolute. He guided Martin to the home of the drugg st he kicked the door then standing with his lean and bristly visage upraised in the cold early light he bawled Ed! Hey you, Ed! Come out of it!

Ed Blassner grumbled from the up-stairs window To him, death and furious doctors had small novelty While he drew on his trousers and coat he was to be heard discoursing to his drowsy wife on the woes of druggists and the desirabil ty of moving to Los Angeles and going into real estate But he did have diphthe ia antitoxin in his shop and sixteen minutes after Mart n s escape from being killed by a train he was speeding to Henry Novak s

The child was still alive when he came brusquely into the house

All the way back he had seen her dead and stiff He grunted Thank God! and angrily called for hot water He was no longer the embarrassed cub doctor but the wise and heroic physician who had won the Race with Death and in the peasant eyes of Mrs Novak in Henry s nervous obedience he read his power

Swiftly smoothly he made intravenous injection of the anti toxin and stood expectant.

The child s breathing did not at first vary as she choked in the labor of expelling her breath There was a gurgle a struggle in which her face blackened and she was still Martin peered incredulous Slowly the Novaks began to glower shaky hands at their lips Slowly they knew the child was gone

In the hospital death had become indifferent and *natural to* Martin He had said to Angus he had heard nurses say one to another quite cheerfully Well fifty seven has just passed out Now he raged with desire to do the impossible She *couldn t* be dead He d do something— All the while he was groaning I should ve operated—I should have So insistent was the thou ht that for a time he did not realize that Mrs Novak was clamor ing She is dead? Dead?

He nodded afraid to look at the woman

You killed her with that needle thing! And not even tell us so we could call the priest!

He crawled past her lamentations and the man s sorrow and drove home empty of heart

I shall never practice medicine again he refle ted

I m through, he said to Leora I m no good *I should* of operated I can t face people when they know about it I m through I ll go get a lab job—Dawson Hunziker or some place

Salutary was the tartness with which she protested You re the most conceited man that ever lived! Do you think your the only doctor that ever lost a patient? I know you did every thing you could But he went about next day torturing him self the more tortured when Mr Tozer whined at supper

Henry Novak and his woman was in town today They say you ought to have saved their girl Why didn t you give your mind to it and manage to cure her somehow? Ought to tried. Kind of too bad because the Novaks have a lot of influence with all these Pole and Hunky farmers

After a night when he was too tired to sleep Martin suddenly drove to Leopolis

From the Tozers he had heard almost religious praise of Dr Adam Winter of Leopolis a man of nearly seventy the pioneer physician of Crynssen County and to this sage he was fleeing As he drove he mocked furiously his melodramatic Race with Death and he came wearily into the dust whirling Main Street Dr Winter s office was above a grocery in a long block of bright red brick stores with an Egyptian cornice—of tin The darkness of the broad hallway was soothing after the prairie heat and incandescence Martin had to wait till three respectful patients had been received by Dr Winter a hoary man with a sympathetic bass voice before he was admitted to the consulta tion room

The examining-chair was of doubtful superiority to that once used by Doc Vickerson of Elk Mills and sterilizing was appar ently done in a wash bowl but in a corner was an electric thera peutic cabinet with more electrodes and pads than Martin had ever seen

He told the story of the Novaks and Winter cried Why Doctor you did everything you could have and more too Only thing is next time in a crucial case you better call some older doctor in consultation—not that you need his advi e, but it makes a hit with the family it divides the responsibility and keeps em from going around critic zing I uh I frequently have the honor of being called by some of my younger col leagues Just wait. I ll phone the editor of the *Gazette* and give him an item about the case

When he had telephoned Dr Winter shook hands ardently He indicated his electric cab net Got one of those things yet? Ought to my boy Don t know as I use it very often except with the cranks that ha en t anything the matter with em but say it would surprise you how it impresses folks. Well Doctor welcome to Crynssen County Married? Won t you and your

wife come take dinner with us some Sunday noon? Mrs Winter will be real pleased to meet you And if I ever can be of service to you in a consultation— I only charge a very little more than my regular fee and it looks so well talking the case over with an older man

Driving home Martin fell into vain and wicked boasting

'You bet I ll stick to it! At worst I ll never be as bad as that snuffling old fee splitter!

Two weeks after the *Wheatsylvania Eagle* a smeary four page rag reported

*Our enterprising contemporary the* Leopolis Gazette *had as follows last week to say of one of our townsmen who we recently welcomed to our midst*

*Dr M Arrowsmith of Wheatsylvania is being congratulated we are informed by our valued pioneer local physician D Adam Winter by the medical fraternity all through the Pony River Valley there being no occupation or profession more unselfishly appreciative of each other's virtues than the medical gentlemen on the courage and enterprise he recently displayed in addition to his scientific skill*

*Being called to attend the little daughter of Henry Norwalk of near Delft the well known farmer and finding the little one near death with diphtheria he made a desperate attempt to save it by himself bringing antitoxin from Blassner our ever popular druggist who had on hand a full and fresh supply He drove out and back in his gasoline chariot making the total distance of 48 miles in 79 minutes*

*Fortunately our ever alert policeman Joe Colby was on the job and helped Dr Arrowsmith find Mr Blassner s bungalow on Red River Avenue and this gentleman rose from bed and hastened to supply the doctor with the needed article but unfortunately the child was already too low to be saved but it is by such incidents of pluck and quick thinking as well as knowledge which make the medical profession one of our greatest blessings*

Two hours after this was published Miss Agnes Ingleblad came in for another discussion of her non-existent ailments, and two days later Henry Novak appeared saying proudly

Well Doc, we all done what we could for the poor little girl but I guess I waited too long calling you. The woman is awful cut up She and I was reading that piece in the *Eagle* about it. We showed it to the priest Say Doc I wish you d take a look at my foot. I got kind of a rheumatic pain in the ankle

# CHAPTER XVI

WHEN he had practiced medicine in Wheatsylvania for one year Martin was an inconspicuous but not discouraged country doctor In summer Leora and he drove to the Pony River for picnic suppers and a swim very noisy splashing and immodest through autumn he went duck hunting with Bert Tozer who became nearly tolerable when he stood at sunset on a pass between two slews and with winter isolating the village in a sun blank desert of snow they had sleigh rides card parties sociables at the churches

When Martin s flock turned to him for help their need and their patient obedience made them beautiful Once or twice he lost his temper with jovial villagers who bountifully explained to him that he was less aged than he might have been once or twice he drank too much whisky at poker parties in the back room of the Co-operative Store but he was known as reliable skillful and honest—and on the whole he was rather less distinguished than Alec Ingleblad the barber less prosperous than Nils Krag the carpenter and less interesting to his neighbors than the Finnish garageman

Then one accident and one mistake made him famous for full twelve miles about

He had gone fishing in the spring As he passed a farmhouse a woman ran out shrieking that her baby had swallowed a thimble and was choking to death Martin had for surgical kit a large jack knife He sharpened it on the farmer s oilstone sterilized it in the tea kettle operated on the baby s throat, and saved its life

Every newspaper in the Pony River Valley had a paragraph, and before this sensation was ov he cured Miss Agnes Ingleblad of her desire to be cured.

She had achieved cold hands and a slow circulation and he was called at midnight. He was soggily sleepy after two country drives on muddy roads and in his torpor he gave her an overdose of strychnin which so shocked and stimulated her that she decided to be well It was so violent a change that it made her more interesting than being an invalid—people had of late taken remarkably small pleasure in her symptoms She went about praising Martin and all the world said I hear this Doc Arrowsmith is the only fellow Agnes ever doctored with that s done her a mite of good

He gathered a practice small, sound, and in no way remarkable Leora and he moved from the Tozers to a cottage of their own, with a parlor-dining room which displayed a nickeled stove on bright, new pleasant smelling linoleum, and a golden-oak sideboard with a souvenir match holder from Lake Minnetonka He bought a small Roentgen ray outfit and he was made a director of the Tozer bank He became too busy to long for his days of scientific resear h, which had never existed, and Leora sighed

It s fierce, being married I d d expect I d have to follow you out on the road and be a hobo but I never expected to be a Pillar of the Community Well I m too lazy to look up a new husband Only I warn you when you become the Sunday School superintendent you needn t expect me to play the organ and smile at the cute jokes you make about Willy s not learning his Golden Text

II

So did Martin stumble into respectability

In the autumn of 1912 when Mr Debs, Mr Roosevelt M. Wilson and Mr Taft were campa gning for the presidency when Martin Arrowsmith had lived in Wheatsylvania for a year and a half, Bert Tozer became a Prominent Booster He returned from the state convention of the Modern Woodmen of Ame ica with notions Several to vns had sent boosting delegations to the convention and the v llage of Groningen had turned out a motor procession of five ca s, each with an enormous pennant, Groningen for White Men and Black Dirt."

Bert came back clamoring that every motor in town must carry a Wheatsylvania pennant He had bought thirty of them

and they were on sale at the bank at seventy five cents apiece This Bert explained to everyone who came into the bank, was exactly cost price which was within eleven cents of the truth. He came galloping at Martin demanding that he be the first to display a pennant.

I don t want one of those fool things flopping from my bus protested Martin What s the idea anyway?

What s the *idea?* To advertise your own town of course!

What is there to advertise? Do you think you re going to make strangers believe Wheatsylvania is a metropolis like New York or Jimtown by hanging a dusty rag behind a secondhand tin Lizzie?

You never did have any patriotism! Let me tell you, Mart, if you don t put on a banner I ll see to it that everybody in town notices it!

While the other rickety cars of the village announced to the world or at least to several square miles of the world that Wheatsylvania was the Wonder Town of Central N D Martin s clattering Ford went bare and when his enemy Norblom remarked I like to see a fellow have some public spirit and appreciate the place he gets his money outa the citizenry nodded and spat, and began to question Martin s fame as a worker of miracles

III

He had intimates—the barber the editor of the *Eagle* the garageman—to whom he talked comfortably of hunting and the crops and with whom he played poker Perhaps he was too intimate with them It was the theory of Crynsen County that it was quite all right for a young professional man to take a timely drink providing he kept it secret and made up for it by yearning over the clergy of the neighborhood But with the clergy Martin was brief and his drinking and poker he never concealed

If he was bored by the United Brethren minister s discourse on doctrine on the wickedness of movies and the scandalous pay of pastors it was not at all because he was a distant and supersensitive young man but because he found more savor in the garageman s salty remarks on the art of remembering to ante in poker

Through all the state there were celebrated poker players, rustic looking men with stolid faces men who sat in shirt sleeves chewing tobacco men whose longest remark was By me and who delighted to plunder the gilded and condescending traveling salesmen When there was news of a big game on the county sports dropped in silently and went to work—the sewing machine agent from Leopolis the undertaker from Vanderheide s Grove the bootlegger from St Luke the red fat man from Melody who had no known profession

Once (still do men tell of it gratefully up and down the Valley) they played for seventy two unbroken hours in the office of the Wheatsylvania garage It had been a livery stable it was littered with robes and long whips and the smell of horses mingled with the reek of gasoline

The players came and went and sometimes they slept on the floor for an hour or two but they were never less than four in the game The stink of cheap feeble cigarettes and cheap powerful cigars hovered about the table like a malign spi t the floor was scattered with stubs matches old cards and whisky bottles Among the warriors were Martin Alec Ingleblad the barber and a highway engineer all of them str pped to flannel under shirts not moving for hour on hour ruffling the r cards eyes squinting and vacant

When Bert Tozer heard of the affair he feared for the good fame of Wheatsylvan a and to everyone he goss ped about Martin s evil ways and his own patience Thus it happened that while Martin was at the height of his prosperity and credit as a physician along the Pony River Valley sinuated the whispers that he was a gambler that he was a drinking man that he never went to church and all the godly enjoyed mourning "Too bad to see a decent young man like that going to the dogs

Martin was as impatient as he was stubborn He resented the well meant greetings You ought to leave a little hooch for the rest of us to drink Doc, or I s pose you re too bu y playing poker to drive out to the house and take a look at the woman. He was guilty of an absurd and boy sh tactlessness when he heard Norblom observing to the postmaster A fellow that calls himself a doctor just because he had luck with that fool Agnes

Ingleblad he hadn t ought to go getting drunk and disgracing—

Martin stopped Norblom! You talking about me?

The storekeeper turned slowly I got more important things to do n talk about you he cackled

As Martin went on he heard laughter

He told himself that these villagers were generous that their snooping was in part an affectionate interest and inevitable in a village where the most absorbing event of the year was the United Brethren Sunday School picnic on Fourth of July But he could not rid himself of twitchy discomfort at their unending and maddeningly detailed comments on everything He felt as though the lightest word he said in his consultation room would be megaphoned from flapping ear to ear all down the country roads

He was contented enough in gossiping about fishing with the barber nor was he condescending to meteorologicomania, but except for Leora he had no one with whom he could talk of his work Angus Duer had been cold but Angus had his teeth into every change of surgical technique and he was an acrid debater Martin saw that unless he struggled not only would he harden into timid morality under the pressure of the village but be fixed in a routine of prescriptions and bandaging

He might find a stimulant in Dr Hesselink of Groningen

He had seen Hesselink only once but everywhere he heard of him as the most honest practitioner in the Valley On impulse Martin drove down to call on him

Dr Hesselink was a man of forty ruddy tall broad shouldered You knew immediately that he was careful and that he was afraid of nothing however much he might lack in ima ina tion He received Martin with no vast ebullience and his stare said Well what do you want? I m a busy man

Doctor Martin chattered do you find it hard to keep up with medical developments?

No Read the medical journals

Well don t you—go h I don t want to get sentimental about it but don t you find that without contact with the Big Guns you get mentally lazy—sort of lacking in inspiration?

I do not! There s enough inspiration for me in trying to h lp the sick

To himself Martin was protesting All right if you don t want to be friendly go to the devil! But he tried again

I know But for the game of the thing for the pleasure of increasing medical knowledge how can you keep up if you don t have anything but routine practice among a lot of farmers?

Arrowsmith I may do you an injustice but there s a lot of you young practitioners who feel superior to the farmers that are doing their own jobs better than you are You think that if you were only in the city with libraries and medical meetings and everything you d develop Well I don t know of anything to prevent your studying at home! You consider yourself so much better educated than these rustics but I notice you say gosh and Big Guns and that sort of thing How much do you read? Personally I m extremely well satisfied My people pay me an excellent living wage they appreciate my work and they honor me by election to the schoolboard I find that a good many of these farmers think a lot harder and squarer than th swells I meet in the city Well! I don t see any rea on for feeling superior or lonely either!

Hell I don t! Martin mumbled As he drove back he raged at Hesselink s superiority about not feeling superior but he stumbled into uncomfortable meditation It was true he was half-educated He was supposed to be a college graduate but he knew nothing of economics, nothing of history nothing of music or painting Except in hasty bolting for examinations he had read no poetry save that of Robert Service and the only prose besides medical journalism at which he looked nowadays was the baseball and murder news in the Minneapolis papers and Wild West stories in the magazines

He reviewed the intelligent conversation which in the desert of Wheatsylvan a he bel eved h mself to have conducted at Mohalis He remembered that to Cl f Clawson it had been pretentious to use any phrase which was not as colloqu al and as smutty as the speech of a truck-drive and that h s own d scourse had differed from Clif's larg ly in that it had been less fantast c and less original He could recall nothing sa e the philosophy of Max Gottlieb occasional scoldings of Angus Duer one out of ten among Madeline Fox s d gressions and the coun

cils of Dad Silva which was above the level of Alec Ingleblad s barber shop

He came home hating Hesselink but by no means loving himself he fell upon Leora and to her placid agreement announced that they were going to get educated if it kills us He went at it as he had gone at bacteriology

He read European history aloud at Leora, who looked interested or at least forgiving he worried the sentences in a copy of The Golden Bowl which an unfortunate school teacher had left at the Tozers he borrowed a volume of Conrad from the village editor and afterward as he drove the prairie roads he was marching into jungle villages—sun helmets orchids lost temples of obscene and dog faced deities secret and sun scarred rivers He was conscious of his own mean vocabulary It cannot be said that he became immediately and conspicuously articulate, yet it is possible that in those long intense evenings of reading with Leora he advanced a step or two toward the tragic enchantments of Max Gottlieb s world—enchanting sometimes and tragic always

But in becoming a schoolboy again he was not so satisfied as Dr Hesselink

IV

Gustaf Sondelius was back in America

In medical school Martin had read of Sondelius, the soldier of science He held reasonable and lengthy degrees but he was a rich man and eccentric, and neither toiled in laboratories nor had a decent office and a home and a lacy wife He roamed the world fighting epidemics and founding institutions and making inconvenient speeches and trying new drinks He was a Swede by birth a German by education a little of everything by speech, and his clubs were in London Paris Washington and New York He had been heard of from Batoum and Fuchau from Milan and Bechuanaland from Antofagasta and Cape Romanzoff *Manson on Tropical Diseases* mentions Sondelius s admirable method of killing rats with hydrocyanic acid gas, and *The Sketch* once mentioned his atrocious system in baccarat

Gustaf Sondelius shouted in high places and low that most diseases could be and must be wiped out that tuberculosis, cancer typhoid, the plague influenza were an invading army

against which the world must mobilize—literally that public health authorities must supersede generals and oil kings He was lecturing through America and his exclamatory assertions were syndicated in the press

Martin sniffed at most newspaper articles touching on science or health but Sondelius s violence caught him and suddenly he was converted and it was an important thing for him that conversion

He told himself that however much he might relieve the sick essentially he was a business man, in rivalry with Dr Winter of Leopolis and Dr Hesselink of Groningen that though they might be honest, honesty and healing were less their purpose than making money that to get rid of avoidable disease and produce a healthy population would be the worst thing in the world for them and that they must all be replaced by public health officials

Like all ardent agnostics Martin was a relig ous man Since the death of his Gottlieb-cult he had unconsciously sought a new passion and he found it now in Gustaf Sondelius s war on dis ease Immediately he became as annoying to his patients as he had once been to Digamma Pi

He informed the farmers at Delft that they had no right to have so much tuberculosis

This was infuriating because none of their rights as American citizens was better established, or more often used than the privilege of being ill They fumed Who does he think he is? We call him in for doctoring not for bossing Why the damn fool said we ought to burn down our houses—said we were committing a crime if we had the con here! Won t stand for nobody talking to me like that!

Everything became clear to Martin—too clear The nation must make the best physicians autocratic officials at once and that was all there was to it As to how the officials were to become perfect execut ves and ho v p ople were to be persuaded to obey them he had no suggesti ns but only a beautiful faith At breakfast he scolded Another diotic day of wr t ng pre script ons for bellyaches that ought never to have happened! If I could only get into the Big Fight along w th men like Sondelius! It makes me tired!

Leora murmured, Yes darling I'll promise to be good I won t have any little bellyaches or T B or anything so please don t lecture me!

Even in his irritability he was gentle for Leora was with child

V

Their baby was coming in five months Martin promised to it everything he had missed

He s going to have a real education! he gloated as they sat on the porch in spring twilight He ll learn all this literature and stuff We haven t done much ourselves—here we are stuck in this two-by twice crossroads for the rest of our lives—but maybe we ve gone a little beyond our dads and he *ll* go way beyond us

He was worried for all his flamboyance Leora had undue morning sickness Till noon she dragged about the house pea green and tousled and hollow faced He found a sort of maid and came home to help to wipe the dishes and sweep the front walk All evening he read to her not history now and Henry James but Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch which both of them esteemed a very fine tale He sat on the floor by the grubby second hand couch on which she lay in her weakness he held her hand and crowed

Golly we— No not golly Well what *can* you say excep golly ? Anyway Some day we ll save up enough money fo a couple months in Italy and all those places All those old narrow s reets and old castles! There must be scads of em that are couple hundred years old or older! And we ll take the boy Even if he turns out to be a girl darn him! And he ll learn to chatter Wop and French and everything like a regular nat ve, and his dad and mother ll be so proud! Oh we ll be a fierce pair of old birds! We never did have any more morals n a rabb t either of us and probably when we re seventy we *ll* sit out on the doorstep and smoke pipes and snicker at all the respe table people going by and tell each other scandalous stories about em till they want to take a shot at us and our boy—h ll wear a plug hat and have a chauffeur—he won t dare to recognize us!

Trained now to the false cheerfulness of the doctor he shouted,

when she was racked and ghastly with the indignity of morning sickness There thats fine old girl! Wouldnt be making a good baby if you werent sick Everybody is He was lying and he was nervous Whenever he thought of her dying he seemed to die with her Barren of her companionship there would be nothing he wanted to do nowhere to go What would be the worth of having all the world if he could not show it to her if she was not there—

He denounced Nature for her way of tricking human beings by every gay device of moonlight and white limbs and reaching loneliness into having babies then making birth as cruel and clumsy and wasteful as she could He was abrupt and jerky with patients who called him into the country With their suffering he was sympathetic as he had never been for his eyes had opened to the terrible beauty of pain but he must not go far from Leoras need

Her morning sickness turned into pernicious vomiting Suddenly while she was torn and inhuman with agony he sent for Dr Hesselink and that horrible afternoon when the prairie spring was exuberant outside the windows of the poor iodoform reeking room they took the baby from her dead

Had it been possible he might have understood Hesselinks success then have noted that gravity and charm that pity and sureness which made people entrust their lives to him Not cold and blaming was Hesselink now but an older and wiser brother very compassionate Martin saw nothing He was not a physician He was a terrified boy less useful to Hesselink than the dullest nurse.

When he was certain that Leora would recover Martin sat by her bed, coaxing Well just have to make up our minds we never can have a baby now and so I want— Oh Im no good! And Ive got a rotten temper But to you, I want to be everything!

She whispered scarce to be heard

He would have been such a sweet baby Oh I know! I saw him so often Because I knew he was going to be like you when you were a baby She tried to laugh Perhaps I wanted him because I could boss him. Ive never had anybody that could let me boss him. So if I cant have a real baby Ill have to bring

you up Make you a great man that everybody will wonder at like your Sondelius Darling I worried so about your worrying—

He kissed her and for hours they sat together unspeaking eternally understanding in the prairie twilight.

# CHAPTER XVII

DR. COUGHLIN of Leopolis had a red mustache a large heartiness and a Maxwell which though it was three years old this May and deplorable as to varnish he believed to be the superior in speed and beauty of any motor in Dakota

He came home in high cheerfulness, rode the youngest of his three children pickaback and remarked to his wife

Tessie I got a swell idea

Yes and you got a swell breath too I wish you d quit testing that old Spirits Frumentus bottle at the drug store!

At a girl! But honest listen!

I will not! She bussed him heartily Nothing doing about driving to Los Angeles this summer Too far with all the brats squalling

Sure All right But I mean Let s pack up and light out and spend a week touring round the state Say tomo row or next day Got nothing to keep me now except that obstetrical case, and we ll hand that over to Winter

All right. We can try out the new thermos bottles!

Dr Coughlin his lady and the children started at four in the morning The car was at first too well arranged to be interest ing but after three days as he approached you on the flat road that without an inch of curving was slashed for leagues through the grassy young wheat you sa v the doctor in his khaki suit his horn rimmed spectacles and white linen boating hat his wife in a green flannel blouse and a lace boudo r cap The rest of the car was slightly confused While you motored by you noticed a canvas Egyptian Water Bottle, mud on wheels and fenders a spade two older child en leaning perilously out and making tongues at you the baby s d apers hanging on a line

across the tonneau a torn copy of *Snappy Stories* seven lolly pop sticks a jack a fish rod and a rolled tent.

Your last impression was of two large pennants labeled Le opolis N D and Excuse Our Dust

The Coughlins had agreeable adventures Once they were stuck in a mud hole To the shrieking admiration of the family the doctor got them out by making a bridge of fence rails Once the ignition ceased and while they awaited a garageman summoned by telephone they viewed a dairy farm with an electrical milking machine *All the way they were broadened by travel*, and discovered the wonders of the great world the movie theater at Roundup which had for orchestra not only a hand played piano but also a violin the black fox farm at Melody and the Severance water tower which was said to be the tallest in Central North Dakota

Dr Coughlin dropped in to pass the time of day as he said with all the doctors At St Luke he had an intimate friend in Dr Tromp— at least they had met twice at the annual meetings of the Pony River Valley Medical Association When he told Tromp how bad they had found the hotels Tromp looked uneasy and conscientious and sighed If the wife could fix it up somehow I d like to invite you all to stay with us tonight.

Oh don t want to impose on you Sure it wouldn t be any trouble? said Coughlin

After Mrs Tromp had recovered from her desire to call her husband aside and make unheard but vigorous observations and after the oldest Tromp boy had learned that it wasn t nice for a little gentleman to kick his wee guests that came from so far far away they were all very happy Mrs Coughlin and *Mrs Tromp bewailed the cost of laundry soap* and butter and exchanged recipes for pickled peaches, while the men sitting on the edge of the porch their knees crossed eloquently waving their cigars gave themselves up to the ecstasy of shop talk

Say Doctor how do you find collections?

(It was Coughlin speaking—or it might have been Tromp)

Well they re pretty good These Germans pay up first rate. Never send em a bill but when they ve harvested they come in and say How much do I owe you Doctor?

Yuh the Germans are pretty good pay

"Yump they certainly are. Not many dead beats among the Germans

Yes that s a fact. Say tell me, Doctor what do you do with your jaundice cases?

Well, I ll tell you Doctor if it s a persistent case I usually give ammonium chlorid

Do you? I ve been giving ammonium chlorid but here the other day I see a communication in the *Journal of the A.M.A* where a fellow was claiming it wasn t any good

Is that a fact! Well well! I didn t see that Hum Well Say Doctor do you find you can do much with asthma?

Well now Doctor just in confidence I m going to tell you something that may strike you as funny but I believe that foxes lungs are fine for asthma and T.B too I told that to a Sioux City pulmonary specialist one time and he laughed at me—said it wasn t scient fic—and I said to him Hell! I said scientific! I said I don t know if it s the latest fad and wrinkle in science or not I said but I get results and that s what I m looking for s results! I said I tell you a plug G.P may not have a lot of letters after his name but he sees a slew of mysterious things that he can t explain and I swear I belie e most of these damn alleged scientists could learn a whale of a lot from the plain country practitioners let me tell you!

Yuh that s a fact Personally I d rather stay right here in the country and be able to do a little hunting and take it easy than be the classiest specialist in the cities One time I kind of figured on becoming an X ray specialist—place in New Yo k where you can take the whole course in eight weeks—and maybe settling in Butte or Sioux Falls but I figured that even if I got to mak ing eight ten thousand a year twouldn t hardly mean more than three thousand does here and so— And a fellow has to consider his duty to his old patients

Thats so Say Doctor say what sort of fellow is Mc Minturn down your way?

Well I don t l ke to knock any fellow practitioner and I suppose he s well intentioned but just between you and me he does too confounded much guesswork Now you take you and me v e apply *science* to a case, instead of taking a chance and just relying on expe ence and going off half-cocked But Mc-Minturn he doesn t know enough. And *say* that wife of his,

she s a caution—she s got the meanest tongue in four counties and the way she chases around drumming up business for Mac—Well I suppose thats their way of doing business

Is old Winter keeping going

"Oh yes in a sort of way You know how he is Of course he s about twenty years behind the times but he s a great hand holder—keep some fool woman in bed six weeks longer than he needs to and call around twice a day and chin with her—absolutely unnecessary

I suppose you get your biggest competition from Silzer Doctor?

Don t you believe it, Doctor! He isn t beginning to do the practice he lets on to Trouble with Silzer is, he s too brash—shoots off his mouth too much—likes to hear himself talk Oh say by the way have you run into this new fellow—will been located here about two years now—at Wheatsylvania—Arrowsmith?

No but they say he s a good bright young fellow

Yes they claim he s a brainy man—very well informed—and I hear his wife is a nice brainy little woman

I hear Arrowsmith hits it up too much though—likes his booze awful well.

Yes so they say Shame for a nice hustling young fellow I like a nip myself now and then but a Drinking Man—! Suppose he s drunk and gets called out on a case! And a fellow from down there was telling me Arrowsmith is great on books and study but he s a freethinker—never goes to church

Is that a fact! Hm Great mistake for any doctor to not identify himself with some good solid religious denomination whether he believes the stuff or not I tell you a priest or a preacher can send you an awful lot of business"

You bet he can! Well this fellow said Arrowsmith was always arguing with the preachers—he told some Reverend that everybody ought to read this immunologist Max Gottlieb and this Jacques Loeb—you know—the fellow that well, I don t recall just exactly what it was but he claimed he could create living fishes out of chemicals

Sure! There you got it! Thats the kind of delusions these laboratory fellows get unless they have some practical practice

to keep em well balanced Well, if Arrowsmith falls for that kind of fellow no wonder people don t trust him

That s so Hm. Well it s too bad Arrowsmith goes drinking and helling around and neglecting his family and his patients I can see his finish Shame Well—wonder what time o night it s getting to be?

II

Bert Tozer wailed Mart what you been doing to Dr Coughlin of Leopolis? Fellow told me he was going around saying you were a booze hoister and so on

Did he? People do sort of keep an eye on one another around here, don t they?

You bet your life they do and that s why I tell you you ought to cut out the poker and the booze You don t see *me* needing any liquor do you?

Martin more desperately than ever felt the whole county watching him. He was not a praise-eater he was not proud that he should feel misplaced but however sturd ly he struggled he saw himself outside the picture of Wheatsylvania and trudging years of country practice

Suddenly without planning it forgetting in his admiration for Sondelius and the health war his pride of the laboratory he was thrown into a research problem

III

There was blackleg among the cattle in Crynssen County The state veterinarian had been called and Dawson Hunziker vaccine had been injected but the disease spread Martin heard the farmers wailing He noted that the injected cattle showed no inflammation nor rise in temperature He was roused by a suspicion that the Hunziker vaccine had insuffic ent living organisms and he went yelping on the trail of his hypothesis

He obtained (by misrepresentations) a supply of the vaccine and tested it in his stuffy closet of a laboratory He had to work out his own dev ce for growing anaerob c cultures but he had been trained by the Gottlieb who remarked Any man dat iss unable to build a filter out of toot p cks, f he has to would maybe better buy his results along with his fine equipment.

Out ot a la ge fruit jar and a soldered pipe Martin made his apparatus

When he was altogether sure that the vaccine did not contain living blackleg organisms he was much more delighted than if he had found that good Mr Dawson Hunziker was producing honest vaccine

With no excuse and less encouragement he isolated blackleg organisms from sick cattle and prepared an attenuated vaccine of his own It took much time He did not neglect his patients but certainly he failed to appear in the stores at the poker games Leora and he dined on a sandwich every evenin and hastened to the laboratory to heat the cultures in the improvised water bath an ancient and leaky oatmeal-cooker with an alcohol lamp The Martin who had been impatient of Hesselink was of endless patience as he watched his results He whistled and hummed and the hours from seven to midnight were a moment Leora frowning placidly the tip of her tongue at the corner of her mouth guarded the temperature like a good little watchdog

After three efforts with two absurd failures he had a vaccine which satisfied him and he injected a stricken herd The blackleg stopped which was for Martin the end and the reward, and he turned his notes and supply of vaccine over to the state veterinarian For others it was not the end The veterinarian of the county denounced him for intruding on their right to save or kill cattle the physicians hinted Thats the kind of monkey business that ruins the dignity of the profession I tell you Arrowsmiths a medical nihilist and a notoriety seeker thats what he is You mark my words instead of his sticking o decent regular practice youll be hearing of his openin a quack sanitarium one of these days!

He commented to Leora

Dignity hell! If I had my way I d be doing research—oh, n this cold detached stuff of Gottlieb but really practical work—and then I d have some fellow like Sondelius take my results and jam em down people s throats and I d make them and their cattle and their tabby-cats healthy whether they wanted to be or not thats what I d do!

In this mood he read in his Minneapolis pap r between a half column on the marriage of the light middleweight cham

pion and three lines devoted to the lynching of an I W W agi tator the announcement

*Gusta e Sundelios well known authority on cholera preven tion will give an address on Heroes of Health at the Univer sity summer school next Friday evening*

He ran into the house gloating Lee! Sondelius going to lecture in Minneapolis I m going! Come on! We ll hear him and have a bat and everything!

No you run down by yourself. Be fine for you to get away from the town and the family and me for a while I ll go down with you in the fall Honestly If I m not in the way maybe you can manage to have a good long talk with D Sondelius"

I at chance! The b g city physicians and the state health authorities will be standing around him ten deep But I m going

IV

The prairie was hot the wheat rattled in a weary breeze the day-coach was gritty with cinders Martin was cramped by the hours of slow riding He drowsed and smoked and meditated

I m going to forget medicine and everything else he vowed I ll go up and talk to somebody in the smoker and tell him I m a shoe salesman

He did Unfortunately his confidant happened to be a real shoe salesman with a large curiosity as to what firm Martin represented and he returned to the day coach with a renewed sense of injury When he reached Minneapolis, in mid afternoon, he hastened to the University and besought a ticket to the Sondelius lecture bef e he had even found a hotel though not before he had found the long glass of beer which he had been p cturing for a hundred miles

He had an informal but agreeable not on of spending h s first even ng of freedom in d ss p tion Somewhere he ould meet a company of worthies who would succor h m w ith lau hter an l talk and many drinks—not too many drink of course—and motor very rapidly to Lake Minn tonka for a moonlight s vim He began his earch for the brethr n by having a cockta l at a hotel bar and dinner in a Hennep n Avenue restaurant. Nobody

looked at him, nobody seemed to desire a companion He was lonely for Leora, and all his state of grace, all his earnest and simple hearted devotion to carousal degenerated into sleepiness

As he turned and turned in his hotel bed he lamented, And probably the Sondelius lecture will be rotten Probably he s simply another Roscoe Geake"

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In the hot night desultory students wandered up to the door of the lecture hall scanned the modest Sondelius po ter and ambled away Martin was half minded to desert with them and he went in sulkily The hall was a third full of summer students and teachers and men who might have been doctors or school principals He sat at the back fanning with his straw hat, disliking the man with side whiskers who shared the row with him disapproving of Gustaf Sondelius and as to himself having no good opinions whatever

Then the room was charged with vitality Down the central aisle ineffectively attended by a small fussy person thundered a man with a smile a broad brow and a strawpile of curly flaxen hair—a Newfoundland dog of a man Martin sat straight. He was strengthened to endure even the depressing man with side whiskers as Sondelius launched out, in a musical bellow with Swedish pronunciation and Swedish singsong

The medical profession can have but one desire to destroy the medical profession As for the laymen, they can be sure of but one thing nine-tenths of what they know about health is not so and with the other tenth they do nothing As Butler shows in Erewhon—the swine stole that idea from me too maybe thirty years before I ever got it—the only crime for w i h we should hang people is having toobercoolosis"

Umph! grunted the studious audience doubtful whether it was fitting to be amused offended bored or edified

Sondelius was a roarer and a playboy but he knew incantations With him Martin watched the heroes of yellow fever Reed Agramonte Carroll and Lazear with him he landed in a Mexican port stilled with the plague and famished beneath the virulent sun with him rode up the mountain trails to a hill town rotted with typhus with him in crawling August, when

babies were parched skeletons fought an ice trust beneath th gilt and blunted sword of the law

That s what I want to do! Not just tinker at a lot of worn out bodies but make a new world! Martin hungered Gosh I'd follow him through fire! And the way he lays out the crape hangers that criticize public health results! If I could only manage to meet him and talk to him for a couple o minutes—

He lingered after the lecture A dozen people surrounded Sondelius on the platform a few shook hands a few asked questions a doctor worried But how about the danger of free clinics and all those things drifting into socialism? Martin stood back till Sondelius had been deserted A janitor was closing the windows very firmly and suggestively Sondelius looked about, and Martin would have sworn that the Great Man was lonely He shook hands with him and quaked

Sir if you aren t due some place I wonder if you d like to come out and have a—a—

Sondelius loomed over him in solar radiance and rumbled Have a drink? Well, I th nk maybe I would. How did the joke about the dog and his fleas go tonight? Do you think they liked it?

Oh sure you bet.

The warrior who had been tell ng of feeding five thousand Tatars of receiving a degree from a Chinese university and refusing a decoration from quite a good Balkan king looked affectionately on his band of one d sciple and demanded Was it all right—was it? Did they l ke it? So hot tonigl t, and I been lecturing nine time a week—Des Moines Fort Dodge, LaCrosse Elgin Joliet [but he pronounced it Zho-lee ay] and—I forget Was it all right? Did they like it?

Simply corking! Oh, they just ate it up! Honestly I ve never enjoyed anything so much in my life!

The prophet crowed Come! I buy a drink. As a hygienist I war on alcohol In excessive quantities it is almost as bad as coffee or even ice cream soda But as one who is fond of talking I find a nice long whisky and soda a great solvent of human idiocy Is there a cool place with some P lsener here in Detroit—no where am I tonight?—Minneapolis?

I understand there s a good beer garden. And we can get the trolley right near here

Sondelius stared at him Oh I have a taxi waiting

Martin was abashed by this luxury In the taxi-cab he tried to think of the proper things to say to a celebrity

Tell me Doctor do they have city health boards in Europe?

Sondelius ignored him Did you see that girl going by? What ankles! What shoulders! Is it good beer at the beer garden? Have they any decent cognac? Do you know Courvoisier 1865 cognac? Oof! Lecturing! I swear I will give it up And wearing dress clothes a night like this! You know I mean all the crazy things I say in my lectures but let us now forget being earnest let us drink let us sing Der Graf von Luxemburg let us de tach exquisite girls from their escorts let us discuss the joys of Die Meistersinger which only I appreciate!

In the beer garden the tremendous Sondelius discoursed of the Cosmos Club Halle s investigation of infant mortality the suita bility of combining benedictine and apple jack Biarritz *Lord* Haldane the Doane Buckley method of milk examination George Gissing and *homard thermidor* Martin looked for a connection between Sondelius and himself as one does with the notorious or with people met abroad He might have said I think I met a man who knows you or I have had the pleasure of reading all your articles but he fished with Did you ever run into the two big men in my medical school—Win nemac—Dean Silva and Max Gottlieb?

*Silva? I don t remember But Gottlieb*—you know him? Oh! Sondelius waved his mighty arms The greatest! The spirit of science! I had the pleasure to talk with him at McGurk He would *not* sit here bawling like me! He makes me like a circus clown! He takes all my statements about epidemiology and shows me I am a fool! Ho ho ho! He beamed and was off on a denunciation of high tariff

Each topic had its suitable refreshment Sondelius was a fan tastic drinker and zinc lined He mixed Pilsener whisky black coffee and a liquid which the waiter asserted to be absinthe I should go to bed at midnight he lamented but it is a cardinal sin to interrupt good talk Yoost tempt me a little! I am an easy one to be tempted! But I must have five hours sleep Absolute! I lecture in—it s some place in Iowa—tomorrow evening Now that I am past fifty I cannot get along with three hours as I

used to and yet I have found so many new things that I want to talk about.

He was more eloquent than ever then he was annoyed A surly looking man at the next table listened and peered and laughed at them Sondelius dropped from Haffkine s cholera serum to an irate

If that fellow stares at me some more I am going over and kill him! I am a peaceful man now that I am not so young but I do not like starers I will go and argue with him I will yoost hit him a little!

While the waiters came rushing Sondelius charged the man threatened him with enormous fists then stopped shook hands repeatedly and brought him back to Martin

This is a born countryman of mine from Gottenborg He is a carpenter Sit down Nilsson sit down and have a drink Herumph! vai ter!

The carpenter was a socialist a Swed sh Seventh Day Ad ventist a ferocious arguer and fond of drinking aquavit He denounced Sondelius as an aristocrat he denounced Martin for his ignorance of economics he denounced the waiter concerning the brandy Sondelius and Martin and the waiter answered with vigor and the conversation became admirable Presently they were turned out of the beer garden and the three of them crowded into the still waiting taxicab which shook to their debating Where they went Martin could never trace He may have dreamed the whole tale Once they were apparently in a roadhouse on a long street vhich must have been University Avenue once in a saloon on Washington Avenue South where three tramps were sleeping at the end of the bar once in the carpenter s house where an unexplained man made coffee for them

Wherever they m ght be they were at the same time in Moscow and Curaçao and Mur villumbah The carpenter created communistic states while Sondel us p oclaim ng that he did not care whether he worked under social sm or an emperor so long as he could bully people into being v ell annihilated tuberculosis and by dawn had cancer fleeing

They parted at four tearfully s earing to meet aga n in M n nesota or Stockholm in Rio or on the southern seas and Martin

started for Wheatsylvania to put an end to all this nonsense of allowing people to be ill.

And the great god Sondelius had slain Dean Silva as Silva had slain Gottlieb Gottlieb had slain Encore Edwards the playful chemist Edwards had slain Doc Vickerson and Vickerson had slain the minister s son who had a real trapeze in his barn.

# CHAPTER XVIII

DR WOESTIJNE of Vanderheide s Grove acted in spare time as Superintendent of Health for Crynssen County but the office was not well paid and it did not greatly interest him When Martin burst in and offered to do all the work for half the pay Woestijne accepted with benevolence assuring him that it would have a great effect on his private practice

It did It almost ruined his private practice

There was never an official appo ntment Martin signed Woestijne s name (spelling it in various interesting ways, de pending on how he felt) to papers and the Board of County Commiss oners recognized Martin s limited power but the whole thing was probably illegal

There was small science and considerably less heroism in his first furies as a health officer but a great deal of irritation for his fellow townsmen He poked into yards, he denounced Mrs Beeson for her reeking ash barrels Mr Norblom for piling manu e on the street, and the schoolboard for the school ventila tion and lack of instruction in tooth brushing The citizens had formerly been agitated by his irrel g on h s moral looseness and his lack of local patriot sm but when they were prodded out of their comfortable and probably beneficial di t, they exploded

Martin was honest and appallingly earnest but if he had the innocence of the dove he lacked the w sd m of the serpent He did not make them understand his mi sion he scarce tried to make them unde stand H s authority as Woest jne s *alter ego* was impo ng on paper but feeble in action and it was worthless aga nst the stubbornness which he aroused

He advanced from garbage-spy ng to a drama of infection. The community at Delft h d a typho d epidemic which slack

ened and continually reappeared The villagers believed that it came from a tribe of squatters six miles up the creek and they considered lynching the offenders as a practical protest and an interesting break in wheat farming When Martin insisted that in six miles the creek would purify any waste and that the squatters were probably not the cause he was amply denounced

He s a fine one he is to go around blatting that we d ought to have more health precautions! Here we go and show him where there s some hellhounds that ought to be shot and them only Bohunks anyway and he doesn t do a darn thing but shoot a lot of hot air about germicidal effect or whatever the fool thing is remarked Kaes the wheat buyer at the Delft elevator

Flashing through the county not neglecting but certainly not enlarging his own practice Martin mapped every recent case of typhoid within five miles of Delft He looked into milk routes and grocery deliveries He discovered that most of the cases had appeared after the visits of an itinerant seamstress a spinster virtuous and almost painfully hygienic She had had typhoid four years before

She s a chronic carrier of the bugs She s got to be examined he announced

He found her sewing at the house of an old farmer preacher With modest indignation she refused to be examined and a he went away she could be heard weeping at the insult while the preacher cursed him from the doorstep He returned with the township police officer and had the seamstress arrested and confined in the segregation ward of the county poor farm In her discharges he found billions of typhoid bacilli

The frail and decent body was not comfortable in the board lined whitewashed ward She was shamed and frightened She had always been well beloved a gentle shabby bright-eyed spinster who brought presents to the babies helped the over worked farmwives to cook dinner and sang to the children in her thin sparrow voice Martin was reviled for persecuting her He wouldn t dare pick on her if she wasn t so poor they said and they talked of a jail-delivery

Martin fretted He called upon the seamstress at the poor farm he tried to make her understand that there was no other place for her he brought her magazines and sweets But he was firm She could not go free He was convinced that she had

caused at least one hundred cases of typhoid with nine deaths.

The county derided him. Cause typhoid now when she had been well for four years? The County Commissioners and the County Board of Health called Dr Hesselink in from the next county He agreed with Martin and his maps Every meeting of the Commissioners was a battle now and it was uncertain whether Martin would be ruined or throned

Leora saved him and the seamstress Why not take up a collection to send her off to some b g hospital where she can be treated, or where they can keep her if she can t be cured? said she

The seamstress entered a sanitarium—and was amiably for gotten by everybody for the rest of her life—and his recent enemies said of Martin, He s mighty smart and right on the job Hesselink drove over to inform him You did pretty well this time Arrowsmith Glad to see you re settling down to business

Mart n was slightly cocky and immediately bounded after a fine new epidemic. He was so fortunate as to have a case of small pox and several which he suspected Some of these lay across the border in Mencken County Hesselink s doma n and Hesselink laughed at him. It s probably all chicken pox except your one case Mighty rarely you get small pox in summer he chuckled while Martin raged up and down the two counties proclaiming the scourge imploring everyone to be vaccinated thundering There s going to be all hell let loose here in ten or fifteen days!

But the United B ethren parson who served chapels n Wheat sylvania and two other villages was an anti vaccination st and he preached against it The villages sided with him Ma tin went from house to house beseeching them offering to treat them w thout charge As he had never taught them to love him and follow him as a leader they quest oned they a gued long and easily on doorsteps they cackled that he was drunk Though for weeks his strong st draft had been the acrid coffee of the coun trys de, they peeped one to another that he was drunk every night that tl e United Breth en minister was about to expose him f om the pulp t

And ten dreadful days went by and fifteen and all but the

first case did prove to be chicken pox Hesselink gloated and the village roared and Martin was the butt of the land.

He had only a little resented their gossip about his wicked ness only in evenings of slow depression had he meditated upon fleeing from them but at their laughter he was black furious

Leora comforted him with cool hands It ll pass over she said But it did not pass

By autumn it had become such a burlesque epic as peasants love through all the world He had they mirthfully related declared that anybody who kept hogs would die of small pox he had been drunk for a week and diagnosed everything from gall stones to heart burn as small pox They greeted him with no meaning of offense in their snickering Got a pimple on my chin Doc What is t—small pox?

More terrible than their rage is the people s laughter and if it rends tyrants with equal zest it pursues the saint and wise man and befouls their treasure

When the neighborhood suddenly achieved a real epid mic of diphtheria and Martin shakily preached antitoxin one half of them remembered his failure to save Mary Novak and the other half clamored Oh give us a rest! You got epidemics on the brain! That a number of children quite adequately died did not make them relinquish their comic epic

Then it was that Martin came home to Leora and said quietly I m licked I ve got to get out. Nothing more I can do here Take years before they d trust me again They re so damned *humorous!* I m going to go get a real job—public health

I m so glad! You re too good for them here We ll find some big place where they ll appreciate your work

No that s not fair I ve learned a little something I ve failed here I ve antagonized too many people I didn t know how to handle them We could stick it out and I would except that life is short and I think I m a good worker in some ways Been worrying about being a coward about running away turning my— What is it? —turning my hand from the plow I don t care now! By God I know what I can do! Gottlieb saw it! And I want to get to work On we go All right?

Of course!

II

He had read in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that Gustaf Sondelius was giving a series of lectures at Harvard He wrote asking whether he knew of a public health appointment Sondelius answered in a profane and blotty scrawl that he remembered with joy their Minneapolis vacation that he disagreed with Entwisle of Harvard about the nature of metathrombin that there was an excellent Italian restaurant in Boston and that he would inquire among his health-official friends as to a position

Two days later he wrote that Dr Almus Pickerbaugh Director of Public Health in the city of Nautilus Iowa was looking for a second-in-command and would probably be willing to send particulars

Leora and Martin swooped on an almanac.

Gosh! Sixty nine thousand people in Nautilus! Against three hundred and sixty six here—no wait its three hundred and sixty seven now with that new baby of Pete Yeska s that the dirty swine called in Hesselink for People! People that can talk! Theaters! Maybe concerts! Leora we ll be like a pair of kids let loose from school!

He telegraphed for details to the enormous interest of the station agent who was also telegraph operator

The mimeographed form which was sent to him said that Dr Pickerbaugh required an assistant who would be the only full time medical officer besides Pickerbaugh himself, as the clinic and school doctors were private physicians working part time The assistant would be epidemiologist bacteriologist, and manager of the office clerks the nurses and the lay inspectors of dairies and sanitation The salary would be twenty five hundred dollars a year—against the fifteen or sixteen hundred Martin was making in Wheatsylvania

Proper recommendations were desired

Martin wrote to Sondelius, to Dad Silva and to Max Gottlieb now at the McGurk Institute in New York

Dr Pickerbaugh informed him I have received very pleasant letters from Dean Silva and Dr Sondelius about you but the letter from Dr Gottlieb is quite remarkable He says you have

rare gifts as a laboratory man I take great pleasure in offering you the appointment kindly wire

Not till then did Martin completely realize that he was leaving Wheatsylvania—the tedium of Bert Tozer s nagging—the spying of Pete Yeska and the Norbloms—the inevitability of turning as so many unchanging times he had turned south from the Leopolis road at the Two Mile Grove and following again that weary flat unbending trail—the superiority of Dr Hesselink and the malice of Dr Coughlin—the round which left him no time for his dusty laboratory—leaving it all for the achievement and splendor of the great city of Nautilus

Leora we re going! We re really going!

III

Bert Tozer said

*You know by golly there s folks that would call you a traitor* after all we ve done for you even if you did pay back the thousand to let some other doc come in here and get all that influence away from the Family

Ada Quist said

I guess if you ain t any too popular with the folks around here you ll have one fine time in a big city like Nautilus! Well Bert and me are going to get married next year and when you two swells make a failure of it I suppose we ll have to take care of you at our house when you come sneaking back do you think we could get your house at the same rent you paid for it oh Bert why couldn t we take Mart s office instead it would save money well I ve always said since we were in school together you couldn t stand a decent regular life Ory

Mr Tozer said

I simply can t understand it with everything going so nice Why you d be making three four thousand a year some day if you just stuck to it Haven t we tried to treat you nice? I don t like to have my little girl go away and leave me alone now I m getting on in years And Bert gets so cranky with me and Mother but you and Ory would always kind of listen to us Can t you fix it somehow so you could stay?

Pete Yeska said

Doc, you could of knocked me down with a feather when

I heard you were going! Course you and me have scrapped about this drug business but Lord! I been kind of half thinking about coming around some time and offering you a partnership and let you run the drug end to suit yourself and we could get the Buick agency maybe and work up a nice little business I m real sorry you re going to leave us Well come back some day and we ll take a shot at the ducks and have a good laugh about that bull you made over the small pox I never will forget that! I was saying to the old woman just the other day when she had an ear ache Ain t got small pox have yuh Bess!

Dr Hesselink said

Doctor what s this I hear? You re not going away? Why you and I were just beginning to bring medical practice in this neck of the woods up to where it ought to be so I drove over tonight— Huh? We panned you? Ye-es I suppose we did but that doesn t mean we didn t appreciate you Small place like here or Groningen you have to roast your neighbors to keep busy Why Doctor I ve been watching you develop from an unlicked cub to a real upstanding physician and now you re going away—you don t know how I feel!

Henry Novak said

Why Doc you ain t going to *l ave* us? And we got a new baby coming and I said to the woman just the other day It s a good thing we got a doctor that hands you out the truth and not all this guff we used to get from Doc Winter

The wheat buyer at Delft said

Doc what s this I hear? You ain t go ng *away?* A fellow told me you was and I says to him Don t be more of a damn fool than the Lord meant you to be I says But I got to worry ing about it and I drove over and— Doc, I fire off my mouth pretty easy I guess I was agin you in the typho d epidem c, when you said that seamstress was carrying the s ckness around and then you showed me up good Doc if you d l ke to be state senator and if you'll stay—I got qu te a l ttle influence—believe me I ll get out and work my shirt off for you!

Alec Ingleblad said

You re a lucky guy!

All the village was at the train when they left for Nautilus

For a hundred autumn blazing m les Martin mou ned his neighbors I feel l ke getting off and going back D dn t we

used to have fun playing Five Hundred with the Fraziers! I hate to think of the kind of doctor they may get I swear if some quack settles there or if Woestijne neglects the health work again I ll go back and run em both out of business! And be kind of fun to be state senator some ways

But as evening thickened and nothing in all the rushing world existed save the yellow Pintsch gas globes above them in the long car they saw ahead of them great Nautilus high honor and achievement the making of a radiant model city and the praise of Sondelius—perhaps even of Max Gottlieb

# CHAPTER XIX

MIDMOST of the black soiled Iowa plain, watered only by a shallow and insignificant creek the city of Nautilus bakes and rattles and glistens For hundreds of miles the tall corn springs in a jungle of undeviating rows and the stranger who sweatily trudges the corn walled roads is lost and nervous with the sense of merciless growth

Nautilus is to Zenith what Zenith is to Chicago

With seventy thousand people, it is a smaller Zenith but no less brisk There is one large hotel to compare with the dozen in Zenith but that one is as busy and standardized and frenziedly modern as its owner can make it The only authentic difference between Nautilus and Zenith is that in both cases all the streets look alike but in Nautilus they do not look alike for so many miles

The difficulty in defining its quality is that no one has determined whether it s a very large village or a very small city There are houses with chauffeurs and Bacardi cocktails but on August evenings all save a few score burghers sit n their shirt sleeves on front porches Across from the ten story office bu lding in which a little magaz ne of the New Prose is published by a young woman who for five months lived in the cafes of Montparnasse, is an old frame mans on comfortable with maples and a line of Fords and lumber wagons in which the overalled farmers have come to town

Iowa has the richest land the lowest illiteracy rate, the largest percentages of nat ve-born whites and motor-car owners and the most moral and forward looking cities of all the States and Nautilus is the most Iowan city in Iowa One out of e ery three persons above the age of sixty has spent a winter in Cal fornia and among them are the champion horseshoe p tcher of Pasa

dena and the woman who presented the turkey which Miss Mary Pickford the cinema princess enjoyed at her Christmas dinner in 1912

Nautilus is distinguished by large houses with large lawns and by an astounding quantity of garages and lofty church spires The fat fields run up to the edge of the city and the scattered factories the innumerable railroad side tracks and the scraggly cottages for workmen are almost amid the corn Nautilus manufactures steel windmills, agricultural implements including the celebrated Daisy Manure Spreader and such corn-products as Maize Mealies the renowned breakfast food It makes brick it sells groceries wholesale, and it is the headquarters of the Corn belt Co-operative Insurance Company

One of its smallest but oldest industries is Mugford Christian College, which has two hundred and seventeen students and sixteen instructors of whom eleven are ministers of the Church of Christ The well known Dr Tom Bissex is football coach health director and professor of hygiene, chemistry physics French and German Its shorthand and piano departments are known far beyond the limits of Nautilus and once though that was some years ago Mugford held the Grinnell College baseball team down to a score of eleven to five It has never been disgraced by squabbles over teaching evolutionary biology—it never has thought of teaching biology at all

II

Martin left Leora at the Sims House, the old fashioned second best hotel in Nautilus to report to Dr Pickerbaugh Director of the Department of Public Health.

The department was on an alley in a semi basement at the back of that large graystone fungus the City Hall When he ntered the drab reception-office he was highly received by the stenographer and the two visiting nurses Into the midst of their flutterings— Did you have a good trip Doctor? Dr Pickerbaugh didn t hardly expect you till tomorrow Doctor Is Mrs Arrowsmith with you Doctor? —charged Pickerbaugh thundering welcomes

Dr Almus Pickerbaugh was forty-eight. He was a graduate of Mugford College and of the Wassau Medical School He

looked somewhat like President Roosevelt with the same squareness and the same bristly mustache and he cultivated the resemblance He was a man who never merely talked he either bubbled or made orations

He received Martin with four 'Well s which he gave after the manner of a college cheer he showed him through the Department led him into the Director s private office gave him a cigar and burst the dam of manly silence

Doctor I m delighted to have a man with your scientific inclinations Not that I should consider myself entirely without them In fact I make it a regular practice to set aside a period for scientific research without a certain amount of which even the most ardent crusade for health methods would scarcely make much headway

It sounded like the beginning of a long seminar Martin settled in his chair He was doubtful about his cigar but he found that it helped him to look more interested

But with me, I admit it s a matter of temperament I have often hoped that without any desire whatever for mere personal aggrandizement the powers above may yet grant me the genius to become at once the Roosevelt and the Longfellow of the great and universally growing movement for public health measures is your cigar too mild Doctor? or perhaps it would be better to say the Kipling of public health rather than the Longfellow because despite the beautiful passages and high moral atmosphere of the Sage of Cambridge his poetry lacked the swing and punch of Kipling

I assume you agree with me, or you will when you have had an opportunity to see the effect our work has on the city and the success we have in selling the idea of Better Health that what the wo ld needs s a really inspired, courageous, overto e ing leader—say a Billy Sunday of the movement—a man ho would know how to use sensationalism properly and wake the people out of their sloth. Sometimes the pape s, and I can only say they flatter me when they compare me with Billy Sunday the greatest of all evangel sts and Christian preache s—sometimes they claim that I'm too sensational Huh! If they only could unde stand it trouble is I can t be sensational enough! Still I try I try and— Look here Here s a placard it was painted by my daugl ter Orchid and the poetry is my own

humble effort and let me tell you it gets quoted around every where

*You cant get health*
*By a pussyfoot stealth*
*So lets every health booster*
*Crow just like a rooster*

Then theres another—this is a minor thing it doesnt try to drive home general abstract principles but itd surprise you the effect its had on careless housewives who of course dont mean to neglect the health of their little ones and merely need instruction and a little pep put into them and when they see a card like this it makes em think

*Boil the milk bottles or by gum*
*You better buy your ticket to Kingdom Come*

Ive gotten quite a ot of appreciation in my small way for some of these things that didnt hardly take me five minutes to dash off Some day when you get time glance over this volume of clippings—just to show you Doctor what you can do if you go at the Movement in the up to-date and scientific manner This one about the temperance meeting I addressed in Des Moines—say I had that hall and it was jam pack full, lifting right up on their feet when I proved by statistics that ninety three per cent of all insanity is caused by booze! Then this—well it hasnt anything to do with health directly but itll just indicate the opportunity youll have here to get in touch with all the movements for civic weal

He held out a newspaper clipping in which above a pen nd ink caricature portraying him with large mustached head on a tiny body was the headline

DOC PICKERBAUGH BANNER BOOSTER
OF EVANGELINE COUNTY LEADS BIG
GO-TO-CHURCH DEMONSTRATION HERE

Pickerbaugh looked it over reflecting That was a dandy meeting! We increased church attendance here seventeen per cent! Oh Doctor you went to Winnemac and had your internship in Zenith didnt you? Well, this might interest you then

Its from the *Zenith Advocate Times* and its by Chum Frink, who I think you ll agree with me ranks with Eddie Gu st and Walt Mason as the greatest as they certainly are the most popular of all our poets showing that you can bank every time on the literary taste of the American Public Dear old Chum! That was when I was in Zenith to address the national convention of Congregational Sunday schools I happen to be a Congregationalist myself on The Morality of A 1 Health So Chum wrote this poem about me

*Zenith welcomes with high hurraw*
*A friend in Almus Pickerbaugh*
*The two fisted fightin poet doc*
*Who stands for health like Gib altar s rock*
*He s jammed with figgers and facts and fun*
*The plucky old lucky old son—of—a—gun!*

For a moment the exuberant Dr Pickerbaugh was shy

Maybe its kind of immodest in me to show that around. And when I read a poem with such originality and swing when I find a genu ine vest pocket masterpiece like this then I realize that I m not a poet at all no matter how much my jingles may serve to jazz up the Cause of Health My brain-children may teach sanitation and do their little part to save thousands of dear lives but they aren t literature like what Chum Frink turns out No I guess I m nothing but just a plain scientist in an office

Still you ll readily see how one of these efforts of mine just by having a good laugh and a punch and some melody in it, does gild the p ll and make careless folks stop spitting on the sidewalks and get out into God s great outdoors and get their lungs packed full of ozone and lead a real hairy-chested he life In fact you might care to look over the first number of a little semi yearly magazine I m just starting—I know for a fact that a number of ne vspaper ed tors are going to quote from it and so carry on the good work as well as boost my circulation

He handed to Martin a pamphlet entitled *Pickerbaugh Pickings*

In verse and aphorism *Pickings* recommended good health good roads, good business and the single standard of morality Dr Pickerbaugh b cked up his injunctions w th statistics as impressive as those the Reverend Ira Hinkley had once used at

Digamma Pi Martin was edified by an item which showed that among all families divorced in Ontario Tennessee and Southern Wyoming in 1912 the appalling number of fifty three per cent of the husbands drank at least one glass of whisky daily

Before this warning had sunk in Pickerbaugh snatched *Pickings* from him with a boyish Oh you won t want to read any more of my rot You can look it over some future time But this second volume of my clippings may perhaps interest you just as a hint of what a fellow can do

While he considered the headlines in the scrapbook Martin realized that Dr Pickerbaugh was vastly better known than he had realized He was exposed as the founder of the first Rotary Club in Iowa superintendent of the Jonathan Edwards Congregational Sunday School of Nautilus president of the Moccasin Ski and Hiking Club of the West Side Bowling Club and the 1912 Bull Moose and Roosevelt Club organizer and cheer leader of a Joint Picnic of the Woodmen Moose Elks Masons Odd Fellows Turnverein Knights of Columbus B nai B rith and the Y.M C A and winner of the prizes both for reciting the largest number of Biblical texts and for dancing the best Irish jig at the Harvest Moon Soiree of the Jonathan Edwards Bible Class for the Grown ups

Martin read of him as addressing the Century Club of Nautilus on A Yankee Doctor s Trip Through Old Europe and the Mugford College Alumni Association on Wanted A Man sized Football Coach for Old Mugford But outside of Nautilus as well there were loud alarums of his presence

He had spoken at the Toledo Chamber of Commerce Weekly Luncheon on More Health—More Bank Clearings He had edified the National Interurban Trolley Council meeting at Wichita on Health Maxims for Trolley Folks Seven thousand six hundred Detroit automobile mechanics had listened to his observations on Health First Safety Second and Booze Nowhere A tall And in a great convention at Waterloo he had helped organize the first regiment in Iowa of the Anti rum Minute Men

The articles and editorials regarding him in newspapers house organs and one rubber-goods periodical were accompanied by photographs of himself his buxom wife and his eight bounding daughters depicted in Canadian winter costumes among snow

and icicles in modest but easy athletic costumes playing tennis in the backyard and in costumes of no known genus whatever frying bacon against a background of Northern Minnesota pines

Martin felt strongly that he would like to get away and re cover

He walked back to the Sims House He realized that to a civilized man the fact that Pickerbaugh advocated any reform would be sufficient reason for ignoring it

When he had gone thus far Martin pulled himself up cursed himself for what he esteemed his old sin of superiority to decent normal people  Failure Disloyalty In medical school in private practice in his bullying health administration Now again?

He urged This pep and heartiness stuff of Pickerbaugh s is exactly the thing to get across to the majority of people the sci entific discoveries of the Max Gottliebs What do I care how much Pickerbaugh gases before conventions of Sunday School superintendents and other morons as long as he lets me alone and lets me do my work in the lab and dairy inspection?

He pumped up enthusiasm and came quite cheerfully and confidently into the shabby high-ceilinged hotel bedroom where Leora sat in a rocker by the window

Well? she said

It s fine—gave me fine welcome And they want us to come to dinner tomor ow evening

What s he like?

Oh he s awfully optimistic—he puts things over—he— Oh Leora am I go ng to be a sour cranky unpopular rotten failure again?

His head was buried in her lap and he clung to her affection the one reality in a world of chattering ghosts

III

When the maples fluttered beneath the r window in the breeze that sprang up with the beginn ng of tw l ght, when the am able citizens of Nautilus had d iven home to supper in their shaky Fords Leora had persuaded h m that Pickerbaugh s flamboyance would not interfere with his own work that in any case they would not remain in Nautilus forever that he was impatient

and that she loved him dearly So they descended to supper an old fashioned Iowa supper with corn fritters and many little dishes which were of interest after the loving but misinformed cooking of Leora and they went to the movies and held hands and were not ill content

The next day Dr Pickerbaugh was busier and less buovant. He gave Martin a notion of the details of his work

Martin had thought of himself freed from tinkering over cut fingers and ear aches as spending ecstatic days in the laboratory emerging only to battle with factory-owners who defied sanita tion But he found that it was impossible to define his work except that he was to do a little of everything that Pickerbaugh the press or any stray citizen of Nautilus might think of

He was to placate voluble voters who came in to complain of everything from the smell of sewer gas to the midnight beer parties of neighbors he was to dictate office correspondence to the touchy stenographer who was not a Working Girl but a Nice Girl Who Was Working to give publicity to the newspapers to buy paper clips and floor wax and report blanks at the lowest prices to assist in need the two part time physicians in the city clinic to direct the nurses and the two sanitary inspectors to scold the Garbage Removal Company to arrest—or at least to jaw at—all public spitters to leap into a Ford and rush out to tack placards on houses in which were infectious diseases to keep a learned implacable eye on epidemics from Vladivostok to Patagonia and to prevent (by methods not very clearly outlined) their coming in to slay the yeomanry and even halt the business activities of Nautilus

But there was a little laboratory work milk tests Wassermanns for private physicians the making of vaccines cultures in suspected diphtheria

I get it said Leora as they dressed for the dinner at Pickerbaugh s Your job will only take about twenty-eight hours a day and the rest of the time you re perfectly welcome to spend in research unless somebody interrupts you

IV

The home of Dr and Mrs Almus Pickerbaugh, on the steeple prickly West Side was a Real Old fashioned Home It was a

wooden house with towers swings hammocks rather mussy shade trees a rather mangy lawn a rather damp arbor and an old carriage house with a line of steel spikes along the ridge pole Over the front gate was the name UNEEDAREST

Martin and Leora came into a shambles of salutations and daughters The eight girls from pretty Orchid aged nineteen to the five year-old twins surged up in a tidal wave of friendly curiosity and tried to talk all at once

Their hostess was a plump woman with an air of worried trustfulness Her conviction that everything was all right was constantly struggling with her knowledge that a great many things seemed to be all wrong She kissed Leora while Pickerbaugh was pump handling Martin Pickerbaugh had a way of pressing his thumb into the back of your hand which was extraordinarily cordial and painful

He immediately drowned out even his daughters by an oration on the Home Nest

Here you ve got an illustration of Health in the Home Look at these great strapping girls Arrowsmith! Never been sick a day in their lives—practically—and though Mother does have her sick headaches that s to be attributed to the early neglect of her diet, because while her father the old deacon—and fine upstanding gentleman of the old school he was too if there ever was one, and a friend of Nathaniel Mugford to whom more than any other we owe not only the foundation of Mugford College but also the tradition of integrity and industry which have produced our present prosperity—BUT he had no knowledge of diet or sanitation and I ve always thought—

The daughters were introduced as Orchid Verbena, Daisy Jonquil Hibisca Narcissa and the twins Arbuta and Gladiola

Mrs Pickerbaugh sighed

I suppose it would be dreadfully conventional to call them My Jewels—I do so hate these conventional phrases that everybody uses, don t you?—but that s what they really are to their mother and the Doctor and I have sometimes wished— Of course when we d started giving them floral names we had to keep it up but if we d started with jewels just think of all the darling names we might have used like Agate and Cameo and Sardonyx and Beryl and Topaz and Opal and Esmeralda and Chrysoprase—it *is* Chrysoprase isn t it, not Chrysalis? Oh, well,

many people have congratulated us on their names as it is You know the girls are getting quite famous—their pictures in so many papers and we have a Pickerbaugh Ladies Baseball Team all our own—only the Doctor has to play on it now because I m beginning to get a little stout

Except by their ages it was impossible to tell the daughters apart They were all bouncing all blond all pretty all eager all musical and not merely pure but clamorously clean minded They all belonged to the Congregational Sunday School and to either the Y W C A or the Camp Fire Girls they were all fond of picknicking and they could all of them except the five year-old twins quote practically without error the newest statistics showing the evils of alcohol

In fact said Dr Pickerbaugh *we* think they re a very striking brood of chickabiddies

They certainly are! quivered Martin

But best of all they are able to help me put over the doctrine of the *Mens Sana* in the *Corpus Sano* Mrs Pickerbaugh and I have trained them to sing together both in the home and publicly and as an organization we call them the Healthette Octette

Really? said Leora when it was apparent that Martin had passed beyond speech

Yes and before I get through with it I hope to popularize the name Healthette from end to end of this old nation and you re going to see bands of happy young women going around spreading their winged message into every dark corner Healthette Bands! Beautiful and pure minded and enthusiastic and good basket ball players! I tell you *they ll* make the lazy and willful stir their stumps! They ll shame the filthy livers and filthy talkers into decency! I ve already worked out a poem slogan for the Healthette Bands Would you like to hear it?

*Winsome young womanhood wins with a smile*
*Boo ers spitters and gamblers from things that are vile*
*Our parents and teachers have explained the cause of life*
*So against the evil minded we ll also make strife*
*We ll shame them reclaim them from bad habits you bet!*
*Better watch out Mr Loafer I am a Healthette!*

But of course an even more important Cause is—and I was one of the first to advocate it—having a Secretary of Health and Eugenics in the cabinet at Washington—

On the tide of this dissertation they were swept through a stupendous dinner With a hearty Nonsense nonsense man of course you want a second helping—this is Hospitality Hall! Pickerbaugh so stuffed Martin and Leora with roast duck candied sweet potatoes and mince pie that they became danger ously ill and sat glassy-eyed But Pickerbaugh himself did not eem to be affected While he carved and gobbled he went on discoursing till the dining room with its old walnut buffet its Hoffmann p ctures of Christ and its Remington pictures of cowpunchers seemed to vanish leaving him on a platform be side a pitcher of ice water

Not always was he merely fantastic. Dr Arrowsmith I tell you we re lucky men to be able to get a living out of doing our honest best to make the people n a he town like th s well and vital I could be pulling down eight or ten thousand a year in private practice, and I ve been told I could make more than that in the art of advertising yet I m glad and my dear ones are glad with me to take a salary of four thousand Think of our having a job where we ve got noth ng to sell but honesty and decency and the brotherhood o man!

Martin perceived that Pickerbaugh meant it and the shame of the realization kept him from leap ng up seizing Leora and catching the first freight train out of Nautilus

After dinner the younger daughters desi ed to love Leora in swarms Martin had to take the twins on his knees and tell them a story They were remarkably heavy t vins but no heavier than the labor of inventing a plot Before they went to bed the entire Healthette Octette sang the famous Health Hymn (written by Dr Almus Pickerbaugh) which Martin was to hear on so many bright and active public occas ons in Nautilus It was set to the tune of The Battle Hymn of the Republic, but as the twins vo ces were energetic and extrao dinarily shr ll it had an effect all its own

*Oh a e you out for happiness or are you out for pelf?*
*You owe it to the grand old flag to cultivate yours lf*

*To train the mind keep clean the streets and ever guard your health*
*Then we ll all go marching on*

*A healthy mind in A clean body*
*A healthy mind in A clean body*
*A healthy mind in A clean body*
*The slogan for one and all*

As a bedtime farewell the twins then recited as they had recently recited at the Congregational Festival one of their father s minor lyrics

*What does little birdie say*
*On the sill at break o day?*
*Hurrah for health in Nautilus*
*For Pa and Ma and all of us*
*Hurray hurray hurray!*

There my popsywopsies up to bed we go! said Mrs Pickerbaugh Don t you think Mrs Arrowsmith they re natural born actresses? They re not afraid of any audience and the way they throw themselves into it—perhaps not Broadway but the more refined theaters in New York would just love them and maybe they ve been sent to us to elevate the drama Upsy go

During her absence the others gave a brief musical program

Verbena the second oldest played Chaminade ( Of course we all love music and popularize it among the neighbors but Verby is perhaps the only real musical genius in the family ) But the unexpected feature was Orchid s cornet solo

Martin dared not look at Leora It was not that he was sniffily superior to cornet solos for in Elk Mills Wheatsylvania and surprisingly large portions of Zenith cornet solos were done by the most virtuous females But he felt that he had been in a madhouse for dozens of years

I ve never been so drunk in my life I wish I could get at a drink and sober up he agonized He made hysterical and completely impractical plans for escape Then Mrs Pickerbaugh, returning from the still audible twins sat down at the harp

While she played a faded woman and thi kish, she fell into a great dreaming and suddenly Martin had a picture of her

as a gay good dove like maiden who had admired the energetic young medical student, Almus Pickerbaugh She must have been a veritable girl of the late eighties and the early nineties the naive and idyllic age of Howells when young men were pure when they played croquet and sang Swanee River a girl who sat on a front porch enchanted by the sweetness of lilacs and hoped that when Almus and she were married they would have a nickel plated baseburner stove and a son who would become a missionary or a millionaire

For the first time that evening Martin managed to put a respectable heartiness into his Enjoyed that s much He felt victorious and somewhat recovered from his weakness

But the evening s orgy was only begun

They played word games which Martin hated and Leora did very badly indeed They acted charades at which Pickerbaugh was tremendous The sight of him on the floor in his wife s fur coat, being a seal on an ice floe was incomparable Then Martin Orchid and Hibisca (aged twelve) had to present a charade, and there were complications

Orchid was as full of simple affections of smilings and pat tings and bouncings as her younger sisters but she was n neteen and not altogether a child Doubtless she was as pure m nded and as devoted to Clean and Wholesome Novels as Dr Picker baugh stated and he stated it with frequency but she was not unconscious of young men even though they were married

She planned to enact the word *doleful* with a beggar asking a dole and a corncrib full As they skipped upstairs to dress she hugged Martin s arm frisked beside him and murmured

Oh Doctor I m so glad Daddy has you for assistant—some body that s young and good look ng Oh was that dreadful of me? But I mean you look so athlet c and everything and the other assistant director—don t tell Daddy I said so but he was an old crank!

He was conscious of brown eyes and unshadowed virginal lips As Orchid put on her agreeably loose costume as a beggar he was also conscious of ankles and young bosom. She smiled at him as one who had long known him and said loyally

We'll show em! I know you re a dan-dy actor!

When they bustled downstairs as she did not take his arm,

*To train the mind keep clean the streets and ever guard your health*
*Then we ll all go marching on*

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he certainly knows less about epidemiology than I thought any one man could ever learn all by himself But when it comes to this—what was it Clif Clawson used to call it?—by the way wonder what s ever become of Clif haven t heard from him for a couple o years—when it comes to this overpowering Christian Domesticity— Oh let s hunt for a blind pig and sit around with the nice restful burglars

She insisted I thought his poems were kind of cute

Cute! What a word!

It s no worse than the cuss-words you re always using! But the cornet yowling by that awful oldest daughter— Ugh!

Well now she played darn well!

Martin the cornet is the kind of an instrument my brother would play And you so superior about the doctor s poetry and my saying cute! You re just as much a backwoods hick as I am and maybe more so!

Why gee Leora I never knew you to get sore about nothing before! And can t you understand how important— You see a man like Pickerbaugh makes all public health work simply ridiculous by his circusing and his ignorance If he said that fresh air was a good th ng instead of making me open my windows it d make me or any other reasonable person close em And to use the word science in those flop-earned limericks or whatever you call em—it s sacrilege!

Well if you want to *know* Martin Arrowsmith I ll have no more of these high j nks with that Orchid girl! Pract cally hugging her when you came downstairs and then mooning at her all evening! I don t mind your cu sing and being cranky and even getting drunk in a reasonable sort of way but ever since the lunch when you told me and that Fox woman I hope you girls won t mind but I just happen to remember that I m engaged to both of you — You re m ne and I won t have any trespassers I m a cavewoman and you d better learn it and as for that Orchid with her simper and her stroking your arm and her great big absurd feet— Orch d! She s no orchid! She s a bachelor s button!

But honest I don t even remember which of the eight she was

Huh! Then you ve been making love to all of em, that s

why Drat her! Well I m not going to go on scrapping about it. I just wanted to warn you that s all

At the hotel after giving up the attempt to find a short, jovial convincing way of promising that he would never flirt with Orchid he stammered If you don t mind I think I'll stay down and walk a little more I ve got to figure this health de partment business out

He sat in the Sims Hou e office—singularly dismal it was after midnight and singularly smelly

That fool Pickerbaugh! I wish I d told him right out that we know hardly anything about the epidemiology of tuberculosis for instance

Just the same she s a darling child Orchid! She s like an *orchid*—no she s too healthy Be a great kid to go hunting with Sweet And she acted as if I were her own age not an old doctor I ll be good oh I ll be good but— I d like to kiss her once *good!* She likes me Those darling lips like—*like ros buds!*

Poor Leora I nev was so astonished in my life Jealous Well she s got a right to be! No woman ever stood by a man like— Lee sweet can t you see idiot if I skipped round *the corner* with seventeen billion Orchids it d be you I loved and never anybody but you!

I can t go round singing Healthette Octette Pantalette s uff Even if it did instruct people which it don t Be almost better to let em die than have to live and listen to—

Leora said I was a backwoods hick Let me tell you young woman as it happens I am a Bachelor of Arts and you may recall the kind of books the backwoods hi k was reading to you last winter and even Henry James and everybody and— Oh she s right I am I do know how to make pipets and a ar but— And yet some day I want to travel like *Sondelius*—

Sondelius! God! If it were he I was working for *instead* of Pickerbaugh I d slave for him—

Or does he pull the bunk too?

Now that s just what I mean That kind of phrase Pull the bunk ! Horrible!

Hell! I ll use any *kind of phrase I want to! I m not one of* your social climbers like Angus The way *Sondelius cusses for* instance and yet he s used to *all those highbrows*—

And I ll be so busy here in Nautilus that I won t even be

able to go on reading Still— I don t suppose they read much, but there must be quite a few of these rich men here that know about nice houses Clothes Theaters That stuff

Rats!

He wandered to an all night lunch wagon where he gloomily drank coffee Beside him seated at the long shelf which served as table, beneath the noble red glass window with a portrait of George Washington was a policeman who as he gnawed a Hamburger sandwich demanded

Say ain t you this new doctor that s come to assist Pickerbaugh? Seen you at City Hall

Yes Say uh say how does the city like Pickerbaugh? How do you like him? Tell me honestly because I m just starting in and uh— You get me

With his spoon held inside the cup by a brawny thumb the policeman gulped his coffee and proclaimed while the greasy friendly cook of the lunch wagon nodded in agreement

Well if you want the straight dope he hollers a good deal but he s one awful brainy man He certainly can sling the Queen s English and jever hear one of his poems? They re darn bright I ll tell you There s some people say Pickerbaugh pulls the song and dance too much, but way I figure it, course maybe for you and me Doctor it d be all right if he just looked after the milk and the garbage and the kids teeth But there s a lot of careless ignorant foreign slobs that need to be jollied into using their konks about these health biznai so s they won t go getting sick with a lot of these infectious diseases and pass em on to the rest of us and believe me old Doc Pickerbaugh is the boy that gets the idea into their noodles!

Yes sir he s a great old coot—he ain t a clam like some of these docs Why say one day he showed up at the St Patrick picnic, even if he is a dirty Protestant, and him and Father Costello chummed up like two old cronies and darn if he didn t wrestle a fellow half his age and awful near throw him yes you bet he did he certainly give that young fellow a run for his money all right! We fellows on the Force all like him and we have to grin the way he comes around and soft so ps us into doing a lot of health work that by law we ain t hardly supposed to do you might say instead of issuing a lot of fool orders You bet. He s a real guy"

"I see," said Martin and as he returned to the hotel he meditated

But think of what Gottlieb would say about him

Damn Gottlieb! Damn everybody except Leora!

I'm not going to fail here, way I did in Wheatsylvania

Some day Pickerbaugh will get a bigger job— Huh! He's just the kind of jollying fourflusher that *would* climb! But anyway I'll have my training then and maybe I'll make a real health department here

Orchid said we'd go skating this winter—

*Damn* Orchid!

# CHAPTER XX

MARTIN found in Dr Pickerbaugh a generous chief. He was eager to have Martin invent and clamor about his own Causes and Movements H s scientific kno vledge was rather thinner than that of the v siting nurses but he had little jealousy and he demanded of Martin only the belief that a rapid and noisy moving from place to place is the means (and possibly the end) of Progress

In a two-fam ly house on Social Hill which is not a hill but a slight swelling in the plain, Martin and Leora found an upper floor There was a simple pleasantness in these continuous lawns these wide maple shaded streets and a joy in freedom from the peering whispers of Wheatsylvan a

Suddenly they were being courted by the Nice Society of Nautilus

A few days after their arrival Martin was summoned to the telephone to hear a masculine voice rasping

Hello Mart n? I bet you can t guess who this is!

Martin very busy restrained his desire to observe You wing by! and he buzzed with the cordiality suitable to a new Assistant Director

No I m afraid I can t

Well make a guess

Oh—Clif Clawson?

Nope. Say I see you re looking fine Oh, I guess I ve got you guessing th s time! Go on! Have another try!

The stenographer was waiting to take letters and Mart n had not yet learned to become impersonal and indifferent in her presence He said w th a pe ceptible tartness

Oh, I suppose it s President Wilson Look he e—"

Well Mart its Irve Watters! What do you know about that!

Apparently the jester expected large gratification but it took ten seconds for Martin to remember who Irving Watters might be Then he had it Watters the appalling normal medical student whose faith in the good the true the profitable had annoyed him at Digamma Pi *He made his response as hearty as* he could

Well well what you doing here Irve?

Why I m settled here Been here ever since internship And got a nice little practice too Look Mart Mrs Watters and I want you and your wife—I believe you are married aren t you? —to come up to the house for dinner tomorrow evening and I ll put you onto all the local slants

The dread of Watters s patronage enabled Martin to lie vigorously

Awfully sorry—awfully sorry—got a date for tomorrow evening and the next evening

Then come have lunch with me tomorrow at the Elks Club and you and your wife take dinner with us Sunday noon.

Hopelessly I don t think I can make it for lunch but— Well we ll dine with you Sunday

It is one of the major tragedies that nothing is more discomforting than the hearty affection of the Old Friends who never were friends Martin s imaginative dismay at being caught here by Watters was not lessened when Leora and he reluctantly appeared on Sunday at one thirty and were by a fury of Old Friendship dragged back into the days of Digamma Pi

Watters s house was new and furnished in a highly built in and leaded glass manner He had in three years of practice already become didactic and incredibly married he had put on weight and infallibility and he had learned many new things about which to be dull Having been graduated a year earlier than Martin and having married an almost rich wife he was kind and hospitable with an emphasis which aroused a desire to do homicide His conversation was a series of maxims and admonitions

If you stay with the Department of Public Health for couple of years and take care to meet the right people you'll

able to go into very lucrative practice here It s a fine town prosperous—so few dead beats

You want to join the country club and take up golf Best opportunity in the world to meet the substantial citizens I ve picked up more than one high-class patient there

Picke baugh is a good active man and a fine booster but he s got a bad socialistic tendency These clinics—outrageous—the people that go to them that can afford to pay! Pauperize people Now this may startle you—oh you had a lot of crank notions when you were in school but you aren t the only one that does some thinking for himself!—sometimes I believe it d be better for the general health situation if there weren t any public health departments at all because they get a lot of people into the habit of going to free clinics instead of to private physicians and cut down the earnings of the doctors and reduce their number so there are less of us to keep a watchful eve on sickness

I guess by this time you ve gotten over the funny ideas you used to have about being practical—commercialism you used to call it You can see now that you ve got to support your w fe and family and if you don t nobody else is going to

Any time you want a straight tip about people here you just come to me Pickerbaugh is a crank—he won t give you the right dope—the people you want to tie up with are the good sol d conservative successful business men

Then Mrs Watters had her turn She was meaty w th adv ce being the daughter of a prosperous person none other than Mr S A Peaseley the manufacturer of the Daisy Manure Spreader

You haven t any children? she sobbed at Leora Oh you must! Irving and I have two and you don t know what an interest they are to us and they keep us so young

Martin and Leora looked at each other pit fully

After dinner Irving insisted on their recalling the good times we used to have together at the dear old U He took no denial. You always want to make folks th nk you re eccentric, Mart. You p etend you haven t any college patr otism but I know better—I know you re show ing off—you admire the old place and our p ofs just as much as anybody Maybe I know you better than you do yourself! Come on now let s give a long cheer and sing Winnemac, Mother of Brawny Men

And Dont be silly of course youre going to sing said Mrs Watters as she marched to the piano with which she dealt in a firm manner

When they had politely labored through the fried chicken and brick ice cream through the maxims gurglings and memories Martin and Leora went forth and spoke in tongues

Pickerbaugh must be a saint, if Watters roasts him I begin to believe he has sense enough to come in when it rains

In their common misery they forgot that they had been agi tated by a girl named Orchid

II

Between Pickerbaugh and Irving Watters Martin was drafted into many of the associations clubs lodges and causes with which Nautilus foamed into the Chamber of Commerce the Moccasin Ski and Hiking Club the Elks Club the Odd Fellows and the Evangeline County Medical society He resisted but they said in a high hurt manner Why my boy if youre going to be a public official and if you have the slightest appreciation of their efforts to make you welcome here—

Leora and he found themselves with so many invitations tha they who had deplored the dullness of Wheatsylvania com plained now that they could have no quiet evenings at home. But they fell into the habit of social ease, of dressing of going places without nervous anticipation They modernized their rustic dancing they learned to play bridge, rather badly and tennis rather well and Martin not by virtue and heroism but merely by habit got out of the way of resenting the chirp of small talk

Probably they were never recognized by their hostesses as pirates but considered a Bright Young Couple who since they were proteges of Pickerbaugh must be earnest and forward looking and who since they were patronized by Irving and Mrs Watters must be respectable

Watters took them in hand and kept them there He had so thick a rind that it was impossible for him to understand tha Martins frequent refusals of his invitations could conceivably mean—that he did not wish to come He detected traces of heterodoxy in Martin and with affection diligence and an ex

traordinarily heavy humor he devoted himself to the work of salvation Frequently he sought to entertain other guests by urg ing Come on now Mart let s hear some of those crazy ideas of yours!

His fr endly zeal was drab compared with that of his wife Mrs Watters had been reared by her father and by her husband to bel eve that she was the final fruit of the ages and she set herself to correct the barbarism of the Arrowsm ths She rebuked Martin s damns Leora s smoking and both the r theories of bidding at bridge But she never nagged To have nagged would have been to admit that there were persons who did not ac knowledge her sovereignty She merely gave orders brief hu morous and introduced by a strident Now don t be silly and she expected that to settle the matter

Martin groaned Oh, Lord between Pickerbaugh and Irve it s easier to become a respectable member of society than to go on fighting

But Watters and Pickerbaugh were not so great a compulsion to respectability as the charms of find ng himself listened to in Nautilus as he never had been in Wheatsylvania and of finding h mself admired by Orchid

III

He had been seeking a precip tat on test for the diagnosis of syphil s which should be quicker and simpler than the Wasser mann His slackened fingers and rusty mind were becoming used to the laboratory and to pass onate hypotheses when he was dragged away to help P ckerbaugh in secur ng publicity He was coaxed into making his first speech an address on What the Laboratory Teaches about Ep dem cs for the Sunday Afternoon Free Lecture Course of the Star of Hope Universal st Church

He was flustered when he tried to prepare his notes and on the morning of the affair he was chill as he remembered the dreadful thi ig he would do this day but he was desperate w th embarrassment when he came up to the Star of Hope Church

People were crowd ng in mature respons ble people He quaked They e coming to hear *m* and I haven t got a darn thing to say to em! It made h m feel the more rid culous that

they who presumably wished to listen to him should not be aware of him and that the usher profusely shaking hands at the Byzantine portal should bluster *You ll find plenty room* right up the side aisles young man

I m the speaker for the afternoon

Oh oh yes oh yes Doctor Right round to the Bevis Street entrance if you please Doctor

In the parlors he was unctuously received by the pastor and a committee of three wearing morning clothes and a manner of Christian intellectuality

They held his hand in turn they brought up rustling women to meet him they stood about him in a polite and twittery circle and dismayingly they expected him to say something intelligent. Then suffering ghastly frightened dumb he was led through an arched doorway into the auditorium Millions of faces were staring at his apologetic insignificance—faces in the curving lines of pews faces in the low balcony eyes which followed him and doubted him and noted that his heels were run down

The agony grew while he was prayed over and sung over

The pastor and the lay chairman of the Lecture Course opened with suitable devotions While Martin trembled and tried to look brazenly at the massed people who were looking at him while he sat nude and exposed and unprotected on the high platform the pastor made announcement of the Thursday Missionary Supper and the Little Lads Marching Club They sang a brief cheerful hymn or two—Martin wondering whether to si or stand—and the chairman prayed that our friend who will address us today may have power to put his Message across Through the prayer Martin sat with his forehead in his hand, feeling foolish and raving I guess this is the proper attitude—they re all gawping at me—gosh won t he ever quit?—oh damn it, now what was that point I was going to make about fumiga tion?—oh Lord he s winding up and I ve got to shoot!

Somehow he was standing by the reading-desk holding it for support and his voice seemed to be going on producing reasonable words The blur of faces cleared and he saw indi viduals He picked out a keen old man and tried to make him laugh and marvel

He found Leora toward the back nodding to him, reassuring

him He dared to look away from the path of faces directly in front of him He glanced at the balcony—

The audience perceived a young man who was being earnest about sera and vaccines but while his voice buzzed on that churchly young man had noted two silken ankles distinguishing the front row of the balcony had discovered that they belonged to Orchid Pickerbaugh and that she was flashing down admiration

At the end Martin had the most enthusiastic applause ever known—all lecturers after all lectures are gratified by that kind of applause—and the chairman said the most flattering things ever uttered and the audience went out with the most remarkable speed ever witnessed and Martin discovered himself holding Orchid s hand in the parlors while she warbled in the most adorable voice ever heard Oh Dr Arrowsmith you were just wonderful! Most of these lecturers are old stuffs but you put it right over! I m going to do a dash home and tell Dad He ll be so tickled!

Not till then did he find that Leora had made her way to the parlors and was looking at them like a wife

As they walked home Leora was eloquently silent

'Well did you like my sp el? he said after a suitable time of indignant waiting

Yes it wasn t bad It must have been awfully hard to talk to all those stupid people

Stupid? What d you mean by stupid? They got me splendidly They were fine

Were they? Well anyway thank Heaven you won t have to keep up this silly gassing Pickerbaugh likes to hear himself talk too well to let you in on it very often

I didn t mind it Fact don t know but what it s a good thing to have to express myself publicly now and then Makes you think more lucidly

As for instance the nice, lovely lucid politicians!

Now you look here Lee! Of course we know your husband is a mutt, and no good outside the laboratory but I do think you might *pretend* to be a little enthusiastic over the first address he s ever made—the very first he s ev-er tackled—when it went off so well

Why silly I was enthusiastic. I applauded a lot. I thought

you were terribly smart It s just— There s other things I think you can do better What shall we do tonight have a cold snack at home or go to the cafeteria?

Thus was he reduced from hero to husband and he had all the pleasures of inappreciation

He thought about his indignities the whole week but with the coming of winter there was a fever of dully sprightly dinners and safely wild bridge and their first evening at home their *first opportunity for secure and comfortable quarreling* was on Friday They sat down to what he announced as getting back to some real reading like physiology and a little of this fellow Arnold Bennett—nice quiet reading but which consisted of catching up on the news notes in the medical journals

He was restless He threw down his magazine He demanded

What re you going to wear at Pickerbaugh s snow picnic tomorrow?

Oh, I haven t— I ll find something

Lee I want to ask you Why the devil did you say I talked too much at Dr Strafford s last evening? I know I ve got most *of the faults going* but I *didn t know talking too much* was one of em

It hasn t been till now

Till now!

*You look here* Sandy Arrowsmith! You ve been pouting *like* a bad brat all week What s the matter with you?

Well I— Gosh it makes me tired! Here everybody is so enthusiastic about my Star of Hope spiel—that note in the *Morning Frontiersman* and Pickerbaugh says Orchid *said it* was a corker—and you never so much as peep!

Didn t I applaud? But— It s just that I hope you aren t going to keep up this drooling

You do do you! Well, let me tell you I *am going to* keep it up! Not that I m going to talk a lot of hot air I gave em straight science last Sunday and they ate it up I hadn t realized it isn t necess'ry to be mushy *to hold an audience* And the amount of good you can do! Why I got across *more* Health Instruction and ideas about the value of the lab in *that three* quarters of an hour than— I *don t care for* being a big gun but it s fine to have people where they *have to lis en to* what you ve got to say and can t butt in way they did in Wheatsylvania

You bet I m going to keep up what you so politely call my damn fool drooling—

Sandy it may be all right for some people but not for you I can t tell you—that s one reason why I haven t said more about your talk—I can t tell you how astonished I am to hear you, who re always sneering at what you call sentimentality simply weeping over the Dear Little Tots!

I never said that—never used the phrase and you know it. And by God! *You* talk about sneering! Just let me tell you that the Public Health Movement, by correcting early faults in children by looking after their eyes and tonsils and so on can save millions of lives and make a future generation—

I know it! I love children much more than you do! But I mean all this ridiculous simpering—

Well gosh somebody has to do it You can t work with people till you educate em There s where old Pick even if he is an imbecile does such good work with his poems and all that stuff Prob ly be a good thing if I could write em—golly won der if I couldn t learn to?

They re horrible!

Now there s a fine consistency for you! The other evening you called em cute

I don t have to be consistent I m a mere woman. You, Martin Arrowsmith you d be the first to tell me so And for Dr Pickerbaugh they re all right but not for you You belong in a laboratory finding out things not advert sing them Do you remember once in Wheatsylvania for five m nutes you almost thought of joining a church and being a Respectable Citizen? Are you going on for the rest of your life stumbling into respectability and ha ing to be dug out again? Will you never learn you re a barbarian?

By God I am! And—what was that other lovely thing you called me?—I m also soul of my soul a damn backwoods hick! And a fine lot you help! When I want to settle down to a decent and useful life and not go round antagonizing people, you the one that ought to believe in me you re the first one to crab!

Maybe Orchid P ckerbaugh would help you better

Sh p obably would! Believe me she s a darling and she did appreciate my spiel at the church, and if you think I m going

*to sit up all night listening to you sneering at my work and my friends— I m going to have a hot bath Good night!*

In the bath he gasped that it was impossible he should have been quarreling with Leora Why! She was the only person in the world besides Gottlieb and Sondelius and Clif Clawson— by the way where was Clif? still in New York? didn t Clif owe him a letter? but anyway— He was a fool to have lost his temper even if she was so stubborn that she wouldn t adjust her opinions couldn t see that he had a gift for influencing people Nobody would ever stand by him as she had and he loved her—

He dried himself violently he dashed in with repentances they told each other that they were the most *reasonable persons* living they kissed with eloquence and then Leora reflected

Just the same, my lad I m not going to help you *fool your* self You re not a booster You re a lie hunter Funny you d think to hear about these lie hunters like Professor Gottlieb and your old Voltaire they couldn t be fooled But maybe they were like you always trying to get away from the *tiresome* truth always hoping to settle down and be rich always selling their souls to the devil and then going and doublecrossing the poor devil I think—I think— She sat up in bed holding her temples in the labor of articulation You re different from *Professor* Gottlieb *He never makes mistakes or wastes time on—*

He wasted time at Hunziker s nostrum factory all night, and his title is Doctor not Professor if you *must* give *him a*—

If he went to Hunziker s he had some good *reason He* genius he couldn t be wrong Or could he, even *he? But an way* you Sandy you have to stumble every so often have learn by making mistakes I will say one thing *you learn fro* your crazy mistakes But I get a little tired sometimes *watchu* you rush up and put your neck in every noose—like *be ng* blinking orator or yearning over your Orchid

Well by golly! After I come in here trying to make peac It s a good thing *you* never make any mistakes! *But one perfe* person in a household is enough!

He banged into bed Silence Soft *sounds of Mart—Sandy!* He ignored her proud that he could be hard with her and s fell asleep At breakfast when he was ashamed and eager sh was curt.

*I don t care to discuss it, she said*

In that wry mood they went on Saturday afternoon to the Pickerbaughs snow picnic.

IV

Dr Pickerbaugh owned a small log cabin in a scanty grove of oaks among the hillocks north of Nautilus A dozen of them drove out in a bob-sled filled with straw and blue woolly robes The sleigh bells were exciting and the children leaped out to run beside the sled

The school physician a bachelor was attentive to Leora twice he tucked her in, and that for Nautilus was almost compromising In jealousy Martin turned openly and completely to Orchid.

He grew interested in her not for the sake of disciplining Leora but for her own rosy sweetness She was wearing a tweed jacket with a tam a flamboyant scarf and the first breeches any girl had dared to display in Nautilus She patted Martin s knee and when they rode behind the sled on a perilous toboggan she held his waist resolutely

She was calling him Dr Martin now and he had come to a warm Orchid

At the cabin there was a clamor of disembarkation Together Martin and Orchid carried in the hamper of food together they slid down the hillocks on skiis When their skiis were entangled they rolled into a drift and as she clung to him unafraid and unembarrassed it seemed to him that in the roughness of tweeds she was but the softer and more wonderful—eyes fearless cheeks brilliant as she brushed the coating of wet snow from them, flying legs of a slim boy shoulders adorable in their pretense of sturdy boyishness—

But I m a sentimental fool! Leora was right! he snarled at himself I thought you had some originality! And poor little Orchid—she d be shocked if she knew how sneak minded you are!

But poor little Orchid was coax ng Come on Dr Martin let s shoot off that high bluff We re the only ones that have any pep

That s because we re the only young ones.

It s because you re so young I m dreadfully old I just sit and moon when you rave about your epidemics and things.

He saw that with her infernal school physician Leora was sliding on a distant slope It may have been pique and it may have been relief that he was licensed to be alone with Orchid but he ceased to speak to her as though she were a child and he a person laden with wisdom ceased to speak to her as though he were looking over his shoulder They raced to the high bluff They skied down it and fell they had one glorious swooping slide and wrestled in the snow

They returned to the cabin together to find the others away She stripped off her wet sweater and patted her soft blouse. They ferreted out a thermos of hot coffee and he looked at her as though he was going to kiss her and she looked back at him as though she did not mind As they laid out the food they hummed with the intimacy of understanding and when she trilled Now hurry up lazy one and put those cups on that horrid old table it was as one who was content to be with him forever

They said nothing compromising they did not hold hands and as they rode home in the electric snow flying darkness, though they sat shoulder by shoulder he did not put his arms about her except when the bob-sled slewed on sharp corners If Martin was exalted with excitement, it was presumably caused by the wholesome exercises of the day Nothing happened and nobody looked uneasy At parting all their farewells were cheery and helpful

And Leora made no comments though for a day or two there was about her a chill air which the busy Martin did not investigate

# CHAPTER XXI

NAUTILUS was one of the first communities in the country to develop the Weeks habit now so richly grown that we have Correspondence School Week Christian Science Week Osteopathy Week and Georgia Pine Week

A Week is not merely a week

If an aggressive wide awake live wire and go-ahead church or chamber of commerce or charity desires to improve itself which means to get more money t calls in those few energetic spirits who run any city and proclaims a Week This consists of one month of committee meetings a hundred columns of praise for the organization in the publ c prints and finally a day or two on which athletic persons flatter inappreciative audi ences n churches or cinema theaters and the prettiest girls in town have the pleasure of being allowed to talk to male strangers on the street corners ap opos of giving them extremely undecorative tags in exchange for the smallest sums which those stran ge s think they must pay if they are to be considered gentlemen.

The only va iation s the Weeks in which the object is not to acquire money immediately by the sale of tags but by general advertising to get more of it later

Nautilus had held a Pep Week dur ng wh ch a race of rap dly talking men formerly book agents but now called Efficiency Engineers, went about giving advice to shopkeepers on how to g t money away from one another more rap dly and Dr Almus Picke baugh addressed a prayer meeting on The Pep of St. Paul the Fi st Booster It had held a Gladhand Week when everybody was supposed to speak to at least three strangers da ly to the end that infur ated elderly traveling salesmen were back slapped all day long by hearty and powerful unknown persons.

There had also been an Old Home Week a Write to Mother Week a We Want Your Factory in Nautilus Week an Eat More Corn Week a Go to Church Week a Salvation Army Week, and an Own Your Own Auto Week

Perhaps the bonniest of all was Y Week to raise eighty thousand dollars for a new Y M C.A building

On the old building were electric signs changed daily announcing You Must Come Across Young Man Come Along and Your Money Creates Appiness Dr Pickerbaugh made nineteen addresses in three days comparing the Y M C A to the Crusaders the Apostles and the expeditions of Dr Cook—who he believed really had discovered the North Pole Orchid sold three hundred and nineteen Y tags seven of them to the same man who afterward made improper remarks to her She was rescued by a Y M C.A secretary who for a considerable time held her hand to calm her

No organization could rival Almus Pickerbaugh in the invention of Weeks

He started in January with a Better Babies Week and a very good Week it was but so hotly followed by Banish the Booze Week Tougher Teeth Week and Stop the Spitter Week that people who lacked his vigor were heard groaning My health is being ruined by all this fretting over health

During Clean up Week Pickerbaugh spread abroad a new lyric of his own composition

*Germs come by stealth*
*And ruin health*
*So listen pard*
*Just drop a card*
*To some man who ll clean up your y rd*
*And that will hit the old germs hard*

Swat the Fly Week brought him besides the joy of giving prizes to the children who had slaughtered the most fl es the inspiration for two verses Posters admonished

*Sell your hammer and buy a horn*
*But hang onto the old fly swatter*
*If you don t want disease sneaking into the Home*
*Then to kill the fly you gotter!*

It chanced that the Fraternal Order of Eagles were holding a state convention at Burlington that week and Pickerbaugh telegraphed to them

*Just mention fly pre ention*
*At the good old Eagles convention*

This was quoted in ninety six newspapers including one in Alaska, and waving the clippings Pickerbaugh explained to Martin Now you see the way a fellow can get the truth across if he goes at it right

Three Cigars a Day Week which Pickerbaugh invented in midsummer was not altogether successful partly because an injudicious humorist on a local newspaper wanted to know whether Dr Pickerbaugh really expected all babes in arms to smoke as many as three cigars a day and partly because the cigar manufacturers came around to the Department of Health with strong remarks about Common Sense Nor was there thor ough satisfaction in Can the Cat and Doctor the Dog Week

With all his Weeks Pickerbaugh had time to preside ove the Program Committee of the State Convention of Health Officers and Agencies

It was he who wrote the circular letter sent to all members

*Brother Males and Shemales*

*A e you coming to the Health Bee? It will be the l test Hop to it th t this busy l l ole planet has ever see And it s going to be P act cal We ll kiss out on all these glittering generalit es ana get messages f om men as kin talk so u e can lug a think or two (2) home u id us*

*Luther Botts the famous community sing leader will be there to put Wim an Wigor neverything into the program John F Zeisser M A M D nall the rest of the alphabet (part your hair Jack and look cute the ladies sure lo e you) will unl mber a coupla key notes (On your tootsies fellers thar she blows!) F om t me to time if the brakes hold we will or shall in the infi itive h e oursellufs from u herein we a e at to th ther and grab a lunch with W ld W ttles*

*Do t so nd like a good show? It do! Barber you re next Let s h ve those cards saying you're coming*

This created much enthusiasm and merriment. Dr Feesons of Clinton wrote to Pickerbaugh

*I figure it was largely due to your snappy come-on letter that we pulled such an attendance and with all modesty I think we may say it was the best health convention ever held in the world I had to laugh at one old hen Bostonian or somepun who was howling that your letter was undignified! Can you beat it! I think people as hypercritical and lacking in humor as her should be treated with the dignified contempt they deserve the damn fool!*

II

Martin was enthusiastic during Better Babies Week. Leora and he weighed babies examined them made out diet charts and in each child saw the baby they could never have But when it came to More Babies Week then he was argumentative He believed he said in birth control Pickerbaugh answered with theology violence and the example of his own eight beauties

Martin was equally unconvinced by Anti Tuberculosis Week. He liked his windows open at night and he disliked men who spat tobacco juice on sidewalks but he was jarred by hearing these certainly esthetic and possibly hygienic reforms proposed with holy frenzy and bogus statistics

Any questioning of his fluent figures about tuberculosis any hint that the cause of decline in the disease may have been natural growth of immunity and not the crusades against spitting and stale air Pickerbaugh regarded as a criticism of his honesty in making such crusades He had the personal touchiness of most propagandists he believed that because he was sincere therefore his opinions must always be correct To demand that he be accurate in his statements to quote Raymond Pearl's dictum *As a matter of objective scientific fact, extremely little is known about why the mortality from tuberculosis has declined* —this was to be a scoundrel who really liked to befoul the pavements

Martin was so alienated that he took an anti social and probably vicious joy in discovering that though the death rate in tuberculosis certainly had decreased during Pickerbaugh's administration in Nautilus, it had decreased at the same rate in most

villages of the district with no speeches about spitting no Open Your Windows parades

It was fortunate for Martin that Pickerbaugh did not expect him to take much share in his publicity campaigns but rather to be his substitute in the office during them. They stirred in Martin the most furious and complicated thoughts that had ever afflicted him.

Whenever he hinted criticism Pickerbaugh answered What if my statistics aren t always exact? What if my advertising my jollying of the public, does strike some folks as vulgar? It all does good it s all on the right side No matter what methods we use if we can get people to have more fresh air and cleaner yards and less alcohol we re justified

To himself, a little surprised Martin put it, 'Yes does it really matter? Does truth matter—clean cold unfriendly truth Max Gottlieb s truth? Everybody says Oh you mustn t tamper with the truth and everybody is furious if you hint that they themselves are tampering with it. Does anything matter except making love and sleeping and eating and being flattered?

I think truth does matter to me but if it does isn t the desire for scientific precision simply my hobby like another man s excitement about his golf? Anyway I m going to stick by Pickerbaugh

To the defense of his chief he was the more impelled by the attitude of Irving Watters and such other physicians as attacked Pickerbaugh because they feared that he really would be successful and reduce their earnings But all the while Martin was weary of unchecked statistics

He estimated that according to Pickerbaugh s figures on bad teeth careless motoring tuberculosis and seven other afflictions alone every person in the city had a one hundred and eighty per cent chance of dying before the age of sixteen and he could not startle with much alarm when Pickerbaugh shouted Do you realize that the number of people who died from yaws in Pickens County Mississippi last year alone, was twenty nine and that they might all have been saved yes, sir *saved* by a daily cold shower?

For Pickerbaugh had the dreadful habit of cold showers even in winter though he might have known that nineteen

men between the ages of seventeen and forty two died of co u showers in twenty two years in Milwaukee alone

To Pickerbaugh the exi tence of variables a word which Martin now used as irritatingly as once he had used control was without significance That health might be determined by temperature heredity profession soil natural immunity or br nything save health department campaigns for increased wash ng and morality was to him inconceivable.

Variables! Huh! Pickerbaugh snorted. Why every enlight ened man in the public service *knows* enough about the causes of disease—*matter now of acting on that knowledge*

When Martin sought to show that they certainly knew very little about the superiority of fresh air to warmth in schools about the hygienic dangers of dirty streets about the real danger of alcohol about the value of face masks in influenza epidemics, about most of the things they tub-thumped in their campaigns Pickerbaugh merely became angry and Martin wanted to resign *and saw Irving Watters again and returned to* Pickerbaugh with new zeal and was in general as agitated and wretched as a young revolutionist discovering the smugness of his leaders

He came to question what Pickerbaugh called the proven practical value of his campaigns as much as the accuracy of Pickerbaugh s biology He noted how bored were most of the newspapermen by being galvanized into a new sa ing of the world once a fortnight and how incomparably bored was the Man in the Street when the nineteenth pretty girl in twenty davs had surged up demanding that l e buy a tag to support an association of which he had never heard.

But more dismaying was the slimy trail of the *dollar which* he beheld in Pickerbaugh s most ardent eloquence

When Martin suggested that all milk should be pasteurized, that certain tenements known to be tuberculosis-breeders should be burnt down instead of being fumigated in a fiddling useless way *when* he hinted that these attacks would save more lives than ten thousand sermons and *ten years of parades* by little *girls carrying banners and being* soaked by the rain then Pick erbaugh worried *No no* Martin don t think we could *do* that. Get so much opposition from the *dairymen* and the landlords. Can t accomplish anything *in this* work unless you keep from offending people

When Pickerbaugh addressed a church or the home circle h spoke of the value of health in making life more joyful, bu, when he addressed a business luncheon he changed it to the value in good round dollars and cents of having workmen who are healthy and sober and therefore able to work faster at the same wages Parents associations he enlightened upon the sav ing in doctors bills of treating the child before maladjustments go too far but to physicians he gave assurance that public health agitation would merely make the custom of going regu larly to doctors more popular

To Martin he spoke of Pasteur George Washington, Victor Vaughan and Edison as his masters but in asking the business men of Nautilus—the Rotary Club the Chamber of Commerce, the association of wholesalers—for their divine approval of more funds for his department he made it clear that they were his masters and lords of all the land and fatly behind cigars they accepted their kinghood

Gradually Martin s contemplation moved beyond Almus Pick erbaugh to all leaders of armies or empires of universities or churches and he saw that most of them were Pickerbaughs He preached to himself as Max Gottlieb had once preached to him, the loyalty of dissent the faith of being very doubtful the gospel of not bawling gospels the wisdom of admitting the probable ignorance of one s self and of everybody else and the energetic acceleration of a Movement for going very slow

III

A hundred interruptions took Martin out of his laboratory He was summoned into the reception room of the department to explain to angry citizens why the garage next door to them should smell of gasoline he went back to his cubbyhole to dic tate letters to school principals about dental clinics he drove out to Swede Hollow to see what attention the food and dairy in spector had given to the slaughter houses he ordered a family in Shantytown quarantined and escaped at last into the labora tory

It was well lighted convenient, well stocked. Martin had little time for anything but cultures blood tests, and Wassermanns for the private phys cians of the city but the work rested him,

and now and then he struggled over a precipitation test which was going to replace Wassermanns and make him famous

Pickerbaugh apparently believed that this research would take six weeks Martin had hoped to do it in two years and with the present interruptions it would require two hundred by which time the Pickerbaughs would have eradicated syphilis and made the te t useless

To Martin s duties was added the entertainment of Leora in the strange city of Nautilus

Do you manage to keep busy all day? he encouraged her and Any place you d like to go this evening?

She looked at him suspiciously She was as easily and automatically contented by herself as a pussy cat and he had never before worried about her amusement

IV

The Pickerbaugh daughters were always popping into Martin s laboratory The twins broke test tubes and made doll tents out of filter paper Orchid lettered the special posters for her father s Weeks and the laboratory she said was the quietest place in which to work While Martin stood at his bench he was conscious of her humming at a table in the corner They talked tremendously and he listened with fatuous enthusiasm to opinions which had Leora produced them he would have greeted with That s a damn silly remark!"

He held a clear claret red tube of hemolyzed blood up to the light thinking half of its color and half of Orchid s ankles as she bent over the table absurdly patient with her paint brushes curling her legs in a fantastic knot

Abruptly he asked her Look here honey Suppose you— suppose a kid like you were to fall in love with a married man What d you think she ought to do? Be nice to him? Or chuck him?

Oh she ought to chuck him No matter how much she suffered Even if she liked him terribly Because even if she liked him she oughtn t to wrong his wife

But suppose the wife never knew or maybe didn t care? He had stopped his pretense of working he was standing before her arms akimbo dark eyes demanding

Well if she didn t know— But it isn t that I believe mar riages really and truly are made in Heaven don t you? Some day Prince Charming will come the perfect lover— She was so young her lips were so young so very sweet! —and of course I want to keep myself for him. It would spoil everything if I made light of love before my Hero came

But her smile was caressing

He pictured them thrown together in a lonely camp He saw her parroted moralities forgotten. He went through a change as definite as religious conversion or the coming of insane frenzy in war the change from shamed reluctance to be unfaithful to his wife to a determination to take what he could get He began to resent Leora s demand that she who had eternally h s deepest love should also demand his every wandering fancy And she did demand it She rarely spoke of Orchid but she could tell (or nervously he thought she could tell) when he had spent an afternoon with the child Her mute examination of him made him feel illicit He who had never been unctuous was profuse and hearty as he urged her Been home all day? Well we ll just skip out after dinner and take in a movie Or shall we call up somebody and go see em? Whatever you d like.

He heard his voice being flowery and he hated it and knew that Leora was not cajoled Whenever he drifted into one of his meditations on the superiority of his brand of truth to Pick erbaugh s he snarled You re a fine bird to think about truth, you liar!

He paid in fact an enormous price for looking at Orchid s lips and no amount of anxiety about the price kept him from looking at them.

In early summer two months before the outbreak of the Great War in Europe, Leora went to Wheatsylvania for a fort night with her family Then she spoke

Sandy I m not going to ask you any questions when I come back but I hope you won t look as foolish as you ve been loo' ing lately I don t think that bachelor s button that rag eed that lady idiot of yours is vorth our quarreling Sandy darling I do want you to be happy but unless I up and die on you some day I m not going to be hung up like an old cap I warn you.

Now about ice I ve left an order for a hundred pounds a week and if you want to get your own dinners sometimes—

When she had gone nothing immediately happened though a good deal was always about to happen Orchid had the flapper s curiosity as to what a man was likely to do but she was satisfied by exceedingly small thrills

Martin swore that morning of June that she was a fool and a flirt and he hadn t the slightest intention of going near her No! He would call on Irving Watters in the evening or read or have a walk with the school-clinic dentist

But at half past eight he was loitering toward her house

If the elder Pickerbaughs were there— Martin could hear himself saying Thought I d just drop by Doctor and ask you what you thought about— Hang it! Thought about what? Pickerbaugh never thought about anything

On the low front steps he could see Orchid Leaning over her was a boy of twenty one Charley a clerk

Hello Father in? he cried with a carelessness on which he could but pride himself

I m terribly sorry he and Mama won t be back till eleven Won t you sit down and cool off a little?

Well— He did sit down firmly and tried to make youthful conversation while Charley produced sentiments suitable in Charley s opinion to the aged Dr Arrowsmith and Orchid made little purry interested sounds an art in which she w s very intelligent

Been uh, been seeing many of the baseball games? said Martin

Oh been getting in all I can said Charley How s things going at City Hall? Been nailing a lot of cases of small pox and winkulus pinkulus and all those fancy diseases?

Oh keep busy grunted old Dr Arrowsmith.

He could think of nothing else He listened while Charley and Orchid giggled cryptically about things which barred him out and mad him feel a hundred years old references to Mamie and Earl and a violent Yeh, that s all right but any time you see me dancing with her you just tell me about it will yuh! At the corner Verbena Pickerbaugh was yelping and observing, Now you quit! to persons unknown

Hell! It isn t worth it! I m going home Martin sighed but

at the moment Charley screamed Well ta, ta, be good gotta toddle along

He was left to Orchid and peace and a silence rather embar rassing

Its so nice to be with somebody that has brains and doesn t always try to flirt, like Charley said Orchid

He considered Splendid! She s going to be just a nice good girl And I ve come to my senses We ll jus have a little chat and I ll go home

She seemed to have moved nearer She whispered at him, I was so lonely especially with that horrid slangy boy till I heard your step on the walk I knew it the second I heard it

He patted her hand As his pats were becoming more ardent than might have been expected from the assistant and friend of her father she withdrew her hand clasped her knees and began to chatter

Always it had been so in the evenings when he had drifted to the porch and found her alone She was ten times more in calculable than the most complex woman He managed to feel guilty toward Leora without any of the reputed joys of being guilty

While she talked he tried to discover whether she had any brains whatever Apparently she did not have enough to attend a small Midwestern denominational college Verbena was going to college this autumn but Orchid, she explained thought she ought to stay home and help Mama take care of the chicka biddies

Meaning Martin reflected that she can t even pass the Mugford entrance exams! But his opinion of her intelligence was suddenly enlarged as she whimpered Poor little me prob'ly I ll always stay here in Nautilus while you—oh w th your knowledge and your fr ghtfully strong will power I know you re going to conquer the world!

Nonsense, I ll never conquer any world but I do hope to pull off a few good health measures Honestly Orchid honey do you think I have much will power?

The full moon was spacious now behind the maples The seedy P ckerbaugh domain was enchanted the tangled grass was a garden of roses, the ragged grape arbor a shrine to Diana, the old hammock turned to fr nged cloth of silver the bad

tempered and sputtering lawn sprinkler a fountain and over all the world was the proper witchery of moonstruck love The little city by day as noisy and busy as a pack of children was stilled and forgotten Rarely had Martin been inspired to perceive the magic of a perfect hour so absorbed was he ever in irascible pondering but now he was caught and lifted in rapture

He held Orchid s quiet hand—and was lonely for Leora

The belligerent Martin who had carried off Leora had not thought about romance because in his clumsy way he had been romantic The Martin who like a returned warrior scented and enfeebled yearned toward a girl in the moonlight now desirously lifted his face to romance and was altogether unromantic.

He felt the duty of making love He drew her close but when she sighed Oh *please don t* there was *in him no* ruthlessness and no conviction with which to go on He considered the moonlight again but also he considered being at the office early in the morning and he wondered if he could without detection slip out his watch and see what time it was He managed it He stooped to kiss her good night and somehow didn t quite kiss her and found himself walking home

As he went he was ruthless and convinced enough regarding himself He had never he raged however stumbling he might have been expected to find himself a little pilferer *of love a* peeping creeping area sneak and not even successful in his sneaking less successful than the soda-clerks who swanked nightly with the virgins under the maples He told himself that *Orchid was a young woman of no great wisdom a sigher and* drawer-out of her M s and O s but once he was in his lonely flat he longed for her thought of miraculous and completely idiotic ways of luring her here tonight and went to bed yearning Oh Orchid—

Perhaps he had paid too much attention to moonlight and soft summer for quite suddenly one day when Orchid came swarming all over the laboratory and perched *on the* bench with a whisk of stockings he stalked to her masterfully seized her wrists and kissed her as she deserved to be kissed

He immediately ceased to be masterful He was frightened He stared at her wanly She stared back shocked, eyes wide, lips uncertain

Oh! she profoundly said

Then, in a tone of immense interest and some satisfaction

Martin—oh—my dear—do you think you ought to have done that?"

He kissed her again She yielded and for a moment there was nothing in the universe neither he nor she neither laboratory nor fathers nor wives nor traditions but only the intensity of their being together

Suddenly she babbled I know there s lots of conventional people that would say we d done wrong and perhaps I d have thought so one time but— Oh I m terribly glad I m liberal! Of course I wouldn t hurt dear Leora or do anything *really* wrong for the world but isn t it wonderful that with so many bourgeois folks all around we can rise above them and realize the call that strength makes to strength and— But I ve simply *got* to be at the Y W C A. meeting There s a woman lawyer from New York that s going to tell us about the Modern Woman s Career

When she had gone Martin viewed himself as a successful lover I ve won her he gloated Probably never has gloating been so shakily and badly done

That evening when he was playing poker in his flat with Irving Watters the school-clinic dentist and a young doctor from the city clinic, the telephone bell summoned him to an excited but saccharine

This is Orchid Are you glad I called up?

Oh yes yes mighty glad you called up He tried to make it at once amorously joyful and impersonal enough to beguile the three coatless beer swizzling grinning doctors

Are you doing anything this evening Marty?"

Just uh couple fellows here for a little game cards

Oh! It was acute Oh then you— I was such a baby to call you up but Daddy is away and Verbena and everybody and it was such a lovely evening and I just thought— *Do* you think I m an awful little silly?

No—no—su e not.

I m so glad you don t I d hate it if I thought you thougnt I was just a silly to call you up You don t, do you?

No—no—course not. Look I ve got to—"

"I know I mustn t keep you But I just wanted you to tell me whether you thought I was a silly to—

No! Honest! Really!

*Three fidgety minutes later* deplorably aware of masculine snickers from behind him he escaped The poker players said all the things considered suitable in Nautilus Oh you little Don Jewen! and Can you beat it—his wife only gone for a week! and Who is she Doctor? Go on you tightwad bring her up here! and Say I know who it is it s that little milliner on Prairie Avenue

Next noon she telephoned from a drug store that she had lain awake all night, and on profound contemplation decided that they mustn t ever do that sort of thing again —and would he meet her at the corner of Crimmins Street and Missouri Avenue at eight so that they might talk it all over?

In the afternoon she telephoned and changed the tryst to half past eight

At five she called him up just to remind him—

*In the laboratory that day Martin transplanted cultures no* more He was too confusedly human to be a satisfactory experimenter too coldly thinking to be a satu factory sinful male and all the while he longed for the sure solace of Leora

I can go as far as I like with her tonight.

But she s a brainless man-chaser

All the better I m tired of being a punk philosopher

I wonder if these other lucky lovers that you read about in all this fiction and poetry feel as glum as I do?

I will *not* be middle aged and cautious and monogamic and moral! It s against my religion I demand the right to be free—

Hell! These free souls that have to slave at being free are just as bad as their Methodist dads I have enough sound n t ural immorality in me so I can afford to be moral I want to keep my brain clear for work I don t want it blurred by duti fully running around trying to kiss everybody I can

Orchid is too easy I hate to give up the right of being a happy sinner but my way was so straight, with just Leora and my work, and I m not going to mess it God help any man that likes his work and his wife! He s beaten from the beginning

He met Orchid at eight-thirty and the whole matter was un

kind He was equally distasteful of the gallant Martin of two days ago and the prosy cautious Martin of tonight He went home desolately ascetic, and longed for Orchid all the night.

A week later Leora returned from Wheatsylvania

He met her at the station

Its all right he said I feel a hundred and seven years old. I m a respectable moral young man and Lord how I d hate it if it wasn t for my precipitation test and you and— *Why* do you always lose your trunk check? I suppose I am a bad example for others giving up so easily No no darling can t you *see* that s the transportation check the conductor gave you!

# CHAPTER XXII

THIS summer Pickerbaugh had shouted and hand shaken his way through a brief Chautauqua tour in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas Martin realized that though he seemed in contrast to Gustaf Sondelius an unfortunately articulate and generous lout he was destined to be ten times better *known in America than Sondelius could ever be a thousand* times better known than Max Gottlieb

He was a correspondent of many of the nickel plated Great Men whose pictures and sonorous aphorisms appeared in the magazines the advertising men who wrote little books about Pep and Optimism the editor of the magazine which told clerks how to become Goethes and Stonewall Jacksons by studying correspondence-courses and never touching the manhood rotting beer and the cornfield sage who was equally an authority on finance, peace biology editing Peruvian ethnology and making oratory pay These intellectual rulers recognized Pickerbaugh as one of them they wrote quippish letters to him and when he *answered he signed himself Pick in red pencil*

The *Onward March Magazine* which specialized in biographies of Men Who Have Made Good had an account of Pickerbaugh among its sketches of the pastor who built his own beautiful Neo-Gothic church out of tin cans the lady who had in seven years kept 2 698 factory *girls from leading lives of shame* and the Oregon cobbler who had taught himself to read Sanskrit Finnish and Esperanto

Meet Ol Doc Almus Pickerbaugh a he man whom Chum Frink has hailed as the two-fisted fighting poet doc, a scientist who puts his remarkable discoveries right over third base yet who as a reg lar old fashioned Sunday school superintendent, rebukes the atheistic so-called scientists that are menacing the

foundations of our religion and liberties by their smart aleck cracks at everything that is noble and improving" chanted the chronicler

Martin was reading this article trying to realize that it was actually exposed in a fabulous New York magazine with a million circulation when Pickerbaugh summoned him

Mart he said do you feel competent to run this Depart ment?

Why uh—

Do you think you can buck the Interests and keep a clean city all by yourself?

Why uh—

Because it looks as if I were going to Washington as th next congressman from this district!

Really?

Looks that way Boy I m going to take to the whole nation the Message I ve tried to ram home here!

Martin got out quite a good I congratulate you He was so astonished that it sounded fervent He still had a fragment of his boyhood bel ef that congressmen were persons of intelli gence and importance

I ve just been in conference with some of the leading Republicans of the district. Great surprise to me Ha ha ha! Maybe they picked me because they haven t anybody else to run this year Ha ha ha!

Martin also laughed Pickerbaugh looked as though that was not exactly the r ght response, but he recovered and caroled on

I said to them Gentlemen I must warn you that I am not sure I possess the rare qualifications needful in a man who shall have the high privilege of laying down at Washington the rules and regulations for the gu dance in every walk of life, of this great nation of a hundred million people. However gentlemen I said, the impulse that prompts me to consider in all modesty your unexpected and probably undeserved honor is the fact that it seems to me that what Congress needs is more forward look ng scientists to plan and more genu ne trained business men to execute the improvements demanded by our evol ing commonwealth and also the possib lity of persuading the Boys there at Washington of the pre-eminent and crying need of a Secretary of Health who shall completely control— "

But no matter what Martin thought about it the Republicans really did nominate Pickerbaugh for Congress

II

While Pickerbaugh went out campaigning Martin was in charge of the Department and he began his reign by getting himself denounced as a tyrant and a radical

There was no more sanitary and efficient dairy in Iowa than that of old Klopchuk on the outskirts of Nautilus It was tiled and drained and excellently lighted the milking machines were perfect the bottles were super boiled and Klopchuk welcomed inspectors and the tuberculin test He had fought the dairymen s union and kept his dairy open shop by paying more than the union scale Once when Martin attended a meeting of the Nautilus Central Labor Council as Pickerbaugh s representative the secretary of the council confessed that there was no plant which they would so like to unionize and which they were so unlikely to unionize as Klopchuk s Dairy

Now Martin s labor sympathies were small Like most laboratory men, he believed that the reason why workmen found less joy in sewing vests or in pulling a lever than he did in a long research was because they were an inferior race born lazy and wicked The complaint of the unions was the one thing to convince him that at last he had found perfection

Often he stopped at Klopchuk s merely for the satisfaction of it. He noted but one thing which disturbed him a milker had a persistent sore throat He examined the man made cultures and found hemolytic streptococcus In a panic he hurried back to the dairy and after cultures he discovered that there was streptococcus in the udders of three cows

When Pickerbaugh had saved the health of the nation through all the smaller towns in the congressional district and had returned to Nautilus Martin insisted on the quarantine of the infected milker and the closing of the Klopchuk Dairy till no more infection should be found

Nonsense! Why that s the cleanest place in the city Pickerbaugh scoffed. Why borrow trouble? There s no sign of an epidemic of strep

"There darn well will be! Three cows infected. Look at

whats happened in Boston and Baltimore, here recently I ve asked Klopchuk to come in and talk it over

Well you know how busy I am but—"

Klopchuk appeared at eleven and to Klopchuk the affair was tragic. Born in a gutter in Poland starving in New York working twenty hours a day in Vermont, in Ohio in Iowa he had made this beautiful thing his dairy

Seamed, drooping twirling his hat, almost in tears, he protested, Dr Pickerbaugh I do everything the doctors say is necessary I know dairies! Now comes this young man and he says because one of my men has a cold, I kill little children with diseased milk! I tell you, this is my life, and I would sooner hang myself than send out one drop of bad milk The young man has some wicked reason I have asked questions I find he is a great friend from the Central Labor Council Why he go to their meetings! And they want to break me!

To *Martin the trembling old man was pitiful but he had* never before been accused of treachery He said grimly

You can take up the personal charges against me later Dr Pickerbaugh Meantime I suggest you have in some expert to test my results say Long of Chicago or Brent of Minneapolis or somebody

I—I—I— The Kipling and Billy Sunday of health looked as d stressed as Klopchuk I m sure our friend here doesn t really mean to make charges against you Mart. He s over wrought naturally Can t we just treat the fellow that has the strep infection and not make everybody uncomfortable?

All right, if you want a bad epidemic here, toward the end of your campaign!

"You know cussed well I d do anything to avoid— Though I want you to distinctly understand it has nothing to do with my campaign for Congress! It s simply that I owe my city the most scrupulous performance of duty in safeguarding it against disease, and the most fearless enforcement—

At the end of his oratory Pickerbaugh telegraphed to Dr J C Long the Chicago bacteriologist

Dr Long looked as though he had made the tra n journey in an ice box Martin had never seen a man so free from the poetry and flowing philanthropy of Almus P ckerbaugh He was slim, precise, lipless, lapless and eye-glassed and his hair

was parted in the middle He coolly listened to Martin coldly listened to Pickerbaugh icily heard Klopchuk made his inspection and reported Dr Arrowsmith seems to know his busines perfectly there is certainly a danger here I advise closing the dairy my fee is one hundred dollars thank you no I shall not stay to dinner I must catch the evening train

Martin went home to Leora snarling That man was *just as* lovable as a cucumber salad but my God Lee, with his freedom from bunk he s made me wild to get back to research away from all these humanitarians that are so busy hollering about loving the dear people that they let the people die! I hated him but— Wonder what Max Gottlieb s doing this evening? The old German crank! I ll bet—I ll bet he s talking music or something with some terrible highbrow bunch Wouldn t you like to see the old coot again? You know just couple minutes D I ever tell you about the time I made the dandy stain of the trypanosomes— Oh did I?

He assumed that with the temporary closing of the dairy the matter was ended He did not understand how hurt was Klopchuk He knew that Irving Watters Klopchuk s physician was unpleasant when they met, grumbling What s the us going on being an alarmist Mart? But he did not know how many persons in Nautilus had been trustily informed that this fellow Arrowsmith was in the pay of labor union thugs

III

Two months before when Martin had been making his annual inspection of factories he had encountered Clay Tredgold the president (by inheritance) of the Steel Windmill Company He had heard that Tredgold an elaborate but easy spoken man of forty five moved as one clad in purple on the loftiest planes of Nautilus society After the inspection Tredgold urged Sit down Doctor have a cigar and tell me all about sanitation

Martin was wary There was in Tredgold s affable eye a sardonic flicker

What d you want to know about sanitation?

Oh all about it

The only thing I know is that your men must like you. Of course you haven t enough wash bowls in that second floor toilet

room, and the whole lot of em swore you were putting in others immediately If they like you enough to lie against their own interests you must be a good boss and I think I ll let you get away with it—till my next inspection! Well got to hustle

Tredgold beamed on him My dear man I ve been pulling that dodge on Pickerbaugh for three years I m glad to have seen you And I think I really may put in some more bowls—just before your next inspection Good by!

After the Klopchuk affair Martin and Leora encountered Clay Tredgold and that gorgeous slim woman his wife in front of a motion picture theater

Give you a lift Doctor? cried Tredgold

On the way he suggested I don t know whether you re dry like Pickerbaugh, but if you d like I ll run you out to the house and present you with the noblest cocktail conceived since Evangeline County went dry Does it sound reasonable?

I haven t heard anything so reasonable for years said Martin

The Tredgold house was on the highest knoll (fully twenty feet above the general level of the plain) in Ashford Grove which is the Back Bay of Nautilus It was a Colonial structure with a sun parlor a white paneled hall and a blue and s lver drawing room Martin tried to look casual as they were wafted in on Mrs Tredgold s chatter but it was the handsomest house he had ever entered

Wh le Leora sat on the edge of her chair in the manner of one likely to be sent home and Mrs Tredgold sat forward like a hostess Tredgold flourished the cocktail shaker and performed courtesies

How long you been he e n w Doctor?

Almost a year

Try that. Look here it strik s me you re kind of different from Salvat on P cke baugh

Martin felt that he ought to pra se his chief but to Leora s gratified amazement he sp ang up and ranted in something l ke Pickerbaugh s best manner

Gentlemen of the Steel W ndm ll Industries than h ch there is no other that has so largely contr buted to the prospe ity of our commonwealth while I realize that you are getting away with every infraction of the health laws that the inspector doesn t

catch you at yet I desire to pay a tribute to your high respect for sanitation patriotism and cocktails, and if I only had an assistant more earnest than young Arrowsmith I should with your permission become President of the United States

Tredgold clapped Mrs Tredgold asserted If that isn t exactly like Dr Pickerbaugh! Leora looked proud and so did her husband

I m glad you re free from this socialistic clap-trap of Pickerbaugh s said Tredgold

The assumption roused something sturdy and defensive in Martin

Oh I don t care a hang how socialistic he is—whatever that means Don t know anything about socialism But since I ve gone and given an imitation of him—I suppose it was probably disloyal—I must say I m not very fond of oratory that s so *full* of energy it hasn t any room for facts But mind you Tredgold it s partly the fault of people like your Manufacturers Association You encourage *him* to rant I m a laboratory man—or rather I sometimes wish I were I like to deal with exact *figures*

So do I I was keen on mathematics in Williams said Tredgold

Instantly Martin and he were off on education damning the universities for turning out graduates like sausages Martin found himself becoming confidential about "variables, and Tredgold proclaimed that he had not wanted to take up the ancestral factory but to specialize in astronomy

Leora was confessing to the friendly Mrs Tredgold how cautiously the wife of an assistant director has to economize and with that caressing voice of hers Mrs Tredgold comforted, I know I was horribly hard up after Dad died Have you tried the little Swedish dressmaker on Crimmins Street, two doors from the Catholic church? She s awfully clever and so cheap

Martin had found for the first time since marriage a house in which he was altogether happy Leora had found in a woman with the easy smartness which she had always feared and hated, the first woman to whom she could talk of God and the price of toweling They came out from themselves and were not laughed at.

It was at midnight, when the charms of bacteriology and

toweling were becoming pallid, that outside the house sounded a whooping wheezing motor horn, and in lumbered a ruddy fat man who was introduced as Mr Schlemihl president of the Cornbelt Insurance Company of Nautilus

Even more than Clay Tredgold was he a leader of the Ash ford Grove aristocracy but, while he stood like an invading barbarian in the blue and silver room, Schlemihl was cordial

Glad meet yuh, Doctor Well, say Clay I m tickled to death you ve found another highbrow to gas with. Me, Arrowsmith, I m simply a poor old insurance salesman Clay is always telling me what an illiterate boob I am Look here Clay darling do I get a cocktail or don t I? I seen your lights! I seen you in here telling what a smart guy you are! Come on! *Mix!*

Tredgold mixed extensively Before he had finished, young Monte Mugford, great grandson of the sainted but side whiskered Nathaniel Mugford who had founded Mugford College, also came in uninvited. He wondered at the presence of Martin, found him human told him he was human and did his rather competent best to catch up on the cocktails

Thus it happened that at three in the morning Martin was singing to a commendatory audience the ballad he had learned from Gustaf Sondelius

*She d a dark and a roving eye*
*And her hair hung down in ringlets*
*A nice gi l a decent gi l*
*But one of the rakish k nd*

At four the Arrowsmiths had been accepted by the most desperately Smart Set of Nautilus and at four-thirty they were driven home, at a speed neither legal nor kind by Clay Tredgold.

IV

There was in Nautilus a country club which was the axis of what they called Society but there was also a tribe of perhaps twelve families in the Ashford Grove section who though they went to the country club for golf condescended to other golfers, kept to themselves, and considered themselves as belonging more to Chicago than to Nautilus They took turns in enterta.ning one another They assumed that they were all welcome at any

party given by any of them and to none of their parties was anyone outside the Group invited except migrants from larger cities and occasional free lances like Martin They were a tight little garrison in a heathen town

The members of the Group were very rich and one of them Montgomery Mugford knew something about his great grand father They lived in Tudor manor houses and Italian villas so new that the scarred lawns had only begun to grow They had large cars and larger cellars though the cellars contained noth ing but gin whisky vermouth and a few sacred bottles of rather sweet champagne Everyone in the Group was familiar with New York—they stayed at the St. Regis or the Plaza and went about buying clothes and discovering small smart restaurants—and five of the twelve couples had been in Europe had spent a week in Paris intending to go to art galleries and actually going to the more expensive fool traps of Montmartre

In the Group Martin and Leora found themselves welcomed as poor relations They were invited to choric dinners to Sun day lunches at the country club Whatever the event it always ended in rapidly motoring somewhere having a number of drinks and insisting that Martin again give that imitation of Doc Pickerbaugh

Besides motoring drinking and dancing to the Victrola the chief diversion of the Group was cards Curiously in this com pletely unmoral set there were no flirtations they talked with considerable freedom about sex but they all seemed mono gamic, all happily married or afraid to appear unhappily mar ried But when Martin knew them better he heard murmurs of husbands having times in Chicago of wives picking up young men in New York hotels and he scented furious restlessness beneath their superior sexual calm

It is not known whether Martin ever completely accepted as a gentleman scholar the Clay Tredgold who was devoted to every thing about astronomy except studying it or Monte Mugford as the highly descended aristocrat but he did admire the Group s motor cars shower baths Fifth Avenue frocks tweed plus fours, and houses somewhat impersonally decorated by daffodil young men from Chicago He discovered sauces and old silver He began to consider Leora s clothes not merely as convenient

coverings but as a possible expression of charm and irritably he realized how careless she was

In Nautilus alone, rarely saying much about herself, Leora had developed an intense mute little life of her own She belonged to a bridge club and she went solemnly by herself to the movies but her ambition was to know France and it engrossed her It was an old desire mysterious in source and long held secret but suddenly she was sighing

Sandy the one thing I want to do maybe ten years from now is to see Touraine and Normandy and Carcassonne Could we, do you think?

Rarely had Leora asked for anything He was touched and puzzled as he watched her reading books on Brittany as he caught her over a highly simplified French grammar breathing J ay—j aye—damn it whatever it is!

He crowed Lee, dear if you want to go to France— Listen! Some day we'll shoot over there with a couple of knapsacks on our backs and we ll see that ole country from end to end!

Gratefully yet doubtfully You know if you got bored Sandy you could go see the work at the Pasteur Institute Oh I would like to tramp just once, between high plastered walls and come to a foolish little cafe and watch the men w th funny red sashes and floppy blue pants go by Really do you th nk maybe we could?

Leora was strangely popular in the Ashford Grove Group though she possessed nothing of what Martin called their elegance She always had at least one button m ssing Mrs. Tredgold best natured as she was least p ous of women adopted her complete

Nautilus had always doubted Clara Tredgold Mrs Almus Pickerbaugh said that she took no part in any movement for the betterment of the city For years she had seemed content to grow her roses to make her startling hats, to almond-cream her lovely hands, and listen to her husband s imp oper stories—and for years she had been a lonely woman. In Leora she perceived an interested casualness equal to her own The two women spent afternoons s tung on the sun-porch reading doing their nails, smoking c garettes saying nothing tru ting each other

With the other women of the Group Leora v as ne er so inti

mate as with Clara Tredgold but they liked her the more be cause she was a heretic whose vices her smoking her indolence her relish of competent profanity disturbed Mrs Pickerbaugh and Mrs Irving Watters The Group rather approved all un conventionalities—except such economic unconventionalities as threatened their easy wealth Leora had tea, or a cocktail alone with nervous young Mrs Monte Mugford who had been the lightest footed debutante in Des Moines four years before and who hated now the coming of her second baby and it was to Leora that Mrs Schlemihl though publicly she was rompish and serene with her porker of a husband burst out If that man would only quit pawing me—reaching for me—slobbering on me! I *hate it here! I will* have my winter in *New York—alone!*

The childish Martin Arrowsmith so unworthy of Leora s old quiet wisdoms was not content with her acceptance by the Group When she appeared with a hook unfastened or her hair like a crow s nest he worried and said things about her sloppi ness which he later regretted

Why can t you take a little time to make yourself attractive? God knows you haven t anything else to do! Great Jehoshaphat, can t you even sew on buttons?

But Clara Tredgold laughed Leora I do think you have the sweetest back but do you mind if I pin you up before the others come?

It happened after a party which lasted till two when Mrs Schlemihl had worn the new frock from Lucile s and Jack Brundidge (by day vice president and sales-manager of the Maize Mealies Company) had danced what he belligerently asserted to be a Finnish polka that when Martin and Leora were driven home in a borrowed Health Department car he snarled Lee why can t you ever take any trouble with what you wear? Here this morning—or yesterday morning—you were going to mend that blue dress and as far as I can figure out you haven t done a darn thing the whole day but sit around and read and then you come out with that ratty embroidery—

Will you stop the car! she cried

He stopped it astonished The headlights made ridiculously important a barbed wire fence a litter of milkweeds a bleak reach of gravel road

She demanded Do you want me to become a harem beauty?

I could I could be a floosey But I ve never taken the trouble Oh Sandy I won t go on fighting with you Either I m the foolish sloppy wife that I am or I m nothing What do you want? Do you want a real princess like Clara Tredgold or do you want me that don t care a hang where we go or what we do as long as we stand by each other? You do such a lot of worrying I m tired of it Come on now What do you want?

I don t want anything but you But can t you understand—I m not just a climber—I want us both to be equal to anything we run into I certainly don t see why we should be inferior to this bunch in *anything* Darling except for Clara maybe they re nothing but rich bookkeepers! But we re real sold ers of fortune Your France that you love so much—some day we ll go there and the French President will be at the N P depot to meet us! Why should we let anybody do anything better than we can? Technique!

They talked for an hour in that drab place between the poi sonous lines of barbed wire

Next day when Orchid came into his laboratory and begged with the wistfulness of youth Oh Dr Martin aren t you ever coming to the house aga n? he kissed her so briskly so cheer fully that even a flapper could perceive that she was unimpor tant

V

Martin realized that he was l kely to be the next Director of the Department Pickerbaugh had told him, Your wo k is very satisfactory There s only one thing you lack my boy enthusi asm for getting together w th folks and giving a long pull and a strong pull all together But perhaps that ll come to you when you have more responsibility

Martin sought to acquire a del ght in giving long strong pulls all together but he felt l ke a man who h s been dragooned into wearing yellow tights at a civic pageant.

Gosh I m y be up against it when I become Director he fretted I wonder if there s people who become what s called successful and then hate it? Well anyway I ll start a decent system of vital tat stics in the dep rtment before they get me. I won t lay down! I'll fight! I ll m ke myself succeed!

# CHAPTER XXIII

IT may have been a yearning to give one concentrated dose of inspiration so powerful that no citizen of Nautilus would ever again dare to be ill or perhaps Dr Pickerbaugh desired a little reasonable publicity for his congressional campaign but certainly the Health Fair which the good man organized was overpowering

He got an extra appropriation from the Board of Aldermen he bullied all the churches and associations into co-operation he made the newspapers promise to publish three columns of praise each day

He rented the rather dilapidated wooden tabernacle in which the Reverend Mr Billy Sunday an evangelist had recently wiped out all the sin in the community He arranged for a number of novel features The Boy Scouts were to give daily drills There was a W C T U booth at which celebrated clergymen and other physiologists would demonstrate the evils of alcohol In a bacteriology booth the protesting Martin (in a dinky white coat) was to do jolly things with test tubes An anti nicotine lady from Chicago offered to kill a mouse every half hour by injecting ground up cigarette paper into it The Pickerbaugh twins Arbuta and Gladiola now aged six were to show the public how to brush its teeth and in fact they did until a sixty year-old farmer of whom they had lovingly inquired, Do you brush your teeth daily? made thunderous answer No but I m going to paddle your bottoms daily and I m going to start in right now

None of these novelties was so stirring as the Eugenic Family who had volunteered to give for a mere forty dollars a day an example of the benefits of healthful practices

They were father mother and five children all so beautiful

and powerful that they had recently been presenting refined acrobatic exhibitions on the Chautauqua Circuit None of them smoked drank spit upon pavements used foul language or ate meat Pickerbaugh assigned to them the chief booth on the plat form once sacerdotally occupied by the Reverend Mr Sunday

There were routine exhibits booths with charts and banners and leaflets The Pickerbaugh Healthette Octette held song re citals and daily there were lectures most of them by Picker bau h or by his friend Dr Bissex football coach and professor of hygiene and most other subjects in Mugford College

A dozen celebrities including Gustaf Sondel us and the gov ernor of the state were invited to come and give their mes sages but it happened unfortunately that none of them seemed able to get away that particular week

The Health Fair opened with crowds and success There was a slight misunderstanding the first day The Master Bakers Association spoke strongly to Pickerbaugh about the sign Too much pie makes pyorrhea on the diet booth But the thought less and prosperity-destroy ng sign was removed at once and the Fair was thereafter advertised in every bakery in town

The only unhappy participant apparently was Martin Picker baugh had fitted up for him an exhibition laboratory wh ch except that it had no running water and except that the fire laws forbade his using any kind of a flame was exactly like a real one All day long he poured a solution of red ink from one test tube into another with his microscope carefully examined nothing at all and answered the questions of persons who wished to know how you put bacterias to death once you had caught them swimming about

Leora appeared as his assistant very pretty and demure in a nurse s costume, very exasperating as she chuckled at his lo curs ng They found one friend the fireman on duty a splendid person with stories about pet cats in the fire house nd no tend ency to ask questions in bacteriology It was he who showed them how they could smoke in safety Behind the Clean Up and P event Fires exhib t cons sting of a min ature Dirty House with red arrows to show where a fi e might start and an ex tremely varnished Clean House there was an alco e v th a b oken window wh ch would carry off the smoke of their c ga ettes To this sanctuary Martin Leora and the bored fireman

retired a dozen times a day and thus wore through the week.

One other misfortune occurred The detective sergeant coming in not to detect but to see the charming spectacle of the mouse dying in agony from cigarette paper stopped before the booth of the Eugenic Family scratched his head hastened to the police station and returned with certain pictures He growled to Pickerbaugh

Hm That Eugenic Family Don t smoke or booze or anything?

Absolutely! And look at their perfect health"

Hm Better keep an eye on em I won t spoil your show Doc —we fellows at City Hall had all ought to stick together I won t run em out of town till after the Fair But they re the Holton gang The man and woman ain t married and only one of the kids is theirs They ve done time for selling licker to the Indians but their specialty before they went into education used to be the badger game I ll detail a plain-clothes man to keep em straight Fine show you got here Doc Ought to give th s city a lasting lesson in the value of up-to date health methods Good luck! Say have you picked your secretary yet for when you get to Congress? I ve got a nephew that s a crackajack stenographer and a bright kid and knows how to keep his mouth shut about stuff that don t concern him I ll send him around to have a talk with vou So long

But except that once he caught the father of the Eugenic Family relieving the strain of being publicly healthy by taking a long gurgling ecstatic drink from a flask Pickerbaugh found nothing wrong in their conduct till Saturday There was nothing wrong with anything till then

Never had a Fair been such a moral lesson or secured so much publicity *Every newspaper in the* congressional district gave columns to it and all the accounts even in the Democratic papers mentioned Pickerbaugh s campaign.

Then on Saturday the last day of the Fair came tragedy

There was terrific rain the roof leaked without restraint and the lady in charge of the *Healthy Housing Booth*, which also leaked was taken home threatened with pneumonia At noon, when the Eugenic Family were giving a demonstration of perfect vigor their youngest blossom had an epileptic fit and before the excitement was over upon the Chicago anti nicotine lady as

she triumphantly assassinated a mouse charged an anti vivisection lady also from Chicago

Round the two ladies and the unfortunate mouse gathered a crowd The anti vivisection lady called the anti nicotine lady a murderer a wretch and an atheist all of which the anti nicotine lady endured, merely weeping a little and calling for the police But when the anti vivisection lady wound up And as for your pretensions to know anything about science, you re no scientist at all! then with a shriek the anti nicotine lady leaped from her platform dug her fingers into the anti vivisection lady s hair and observed with distinctness I ll show you whether I know anything about science!

Pickerbaugh tried to separate them. Martin standing happily with Leora and their friend the fireman on the edge distinctly d d not Both ladies turned on P ckerbaugh and denounced him, and when they had been removed he was the center of a thousand chuckles in decided danger of never going to Congress

At two o clock when the rain had slackened when the after lunch crowd had come in and the story of the anti ladies was running strong the fireman retired behind the Clean Up and Prevent Fires exhibit for his hourly smoke He was a very sleepy and unhappy little fireman he was thinking about the pleasant fire house and the unending games of pinochle He dropped the match, unextingu shed on the back porch of the model Clean House. The Clean House had been so handsomely oiled that it was like kindling soaked in kerosene. It flared up and instantly the huge and gloomy Tabernacle was hysterical with flames The crowd rushed toward the exits.

Naturally most of the original exits of the Tabernacle had been blocked by booths There was a shrieking panic and children were being trampled

Almus Pickerbaugh was neither a coward nor slothful Suddenly coming from nowhere, he was marching through the Tabernacle at the head of his eight daughters singing D xie, his head up his eyes terr ble his arms w de in pleading The crowd weakly halted With the voice of a clipper captain he unsnarled them and ushered them safely out, then charged back into the spouting flames

The rain soaked building had not caught. The fireman w th Martin and the head of the Eugenic Family was bea ing the

flames Nothing was destroyed save the Clean House and the crowd which had fled in agony came back in wonder Their hero was Pickerbaugh

Within two hours the Nautilus papers vomited specials which explained that not merely had Pickerbaugh organized the greatest lesson in health ever seen, but he had also by his courage and his power to command saved hundreds of people from being crushed which latter was probably the only completely accurate thing that has been said about Dr Almus Pickerbaugh in ten thousand columns of newspaper publicity

Whether to see the Fair Pickerbaugh the delightful ravages of a disaster or another fight between the anti ladies half the city struggled into the Tabernacle that evening and when Pickerbaugh took the platform for his closing lecture he was greeted with frenzy Next day when he galloped into the last week of his campaign he was overlord of all the district

II

His opponent was a snuffy little lawyer whose strength lay in his training He had been state senator lieutenant governor county judge But the Democratic slogan Pickerbaugh the Pick up Candidate was drowned in the admiration for the hero of the health fair He dashed about in motors proclaiming I am not running because I want office but because I want the chance to take to the whole nation my ideals of health Everywhere was plastered

*For Congress*
*PICKERBAUGH*
*The two fisted fighting poet doc*

*Just elect him for a term*
*And all through the nation he'll swat the germ*

Enormous meetings were held Pickerbaugh was ample and vague about his Policies Yes he was opposed to our entering the European War but he assured them he certainly did assure them that he was for using every power of our Government to end this terrible calamity Yes he was for high tariff but it must be so adjusted that the farmers in his district could buy

everything cheaply Yes he was for high wages for each and every workman but he stood like a rock like a boulder like a moraine for protecting the prosperity of all manufacturers merchants and real-estate owners

While this larger campaign thundered there was proceeding in Nautilus a smaller and much defter campaign to re-elect as mayor one Mr Pugh Pickerbaugh s loving chief Mr Pugh sat nicely at desks and he was pleasant and promissory to everybody who came to see him clergymen gamblers G A R veterans circus advance agents policemen and ladies of reasonable virtue—everybody except perhaps socialist agitators against whom he staunchly protected the embattled c ty In his speeches Pickerbaugh commended Pugh for that firm integrity and ready sympathy with which His Honor had backed up every movement for the public weal and when P ckerbaugh (quite honestly) begged Mr Mayor if I go to Congress you must appoint Arrowsmith in my place he knows nothing about politics but he s incorruptible then Pugh gave his promise and amity abode in that land Nobody said anything at all about Mr F X Jordan

F X Jordan was a contractor with a generous interest in politics Pickerbaugh called him a grafter and the last time Pugh had been elected—it had been on a Reform Platform though since that time th reform had been coaxed to behave itself and be practical—both Pugh and Pickerbaugh had denounced Jordan as a malign force But so kindly was Mayor Pugh that in the present election he said nothing that could hurt Mr Jordan s feelings and in return what could Mr Jordan do but speak forgivingly about Mr Pugh to the people in blind pigs and houses of ill fame?

On the evening of the election Martin and Leora were among the company awaiting the returns at the Pickerbaughs They were confident. Martin had never been roused by politics but he was stirred now by Pickerbaugh s twitchy pretense of indifference, by the telephoned report from the newspaper office, Here s Willow Grove township—Pickerbaugh leading two to one! by the crowds which went past the house howling P ckerbaugh Pickerbaugh, Pickerbaugh!

At eleven the victory was certain and Martin his bowels weak

with unconfidence realized that he was now Director of Public Health with responsibility for seventy thousand lives

He looked wistfully toward Leora and in her still smile found assurance

Orchid had been airy and distant with Martin all evening and dismayingly chatty and affectionate with Leora Now she drew him into the back parlor and So I m going off to Washington—and you don t care a bit! she said her eyes blurred and languorous and undefended He held her muttering You darling child I can t let you go! As he walked home he thou ht less of being Director than of Orchid s eyes

In the morning he groaned Doesn t anybody ever learn any thing? Must I watch myself and still be a fool all my life? Doesn t any story ever end?

He never saw her afterward except on the platform of the train

Leora surprisingly reflected after the Pickerbaughs had gone, Sandy dear I know how you feel about losing your Orchid It s sort of Youth going She really is a peach Honestly I can appreciate how you feel and sympathize with you—I mean of course providin you aren t ever going to see her again

III

Over the *Nautilus Cornfield s* anouncement was the vigorous headline

*ALMUS PICKERBAUGH WINS*
*First Scientist Ever Elected*
*to Congress*

*Side kick of Darwin and Pasteur*
*Gives New Punch to Steering*
*Ship of State*

Pickerbaugh s resignation was to take effect at once he was, he explained, going to Washington before his term began, to study legislative methods and start his propaganda for the creation of a national Secretaryship of Health There was a considerable struggle over the appointment of Martin in his stead. Klopchuk the dairyman was bitter Irving Watters whispered to fellow doctors that Martin was likely to extend the socialistic

free clinics F X Jordan had a sensible young doctor as his own candidate. It was the Ashford Grove Group Tredgold Schlemihl Monte Mugford who brought it off

Martin went to Tredgold worrying Do the people want me? Shall I fight Jordan or get out?

Tredgold said balmily Fight? What about? I own a good share of the bank that s lent various handy little sums to Mayor Pugh. You leave it to me

Next day Martin was appointed but only as Acting Director with a salary of thirty five hundred instead of four thousand

That he had been put in by what he would have called crooked politics did not occur to him

Mayor Pugh called him in and chuckled

Doc, there s been a certain amount of opposition to you because you re pretty young and not many folks know you I haven t any doubt I can give you the full appointment later—if we find you re competent and popular Meantime you better avoid doing anything brash Just come and ask my advice I know this town and the people that count better than you do

IV

The day of Pickerbaugh s leaving for Washington was made a fiesta At the Armory from twelve to two the Chamber of Commerce gave to everybody who came a lunch of hot wienies doughnuts and coffee with chewing gum for the women and for the men Schweinhugel s Little Dandy Nautilus made Cheroots

The train left at three fifty five The station was to the astonishment of innocent passengers gaping from the train windows jammed with thousands

By the rear platform on a perilous packing box Mayor Pugh held forth. The Nautilus Silver Cornet Band played three patriotic selections then Pickerbaugh stood on the platform his family about h m As he looked on the crowd tears were in his eyes

For once he stammered I guess I can t make a speech D-darn it, I m all choked up! I meant to orate a lot, but all I can say is—I love you all, I m mighty grateful I'll represent you my level best, neighbors! God bless you!

The train moved out Pickerbaugh waving as long as he could see them

And Martin to Leora Oh he s a fine old boy He— No I m hanged if he is! The world s always letting people get away with asininities because they re kind hearted And here I ve sat back like a coward not saying a word and watched em loose that wind storm on the whole country Oh curse it isn t anything in the world simple? Well let s go to the office and I'll begin to do things conscientiously and all wrong

# CHAPTER XXIV

IT cannot be said that Martin showed any large ability for organization but under him the Department of Public Health changed completely He chose as his assistant Dr Rufus Ockford a lively youngster recommended by Dean S lva of Winnemac. The routine work examination of babies quaran tines and tuberculosis placarding went on as before

Inspection of plumbing and food was perhaps more thorough because Martin lacked Pickerbaugh s buoyant faith in the lay inspectors and one of them he replaced to the cons derable dis pleasure of the colony of Germans in the Homedale district. Also he gave thought to the killing of rats and fleas, and he regarded the vital statistics as something more than a record ng of births and deaths He had notions about their value which were most amusing to the health department clerk He wanted a record of the effect of race occupation and a dozen other factors upon the disease rate.

The chief difference was that Martin and Rufus Ockford found themselves w th plenty of leisure. Martin estimated that Pickerbaugh must have used half his time in being inspirational and eloquent

He made his first mistake in assigning Ockford to spend part of the week in the free city clinic, in addition to the two half time physicians There was fury in the Evangeline County Med cal Society At a restaurant, Irving Watters came over to Martin s table.

I hear you ve increased the clinic staff said Dr Watters.

"Yuh.

"Thinking of increasing it still more?

Might be a good dea.

"Now you see here, Mart. As you know Mrs. Watters and

I have done everything in our power to make you and Leora welcome Glad to do anything I can for a fellow alumnus of old Winnemac But at the same time there are limits you know! Not that I ve got any objection to your providing free clinical facilities Don t know but what it s a good thing to treat the *damn* lazy lousy pauper-class free, and keep the D B s off the books of the regular physicians But same *time* when you begin to make a practice of encouraging a lot of folks that can afford to pay to go and get free treatment and practically you attack the integrity of the physicians of this city that have been givin, God knows how much of their time to charity—

Martin answered neither wisely nor competently Irve, sweet heart you can go straight to hell!

After that hour when they met there was nothing said be tween them

Without disturbing his routine work he found himself able to sink blissfully into the laboratory At first he merely tinkered but suddenly he was in full cry oblivious of everything save his experiment.

He was playing with cultures isolated from various dairies and various people thinking mostly of Klopchuk and streptococcus Accidentally he discovered the lavish production of hemolysin in sheep s blood as compared with the blood of other animals Why should streptococcus dissolve the red blood corpuscles of sheep more easily than those of rabbits?

It is true that a busy health-department bacteriologist has no right to waste the public time in being curious but the irrespon sible sniffing beagle in Martin drove out the faithful routineer

He neglected the examination of an ominously increasing number of tubercular sputums he set out to answer the question of the hemolysin He wanted the streptococcus to produce its blood-destroying poison in twenty four hour cultures

He beautifully and excitedly failed and sat for hours medi tating He tried a six hour culture He mixed the supernatant fluid from a centrifugated culture with a suspension of red blood corpuscles and placed it in the incubator When he returned two hours after the blood cells were dissolved

He telephoned to Leora Lee! Got something! Cn you pack up sandwich and come down here f'r evening?

Sure, said Leora

When she appeared he explained to her that his discovery was accidental that most scientific discoveries were accidental and that no investigator however great could do anything more than see the value of his chance results

He sounded mature and rather angry

Leora sat in the corner scratching her chin reading a medical journal From time to time she reheated coffee over a doubtful Bunsen flame When the office staff arrived in the morning they found something that had but rarely occurred during the regime of Almus Pickerbaugh the Director of the Department was transplanting cultures and on a long table was his wife, asleep

Martin blared at Dr O kford Get t hell out of this Rufus and take charge of the department for today—I m out—I m dead —and oh say get Leora home and fry her a couple o eggs and you might bring me a Denver sandwich from the Sunset Trail Lunch will you?

You bet chief said Ockford

Martin repeated his experiment testing the cultures for hemolysin after two four six eight ten, twelve fourteen sixteen, and e ghteen hours of incubation He discovered that the maxi mum production of hemolysin occurred between four and ten hours He began to work out the formula of production—and he was desolate He fumed, raged, sweated He found that his mathematics was childish and all his sc ence rusty He pottered with chemistry he ached over his mathematics and slowly he began to assemble his results He bel eved that he m ght have a paper for the *Journal of Infectious Diseases*

Now Almus P ckerbaugh had published scientific papers—often He had published them in the *Midwest M dical Quarterly* of which he was one of fourteen ed tors He had discov ered the germ of ep lepsy and the germ of cancer—two entirely different germs of cancer Usually t took him a fortnight to make the discovery write the report and have it accepted Martin lacked this admirable facil ty

He experimented he re-exper mented he cursed he kept Leora out of bed he taught her to make media and was ill-pleased by her opinions on agar He v as violent to the stenographer not once could the pastor of the Jonathan Edwards Congregational Church get him to add es the Bible Class and still for months his paper was not complete

The first to protest was His Honor the Mayor Returning from an extremely agreeable game of chemin de fer with F X. Jordan taking a short cut through the alley behind the City Hall Mayor Pugh saw Martin at two in the morning drearily putting test tubes into the incubator while Leora sat in a corner smoking Next day he summoned Martin and protested

Doc I don t want to butt in on your department—my spe cialty is never butting in—but it certainly strikes me that after being trained by a seventy horse power booster like Pickerbaugh, you ought to know that it s all damn foolishness to spend so much time in the laboratory when you can hire an A1 labora tory *fellow* for thirty bucks a week What you ought to be *doing* is jollying along these sobs that are always panning the admin istration Get out and talk to the churches and clubs and help me put across the ideas that we stand for

Maybe he s right Martin considered I m a rotten bacteri ologist Probably I never will get this experiment together My job here is to keep tobacco-chewers from spitting Have I the right to waste the tax payers money on anything else

But that week he read as an announcement issued by the McGurk Institute of Biology of New York that Dr Max Gott lieb had synthesized antibodies *in vitro*

He pictured the saturnine Gottlieb not at all enjoying the triumph but with locked door abusing the papers for their ex aggerative reports of his work and as the picture became sharp Martin was like a subaltern stationed in a desert isle when he learns that his old regiment is going off to an agreeable Border war

Then the McCandless fury broke

II

*Mrs* McCandless had once been a hired girl then nurse then confidante then wife to the invalid Mr McCandless whole sale grocer and owner of real estate When he died she inherited everything There was a suit of course, but she had an excellent lawyer

She was a grim graceless shady mean woman yet a nympho maniac. She was not invited into Nautilus society but *in her*

unaired parlor on the mildewed couch she entertained seedy belching oldish married men a young policeman to whom she often lent money and the contractor politician F X Jordan

She owned in Swede Hollow the filthiest block of tenements in Nautilus Martin had made a tuberculosis map of these tenements, and in conferences with Dr Ockford and Leora he denounced them as murder holes He wanted to destroy them but the police power of the Director of Public Health was vague Pickerbaugh had enjoyed the possession of large power only because he never used it

Martin sought a court decision for the demolition of the McCandless tenements Her lawyer was also the lawyer of F X Jordan and the most eloquent witness against Martin was Dr Irving Watters But it chanced because of the absence of the proper judge that the case came before an ignorant and honest person who quashed the injunction secured by Mrs McCandless s lawyer and instructed the Department of Public Health that it might use such methods as the c ty ordinances provided for emergencies

That evening Martin grumbled to young Ockford You don t suppose for a moment do you Rufus that McCandless and Jordan won t appeal the case? Let s get rid of the tenements while it s comparatively legal heh?

You bet chief said Ockford and Say let s go out to Oregon and start practice when we get kicked out Well we can depend on our sanitary inspector anyway Jordan seduced h s sister here bout six years back

At dawn a gang headed by Martin and Ockford in blue overalls joyful and rowdy sh invaded the McCandless tenements drove the tenants into the street and began to tear down the flimsy buildings At noon when lawyers appeared and the tenants were in new flats commandeered by Martin the wreckers set fire to the lower stories and in half an hour the buildings had been ann hilated

F X Jordan came to the scene after lunch A filthy Martin and a dusty Ockford were dr nking coffee b ought by Leora

Well boys said Jordan, you ve put it all over us Only if you ever pull th s kind of stunt again use dynamite and save a lot of time. You know I like you boys—I m sorry for what I ve

got to do to you But may the saints help you, because it s just a question of time when I learn you not to monkey with the buzz saw

III

Clay Tredgold admired their amateur arson and rejoiced 'Fine! I m going to back you up in everything the D.P H does

Martin was not too pleased by the promise, for Tredgold s set were somewhat exigent They had decided that Martin and Leora were free spirits like themselves and amusing but they had also decided long before the Arrowsmiths had by coming to Nautilus entered into authentic existence that the Group had a monopoly of all Freedom and Amusingness and they expected the Arrowsmiths to appear for cocktails and poker every Saturday and Sunday evening They could not understand why Martin should desire to spend his time in a laboratory drud ing over something called streptolysin which had nothing to do with cocktails motors steel windmills or insurance

On an evening perhaps a fortnight after the destruction of the McCandless tenements Martin was working late in the laboratory He wasn t even doing experiments which might have diverted the Group—causing bacterial colonies to cloud liquids or making things change color He was merely sitting at a table looking at logarithmic tables Leora was not there and he was mumbling Confound her why did she have to go and be sick today?

Tredgold and Schlemihl and their wives were bound for the Old Farmhouse Inn They had telephoned to Martin s flat and learned where he was From the alley behind City Hall they could peer in and see him dreary and deserted

We ll take the old boy out and brighten him up First, let s rush home and shake up a few cocktails and bring em down to surprise him was Tredgold s inspiration

Tredgold came into the laboratory a half hour later with much clamor

'This is a nice way to put in a moonlit spring evening young Narrowsmith! Come on we ll all go out and dance a little Grab your hat

Gosh Clay I d like to but honestly I can t I ve got to work simply got to

Rats! Don t be silly You ve been working too hard Here—look what Father s brought Be reasonable Get outside of a nice long cocktail and you ll have a new light on things

Martin was reasonable up to that point but he did not have a new light Tredgold would not take No Martin continued to refuse affectionately then a bit tartly Outside, Schlemihl pressed do n the button of the motor horn and held it, producing a demanding infuriating yawp which made Martin cry For God s sake go out and make em quit that will you, and let me alone! I ve got to work I told you!

Tredgold stared a moment I certainly shall! I m not accustomed to force my attentions on people Pardon me for disturbing you!

By the time Martin sulkily felt that he must apologize, the car was gone Next day and all the week he waited for Tredgold to telephone and T edgold wa ted for him to telephone and they fell into a circle of dislike Leora and Clara Tredgold saw each other once or twice, but they were uncomfortable, and a fortnight later when the most prominent physician in town d ned with the Tredgolds and attacked Martin as a bumptious and narrow vis oned young man both the Tredgolds listened and agreed

Oppos tion to Martin developed all at once

Various physicians were against him not only because of the enlarged clinics but because he rarely asked their help and never their adv ce Mayor Pugh considered him tactless Klopchuk and F X Jordan were assailing h m as crooked. The reporters disliked him for his secrecy and occasional brusqueness And the Group had ceased to defend him. Of all these forces Martin was more or less aware and behind them he fancied that doubtful business men, sellers of impure ice-cream and milk owners of unsanitary shops and dirty tenements men who had always hated P cke baugh but who had feared to attack h m because of his popularity were gathering to destroy th entire Department of Publ c Health He app eciated P ckerbaugh in those days, and loved sold er w se the Department

There came from Mayor Pugh a hint that he would save trouble by resigning He would not resign Neither would he go to

the citizens begging for support He did his work and leaned on Leora s assurance and tried to ignore his detractors He could not.

News items and three line editorial squibs dug at his tyranny his ignorance, his callowness An old woman died after treat ment at the clinic and the coroner hinted that it had been the fault of our almighty health-officer s pet cub assistant Some where arose the name the Schoolboy Czar for Martin and it stuck

In the gossip at luncheon clubs in discussions at the Parents and Teachers Association in one frank signed protest sent to the Mayor Martin was blamed for too strict an inspection of milk for insufficiently strict inspection of milk for permitting garbage to lie untouched for persecuting the over worked gar bage collectors and when a case of small pox appeared in the Bohemian section there was an opinion that Martin had gone out personally and started it

However vague the citizens were as to the nature of his wick edness once they lost faith in him they lost it completely and with joy and they welcomed an apparently spontaneously gen erated rumor that he had betrayed his benefactor their beloved Dr Pickerbaugh by seducing Orchid

At this interesting touch of immorality he had all the fashion able churches against him The pastor of the Jonathan Edwards Church touched up a sermon about Sin in High Places by a reference to one who while like a Czar he pretends to be safe guarding the city from entirely imaginary dangers yet winks at the secret vice rampant in hidden places who allies himself with the forces of graft and evil and the thugs who batten on honest but deluded Labor one who cannot arise a manly man among men and say I have a clean heart and clean hands

It is true that some of the delighted congregation thought that this referred to Mayor Pugh, and others applied it to F X Jordan but wise citizens saw that it was a courageous attack on that monster of treacherous lewdness Dr Arrowsmith

In all the city there were exactly two ministers who defended him Father Costello of the Irish Catholic Church and Rabbi Rovine They were it happened very good friends and not at all friendly with the pastor of the Jonathan Edwards Church They bullied their congregations each of them asserted, People

come sneaking around with criticisms of our new Director of Health. If you want to make charges, make them openly. I will not listen to cowardly hints. And let me tell you that this city is lucky in having for health-officer a man who is honest and who actually knows something!"

But their congregations were poor.

Martin realized that he was lost. He tried to analyze his unpopularity.

"It isn't just Jordan's plotting and Tredgold's grousing and Pugh's weak spine. It's my own fault. I can't go out and soft-soap the people and get their permission to help keep them well. And I won't tell them what a hell of an important thing my work is—that I'm the one thing that saves the whole lot of 'em from dying immediately. Apparently an official in a democratic state has to do those things. Well, I don't! But I've got to think up something or they'll emasculate the whole Department."

One inspiration he did have. If Pickerbaugh were here, he could crush, or lovingly smother, the opposition. He remembered Pickerbaugh's farewell: "Now, my boy, even if I'm way off there in Washington, this Work will be as close to my heart as it ever was, and if you should really need me, you just send for me and I'll drop everything and come."

Martin wrote hinting that he was very much needed.

Pickerbaugh replied by return mail—good old Pickerbaugh!—but the reply was: "I cannot tell you how grieved I am that I cannot for the moment possibly get away from Washington but am sure that in your earnestness you exaggerate strength of opposition, write me freely at any time."

"That's my last shot," Martin said to Leora. "I'm done. Mayor Pugh will fire me, just as soon as he comes back from his fishing trip. I'm a failure again, darling."

"You're not a failure, and you must eat some of this nice steak, and what shall we do now—time for us to be moving on, anyway—I hate staying in one place," said Leora.

"I don't know what we'll do. Maybe I could get a job at Hunziker's. Or go back to Dakota and try to work up a practice. What I'd like is to become a farmer and get me a big shotgun and drive every earnest Christian citizen off the place. But meantime I'm going to stick here. I might win yet—with just a couple of miracles and a divine intervention. Oh, God, I am so

tired! Are you coming back to the lab with me this evening? Honest I'll quit early—before eleven maybe

He had completed his paper on the streptolysin research and he took a day off to go to Chicago and talk it over with an editor of the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* As he left Nautilus he was confused He had caught himself rejoicing that he was free of Wheatsylvania and bound for great Nautilus. Time bent back progress was annihilated and he was mazed with futility

The editor praised his paper accepted it, and suggested only one change Martin had to wait for his train He remembered that Angus Duer was in Chicago with the Rouncefield Clinic—a private organization of medical specialists sharing costs and profits

The clinic occupied fourteen rooms in a twenty story building constructed (or so Martin certainly remembered it) of marble, gold and rubies The clinic reception room focused on a vast stone fireplace was like the drawing room of an oil magnate, but it was not a place of leisure The young woman at the door demanded Martin s symptoms and address A page in buttons sped with his name to a nurse who flew to the inner offices Before Angus appeared Martin had to wait a quarter hour in a smaller richer still more abashing reception room By this time he was so awed that he would have permitted the clinic surgeons to operate on him for any ill which at the moment they happened to fancy

In medical school and Zenith General Hospital Angus Duer had been efficient enough but now he was ten times as self assured He was cordial he invited Martin to step out for a dish of tea as though he almost meant it but beside him Martin felt young rustic inept

Angus won him by pondering Irving Watters? He was Digam? I m not sure I remember him Oh yes—he was one of these boneheads that are the curse of every profession

When Martin had sketched his conflict at Nautilus Angus suggested You better come join us here at Rouncefield as pathologist Our pathologist is leaving in a few weeks. You could do the job all right You re getting thirty five hundred a year now? Well I think I could get you forty five hundred, as a starter and some day you d become a regular member of

the clinic and get in on all the profits Let me know f you want it Rouncefield told me to dig up a man

With this resource and with an affection for Angus Martin returned to Nautilus and open war When Mayor Pugh returned he did not discharge Martin but he appointed over him as full Director Pickerbaugh s friend Dr Bissex, the football coach and health director of Mugford College

Dr Bissex first discharged Rufus Ockford which took five minutes went out and addressed a Y.M C A meeting then bustled in and invited Martin to resign

I will like hell! said Martin Come on be honest B ssex If you want to fire me do it, but let s have things stra ght I won t resign and if you do fire me I think I ll take t to the courts and maybe I can turn enough light on you and His Honor and Frank Jordan to keep you from taking all the guts out of the work here

Why Doctor what a way to talk! Certainly I won t fire you sa d Bissex in the manner of one who has talked to d f ficult students and to lazy football teams Stay with us as long as you like Only in the interests of economy I reduce your salary to eight hundred dollars a year!

All right reduce and be damned said Martin

I sounded particularly fine and original when he sa d it but less so when Leora and he found that with their rent fixed by their lease they could not by whatever mean economies l ve on less than a thousand a year

Now that he was free from respons bil ty he began to form his own fact on to save the Department. He gathered Rabbi Rovine Father Costello Ockford who was going to remain in town and practice, the secretary of the Labor Council a banker who regarded Tredgold as fast and that excellent fellow the dentist of the school clinic.

With people like that behind me I can do something he gloated to Leora. I m go ng to stick by it. I m not going to have the D.P.H turned into a Y.M.C.A Bissex has all of Picker baugh s mush without his honesty and vigor I can beat him! I m not much of an executive but I was beginning to visualize a D.P H. that would be s l d and not gaseous—that would save kids and prevent ep d mics I won t give it up You watch m !

His committee made representations to the Commercial Club and for a time they were certain that the chief reporter of the *Frontiersman* was going to support them as soon as he could get his editor over being scared of a row But Martin s belligerency was weakened by shame for he never had enough money to meet his bills and he was not used to dodging irate grocers receiving dunning letters standing at the door arguing with impertinent bill-collectors He who had been a city dignitary a few days before had to endure Come on now you pay up you dead beat or I ll get a cop! When the shame had grown to terror Dr Bissex suddenly reduced his salary another two hundred dollars

Martin stormed into the mayor s office to have it out and found F X Jordan sitting with Pugh It was evident that they both knew of the second reduction and considered it an excellent joke

He reassembled his committee I m going to take this into the courts he raged

Fine said Father Costello and Rabbi Rovine Jenkins that radical lawyer would handle the case free

The wise banker observed You haven t got anything to take into the courts till they discharge you without cause Bissex has a legal right to reduce your salary all he wants to The city regulations don t fix the salary for anybody except the Director and the inspectors You haven t a thing to say

With a melodramatic flourish Martin protested And I suppose I haven t a thing to say if they wreck the Department!

Not a thing if the city doesn t care

Well I care! I ll starve before I ll resign!

You ll starve if you don t resign and your wife too Now here s my plan said the banker You go into private practice here—I ll finance your getting an office and so on—and when the time comes maybe in five or ten years from now we ll all get together again and have you put in as full Director

Ten years of waiting—in *Nautilus?* Nope I m licked I m a complete failure—at thirty two! I ll resign I ll wander on said Martin

I know I m going to love Chicago said Leora

IV

He wrote to Angus Duer He was appointed pathologist in the Rouncefield Clinic But Angus wrote they could not at the moment see their way clear to pay him forty five hundred a year though they were glad to go to twenty five hundred.

Martin accepted

V

When the Nautilus papers announced that Martin had re signed the good citizens chuckled Resigned? He got kicked out that s what happened One of the papers had an innocent squib

*Probably a certa n amount of hypocrisy is inevitable n us sin ful human critters but when a public official tries to pose as a sa nt while indulging in every vice and tries to cover up his gross ignorance and incompetence by pulling polití al u i es and makes a holy show of himself by not even doing a fi st-class job of wire pulling then even the cussedest of us old scoundrels begins to holler for the meat-ax*

Pickerbaugh wrote to Mart n f om Washington

*I greatly regret to hear that you have resigned yo r post I cannot tell you how disappointed I am after all th pains I took in break ng you in and making you acqu i ted with my ideal B ssex informs me that because of crisis in city f nances he had to reduce your salary t mpo arily Well per onally I would rather wo k fo the D.P.H for nothi g a year and earn my keep by being a night watchman than give up the fight for eve ything that is decent and constructive I am sorry I had a great liking for you and yo def ction yo r going back to pri ate practice merely for commerci l gain your sell ng out for what I pres me is a ery high emolument is one of the very greatest blows I have recently had to sustain*

VI

As they rode up to Chicago Martin thought aloud

I never knew I could be so badly licked I never want to see

a laboratory or a public health office again I m done with every thing but making money

I suppose this Rouncefield Clinic is probably nothing but a gilded boob-trap—scare the poor millionaire into having all the fancy kinds of examinations and treatments the traffic will bear I hope it is! I expect to be a commercial group doctor the rest of my life I hope I have the sense to be!

All wise men are bandits They re loyal to their friends but they despise the rest Why not when the mass of people despise them if they *aren t* band ts? Angus Duer had the sense to see this from the beginning way back in medic school He s probably a perfect technician as a surgeon but he knows you get only what you grab Think of the years it s taken me to *learn* what he savvied all the time!

Know what I ll do? I ll stick to the Rouncefield Clinic till I m making maybe thirty thousand a year and then *I ll* get Ockford and start my own clinic with myself as internist and head of the whole shooting match and collect every cent I can

All right if what people want is a little healing and a lot of tapestry they shall have it—and pay for it

I never thought I could be such a failure—to become a com mercialist and not want to be anything else And I don t want to be anything else believe me! I m through!

# CHAPTER XXV

THEN for a year with each day longer than a sleeples night, yet the whole year speeding without events or sea sons or eagerness Martin was a faithful mechanic in that most competent most clean and brisk and visionless medical factory the Rouncefield Clinic. He had nothing of which to complain The clinic did perhaps give over many roentgenolog ical examinations to socially dislocated women who needed chil dren and floor scrubbing more than pretty little skiagraphs they did perhaps view all tonsils with too sanguinary a gloom but certainly no factory could have been better equipped or more gratifyingly expensive and none could have routed its raw hu man material through so many processes so swiftly The Martin Arrowsmith who had been supercilious toward P ckerbaughs and old Dr Winters had for Rouncefield and Angus Duer and the other keen taut specialists of the clinic only the respect of the poor and uncertain for the rich and shrewd

He admired Angus s firmness of purpose and stability of habit. Angus had a sw m or a fencing lesson daily he swam easily and fenced like a still faced demon He was in bed before eleven thirty he never took more than one drink a day and he never read anything or said anything which would not contr bute to his progress as a Br lliant Young Surgeon H s underl ngs knew that Dr Duer would not fa l to arriv precisely on t me pre cisely well dressed absolutely sober very cool and appallingly unpleasant to any nurse who made a mistake or looked for a smile

Martin would without fear have submitted to the gilded and ardent tonsil-snatcher of the clinic, would have submitted to Angus for abdominal surgery or to Rouncefield for any oper

tion of the head or neck providing he was himself quite sure the operation was necessary but he was never able to rise to the linic s lyric faith that any portions of the body without which people could conceivably get along should certainly be removed at once

The real flaw in his year of Chicago was that through all his working day he did not live With quick hands and one tenth of his brain he made blood counts did urinalyses and Wasser manns and infrequent necropsies and all the while he was dead in a white tiled coffin Amid the blattings of Pickerbaugh and the peepings of Wheatsylvania he had lived had fought his en vironment Now there was nothing to fight

After hours he almost lived Leora and he discovered the world of book shops and print shops and theaters and concerts They read novels and history and travel they talked at dinners given by Rouncefield or Angus to journalists engineers bank ers merchants They saw a Russian play and heard Mischa Elman and read Gottlieb s beloved Rabelais Martin learned to flirt without childishness and Leora went for the first time to a hair dresser and to a manicure and began her lessons in French She had called Martin a lie hunter a truth seeker They decided now talking it over in their tight little two-and quarter room flat that most people who called themselves truth seekers —persons who scurry about chattering of Truth as though it were a tangible separable thing like houses or salt or bread—did not so much desire to find Truth as to cure their mental itch In novels these truth seekers quested the secret of life in laboratories which did not seem to be provided with Bunsen flames or reagents or they went at great expense and much discomfort from hot trains and undesirable snakes to Himalayan monasteries to learn from unaseptic sages that the Mind can do all sorts of edifying things if one will but spend thirty or forty years in eating rice and gazing on one s navel

To these high matters Martin responded *Rot!* He insisted that there is no Truth but only many truths that Truth is not a colored bird to be chased among the rocks and captured by its tail but a skeptical attitude toward life He insisted that no one could expect more than by stubbornness or luck to have the kind of work he enjoyed and an ability to become bet r

acquainted with the facts of that work than the average job-holder

His mechanistic philosophy did not persuade him that he was progressing adequately When he tried to match himself with the experts of the clinic or with their profess onal friends he was even more uncomfortable than he had been under the disconcerting scorn of Dr Hesselink of Groningen At clinic luncheons he met surgeons from London New York Boston men with limousines and social positions and the offensive briskness of the man who has numerous engagements or the yet more offensive quietness of the person who is amused by his inferiors master technicians readers of papers at medical congresses executives and controllers unafraid to operate before a hundred peering doctors or to give well bred and exceedingly final orders to subordinates capta n generals of medicine, never doubting themselves great pr ests and healers men mature and wise and careful and blandly cordial

In their winged presences Max Gottlieb seemed an aged fusser Gustaf Sondelius a mountebank and the city of Nautilus unworthy of passionate warfare As their suave courtesy smothered him Martin felt like a footman

In long hours of increasing frankness and lucid ty he discussed with Leora the question of What is this Martin Arrowsmith and whither is he going? and he admitted that the sight of the Famous Surgeons distu bed his ancient faith that he was somehow a superior pe son It was Leora who consoled him

I ve got a lovely description for your dratted Famous Surgeons You know how pol te and important they are and they smile so carefully? Well don t you remember you once said that Professor Gottl eb called all such people like that men of measured merriment ?

He caught up the phrase they sang it together and they made of it a beating imp sh song

Men of measured merriment! Men of measured merr ment! Damn the great executives the men of measured merriment damn the men with careful smiles damn the men that run the shops oh damn their measured merriment, the men with measured merr ment oh damn their measured merriment, and DAMN their careful smiles!

While Martin developed in a jagged way from the boy of Wheatsylvania to mature man his relations to Leora developed from loyal boy and girl adventurousness to lasting solidity They had that understanding of each other known only to married people a few married people wherein for all their differences they were as much indissoluble parts of a whole as are the eye and hand Their identification did not mean that they dwelt always in rosy bliss Because he was so intimately fond of her and so sure of her because anger and eager hot injustices are but ways of expressing trust Martin was irritated by her and querulous with her as he would not have endured being with any other woman any charming Orchid

He stalked out now and then after a quarrel disdaining to answer her and for hours he left her alone enjoying the knowledge that he was hurting her that she was alone waiting perhaps weeping Because he loved her and also was fond of her he was annoyed when she was less sleek less suave than the women he encountered at Angus Duer s

Mrs Rouncefield was a worthy old waddler—beside her Leora was shining and exquisite But Mrs Duer was of amber and ice She was a rich young woman she dressed with distinction she spoke with finishing school mock melodiousness she was ambitious and she was untroubled by the possession of a heart or a brain She was indeed, what Mrs Irving Watters believed herself to be

In the simple gorgeousness of the Nautilus smart set, Mrs Clay Tredgold had petted Leora and laughed at her if she lacked a shoe buckle or split an infinitive but the gold slippered Mrs. Duer was accustomed to sneer at carelessness with the most courteous and unresentable and unmistakable sneers

As they returned by taxicab from the Duers Martin flared

Don t you ever learn anything? I remember once in Nautilus we stopped on a country road and talked till—oh darn near dawn and you were going to be so energetic, but here we are again tonight with just the same thing— Good God couldn t you even take the trouble to notice that you had a spot of soot on your nose tonight? Mrs Duer noticed it all right! Why are you so sloppy? Why can t you take a little care? And why can t

you make an effort anyway to have something to say? You just sit there at dinner—you just sit and look healthy! Don t you want to help me? Mrs Duer will probably help Angus to become president of the American Medical Association in about twenty years and by that time I suppose you ll have me back in Dakota as assistant to Hesselink!

Leora had been snuggling beside him in the unusual luxury of a taxicab She sat straight now and when she spoke she had lost the casual independence with which she usually regarded life

Dear I m awfully sorry I went out this afternoon I went out and had a facial massage so as to look nice for you, and then I knew you like conversation, so I got my little book about modern painting that I bought and I studied it terribly hard but tonight I just couldn t seem to get the conversation around to modern painting—

He was sobbing with her head on his shoulder Oh you poo scared bullied kid trying to be grown up with these dollar-chasers!

III

After the first daze of white tile and bustling cleverness at the Rouncefield Clinic, Ma t n had the desire to tie up a few loose knots of h s streptolysin research

When Angus Duer d scovered it he hinted Look here Mar tin I m glad you re keeping on with your science but if I were you I wouldn t I think waste too much energy on mere curi osity Dr Rouncefield was speaking about it the other day We d be glad to have you do all the research you want only we d l ke it if you went at something practical Take for instance if you could make a tabulation of the blood-counts in a couple of hun dred cases of append citis and publish it that d get somewhere and you could sort of bring in a mention of the cl nic and we d all receive a little credit—and inc dentally maybe we could raise you to th ee thousand a year then

This generos ty had the effect of extinguishing Martin s desire to do any research whatever

Angus is right What he means is as a scientist I m fin shed I am I'll neve try to do anything original aga n

It was at this time when Martin had been w th the clin c

for a year that his streptolysin paper was published in the *Journal of Infectious Diseases* He gave reprints to Rouncefield and to Angus They said extremely nice things which showed that they had not read the paper and again they suggested his tabulating blood-counts

He also sent a reprint to Max Gottlieb at the McGurk Institute of Biology

Gottlieb wrote to him in that dead black spider web script

*Dear Martin*

*I have read your paper with great pleasure The curves of the relation of hemolysin production to age of culture are illuminating I have spoken about you to Tubbs When are you coming to us—to me? Your laboratory and diener are waiting for you here The last thing I want to be is a mystic but I feel when I see your fine engraved letterhead of a clinic and a Rouncefield that you should be tired of trying to be a good citizen and ready to come back to work We shall be glad & Dr Tubbs if you can come*

*Truly yours*

*M Gottlieb*

I m simply going to adore New York said Leora

# CHAPTER XXVI

THE McGurk Building A sheer wall thirty blank stories of glass and limestone down in the pinched triangle whence New York rules a quarter of the world

Martin was not overwhelmed by his first hint of New York after a year in the Chicago Loop Manhattan seemed leisurely But when from the elevated railroad he beheld the Woolworth Tower he was exalted To him architecture had never existed buildings were larger or smaller bulks containing more or less interesting objects His most impassioned architectural comment had been There s a cute bungalow be nice place to live Now he pondered Like to see that tower every day—clouds and storms behind it and everything—so sort of satisfying

He came along Cedar Street among thunderous trucks portly with wares from all the world came to the bronze doors of the McGurk Building and a corridor of intemperately colored terra cotta with murals of Andean Indians pirates booming up the Spanish Main guarded gold trains and the stout walls of Cartagena At the Cedar Street end of the corridor a private street one block long was the Bank of the Andes and Antilles (Ross McGurk chairman of the board) in whose gold-crusted sanctity red headed Yankee porters drew drafts on Quito and clerks hurled breathless Spanish at bulky women A sign indicated, at the Liberty Street end Passenger Offices McGurk Line weekly sailings for the West Indies and South America

Born to the prairies never far from the sight of the cornfields Martin was conveyed to blazing lands and portentous enterprises

One of the row of bronze-barred elevators was labeled Express to McGurk Institute He entered it proudly feeling himself already a part of the godly association They rose swiftly

and he had but half second glimpses of ground glass doors with the signs of mining companies lumber companies Central American railroad companies

The McGurk Institute is probably the only organization for scientific research in the world which is housed in an office building It has the twenty ninth and thirtieth stories of the McGurk Building and the roof is devoted to its animal house and to tiled walks along which (above a world of stenographers and bookkeepers and earnest gentlemen who desire to sell Better-bilt Garments to the golden dons of the Argentine) saunter rapt scientists dreaming of osmosis in Spirogyra

Later Martin was to note that the reception room of the Institute was smaller yet more forbiddingly polite, in its white paneling and Chippendale chairs than the lobby of the Rouncefield Clinic but now he was unconscious of the room of the staccato girl attendant, of everything except that he was about to see Max Gottlieb for the first time in five years

At the door of the laboratory he stared hungrily

Gottlieb was thin-cheeked and dark as ever his hawk nose bony his fierce eyes demanding but his hair had gone gray the flesh round his mouth was sunken and Martin could have wept at the feebleness with which he rose The old man peered down at him his hand on Martin s shoulder but he said only

Ah! Dis is good  Your laboratory is three doors down the hall  But I object to one thing in the good paper you send me You say The regularity of the rate at whi h the streptolysin disappears suggests that an equation may be found—

But it can sir!

Then why did you not make the equation?

Well— I don t know I wasn t enough of a mathematician

Then you should not have published till *you* knew your math!

I— Look Dr Gottlieb do you really think I know enough to work here? I want terribly to succeed

Succeed? I have heard that word It is English? Oh yes it is a word that liddle schoolboys use at the University of Winnemac It means passing examinations But there are *no* examinations to pass here  Martin let us be clear You *know* something of laboratory technique you have heard *about* dese bacilli

you are not a good chemist and mathematics—pfui!—most ter rible! But you have curiosity and you are stubborn You do not accept rules Therefore I t ink you will either make a very good scientist or a very bad one and if you are bad enough, you will be popular with the rich ladies who rule this city New York, and you can gif lectures for a living or even become, if you get ɹo be plausible enough a college president. So anyvay it will be interesting

Half an hour later they were arguing ferociously, Martin as serting that the whole world ought to stop warring and trading and wr ting and get straightway into laboratories to observe new phenomena Gottlieb insisting that there were already too many fac le scientists, that the one thing necessary was the mathematical analys s (and often the destruction) of phenomena already observed

It sounded bellicose and all the while Martin was blissful with the certainty that he had come home.

The laboratory in which they talked (Gottlieb pacing the floor his long arms fantastically knotted behind his thin back Martin leaping on and off tall stools) was not in the least remarkable—a sink a bench with racks of numbered test tubes a micro cope a few note books and hydrogen on charts a grotesque series of bottles connected by glass and rubber tubes on an ordinary kitchen table at the end of the room--yet now and then during his tirades Martin looked about reverently

Gottl eb interrupted their debate What work do you want to do here?

Why sir I d like to help you if I can. I suppose you re clean ing up some things on the synthes s of antibodies

Ye , I t ink I can br ng immunity reactions under the mass act on law But you are not to help me You are to do your own work What do you want to do? This is not a clinic, wit patients go ng through so neat in a ro v!

I want to find a hemolysin for which there s an antibody. There isn t any for strept ly in I d lik to work with staphy lolysin Would you mind?

I do not care what you do— f you just do not steal my staph cultur s out of the ce box and if you will look mysterious all the time so Dr Tubbs our Director will t ink you are up to

something big So! I haf only one suggestion when you get stuck in a problem I have a fine collection of detective stories *in my office* But no Should I be serious—this once when you are just come?

Perhaps I am a crank, Martin. There are many who hate me There are plots against me—oh you t ink I imagine it, but you shall see! I make many mistakes But one thing I keep always pure the religion of a scientist

"To be a scientist—it is not just a different job so that a man should choose between being a scientist and being an explorer or a bond salesman or a physician or a king or a farmer It is a tangle of ver y obscure emotions like mysticism or wanting to write poetry it makes its victim all different from the good normal man The normal man he does not care much what he does except that he should eat and sleep and make love But the scientist is intensely religious—he is so religious that he will not accept quarter truths, because they are an insult to his faith

He—wants that everything should be subject to inexorable laws. He is equal opposed to the capitalists who t ink their silly money grabbing is a system and to liberals who t ink man is not a fighting animal he takes both the American boos er a d the European aristocrat and he ignores all their blu-berings Ignores it! All of it! He hates the preachers who talk their fables but he iss not too kindly to the anthropologists and historians who can only make guesses yet they have the nerf to call them selves scientists! Oh, yes he is a man that all nice good natured people should naturally hate!

He speaks no meaner of the ridiculous faith healers and chiropractors than he does of the doctors that want to snatch our science before it is tested and rush around hoping they heal people and spoiling all the clues with their footsteps and worse than the men like hogs worse than the imbeciles who have not even heard of science he hates pseudo-scientists guess scientists —like these psycho-analysts and worse than those comic dream scientists he hates the men that are allowed in a clean kingdom like biology but know only one text book and how to lecture to nincompoops all so popular! He is the only real revolutionary the auth ntic scientist because he alone knows how liddle he knows

He must be heartless He lives in a cold clear light Yet dis is a funny ting really in private, he is not cold nor heartless—so much less cold than the Professional Optimists The world has always been ruled by the Philanthropists by the doctors that want to use therapeutic methods they do not understand by the soldiers that want something to defend their country against by the preachers that yearn to make everybody listen to them by the kind manufacturers that love their workers by the eloquent statesmen and soft hearted authors—and see once what a fine mess of hell they haf made of the world! Maybe now it is time for the scientist who works and searches and never goes around howling how he loves everybody!

But once again always remember that not all the men who work at sc ence are scientists So few! The rest—secretaries press-agents camp-followers! To be a scientist is like being a Goethe it is born in you Sometimes I t ink you have a liddle of it born in you If you haf there is only one t ing—no there is two t ings you must do work twice as hard as you can and keep people from using you I will try to protect you from Success It is all I can do So I should wish Martin that you will be very happy here May Koch bless you!

II

Five rapt minutes Martin spent in the laboratory wh ch was to be his—smallish but efficient the bench exactly the right height a proper sink with pedal taps When he had closed the door and let his spirit flow out and fill that minute apartment w th his own essence he felt secure

No Picke baugh or Rouncefield could burst in here and drag him away to be explanatory and plaus ble and public he would be free to work instead of being summoned to the package wrapping and d ctation of breezy letters which men call wo k

He looked out of the broad window above h s bench and saw that he did have the coveted Woolworth Tower to keep and gloat on Shut in to a joy of precision he would nevertheless not be walled out from flowing life He had to the north not the Woolwo th Tower alone but the S nger Build ng the a rogant magnificence of the City Inve t ng Building To the west

tall *ships* were riding tugs were bustling all the world went by Below his cliff the streets were feverish Suddenly he loved humanity as he loved the decent clean rows of test tubes and he prayed then the prayer of the scientist

" God give me unclouded eyes and freedom from haste God give me a quiet and relentless anger against all pretense and all pretentious work and all work left slack and unfinished God give me a restlessness whereby I may neither sleep nor accept praise till my observed results equal my calculated results or in pious glee I discover and assault my error God give me strength not to trust to God!

III

He walked all the way up to their inconsiderable hotel in the Thirties and all the way the crowds stared at him—this slim pale black-eyed beaming young man who thrust among them half running seeing nothing yet in a blur seeing everything gallant buildings filthy streets relentless traffic soldiers of fortune fools pretty women frivolous shops windy sky His feet raced to the tune of I ve found my work I ve found my work I ve found my work!

Leora was awaiting him—Leora whose fate it was ever to wait for him in creaky rocking-chairs in cheapish rooms As he galloped in she smiled and all her thin, sweet body was illumined Before he spoke she cried

Oh Sandy I m so glad!

She interrupted his room striding panegyrics on Max Gottlieb on the McGurk Institute on New York on the charms of staphylolysin by a meek Dear how much are they going to pay you?

He stopped with a bump Gosh! I forgot to ask!

Oh!

Now you look here! This isn t a Rouncefield Clinic! I hate these buzzards that can t see anything but making money—

I know Sandy Honestly I don t care I was just wondering what kind of a flat we ll be able to afford so I can begin looking for it Go on Dr Gottlieb said—

It was three hours after at eight when they went to dinner

## IV

The city of magic was to become to Martin neither a city nor any sort of magic but merely a route their flat the subway the Institute, a favorite inexpens ve restaurant, a few streets of laundries and delicatessens and movie theaters But tonight it was a fog of wonder They dined at the Brevoort of which Gustaf Sondelius had told him This was in 1916 before the country had become wholesome and sterile and he Brevoort was a tumult of French uniforms caviar Lou s dangling neck ties Nuits St. Georges illustrators Grand Marnier British Intelligence officers brokers conversation and Martell V O

It s a fine crazy bunch said Martin Do you realize we can stop being respectable now? Irving Watters isn t watching us or Angus! Would we be too insane if we had a bottle of champagne?"

He awoke next day to fret that there must be a trick somewhere as there had been in Nautilus in Chicago But as he set to work he seemed to be in a perfect world. The Institute deftly provided all the material and facilities he could desire—animals incubators glasswa e cultures media—and he had a thoroughly tra ned technic an— garçon they called him at the Institute He really was let alone he really was encouraged to do indiv dual work he really was associated w th men who thought not in terms of poetic posters or of two-thousand-dollar operations but of colloids and sporulation and electrons and of the laws and energ es which governed them

On his first day there came to greet h m the head of the Department of Phys ology Dr Rippleton Holabird.

Holabi d seemed though Martin had found his name starred in physiological journals too young and too handsome to be the head of a d partment a tall sl m easy man with a trim mustache Martin had been rear d in the school of Clif Clawson he had not realized, till he heard Dr Holab rd s quick greeting that a man s vo ce may be charming without effeminacy

Holabird guided him through the two floors of the Institute, and Mart n beheld all the wonders of which he had ever dreamed If it was not so large McGu k ranked in equipment with Rockefeller Pasteur McCormick Lister Martin saw rooms for steriliz ng glass and preparing media for glass-blowing for

the polariscope and the spectroscope and a steel and-cement walled combustion-chamber He saw a museum of pathology and bacteriology to which he longed to add There was a department of publications whence were issued the Institute reports, and the *American Journal of Geographic Pathology* edited by the Director Dr Tubbs there was a room for photography a glorious library an aquarium for the Department of Marine Biology and (Dr Tubbs s own idea) a row of laboratories which visiting foreign scientists were invited to use as their own A Belgian biologist and a Portuguese bio-chemist were occupying guest laboratories now and once Martin thrilled to learn Gustaf Sondelius had been here

Then Martin saw the Berkeley-Saunders centrifuge

The principle of the centrifuge is that of the cream separator It collects as sediment the solids scattered through a liquid such as bacteria in a solution Most centrifuges are hand or water power contrivances the size of a large cocktail shaker but this noble implement was four feet across electrically driven the central bowl enclosed in armor plate fastened with levers like a submarine hatch the whole mounted on a cement pillar

Holabird explained There r only three of these in existence They re made by Berkeley-Saunders in England You know the normal speed even for a good centrifuge is about four thousand revolutions a minute This does twenty thousand a minute—fastest in the world Eh?

Jove they do give you the stuff to work with! gloated Martin (He really did under Holabird s handsome influence say Jove not Gosh )

Yes McGurk and Tubbs are the most generous men in the scientific world I think you ll find it very pleasant to be here, Doctor

I know I will—shall And Jove it s awfully nice of you to take me around this way

Can t you see how much I m enjoying my chance to display my knowledge? There s no form of egotism so agreeable and so safe as being a cicerone But we still have the real wonder of the Institute for to behold Doctor Down this way

The real wonder of the Institute had nothing visible to do with science It was the Hall in which lunched the staff and in which occasional scientific dinners were given with Mrs

McGurk as hostess Martin gasped and his head went back as his glance ran from glistening floor to black and gold ceiling The Hall rose the full height of the two floors of the Institute Clin ing to the soaring wall above the dais on which lunched the Director and the seven heads of departments was a carved musicians gallery Against the oak paneling of the walls were portra ts of the pontiffs of science in crimson robes with a vast mural by Maxfield Parrish and above all was an electrolier of a hundred globes

Gosh—*Jotel* said Martin I never knew there was such a room!

Holabird was generous He did not smile Oh perhaps it almost too gorgeous It s Capitola s pet creation—Capitola is Mrs Ross McGurk wife of the founder she s really an awfully nice woman but she does love Movements and Associations. Terry Wickett one of the chemists here calls this Bonanza Hall Yet it does inspire you when you come in to lunch all tired and grubby Now let s go call on the Director He told me to bring you in

After the Babylonian splendor of the Hall Martin expected to find the office of Dr A DeWitt Tubbs fashioned like a Roman bath but it was except for a laborato y bench at one end the most rigidly business-like apartment he had ever seen

Dr Tubbs was an earnest man whiskered like a terrier very scholarly and perhaps the most powerful American exponent of co-operation in science but he was also a man of the world fast dious of boots and wa stcoats He had graduated from Harvard studied on the Continent been professor of patl ology in the University of Minnesota president of Hartford University m nister to Venezuela editor of the *Weekly Statesman* and president of the San ty League finally Director of McGurk

He was a member both of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the Academy of Sciences Bishops generals liberal rabbis and musical bankers d ned with him He was one of the Distinguished Men to whom the newspapers turned for authoritative interviews on all subjects

You realized before he had talked to you for ten minutes that here was one of the few leaders of mankind who could d scourse on any branch of knowledge, yet could cont ol pract cal affairs nd drive stumbling mank nd on to sane an l reasonable ideal

Though a Max Gottlieb might in his research show a certain talent yet his narrowness his sour and antic humor kept him from developing the broad view of education politics commerce and all other noble matters which marked Dr A DeWitt Tubbs

But the Director was as cordial to the insignificant Martin Arrowsmith as though Martin were a visiting senator He shook his hand warmly he unbent in a smile his baritone was mellow

Dr Arrowsmith I trust we shall do more than merely say you are welcome here I trust we shall show you how welcome you are! Dr Gottlieb tells me that you have a natural aptitude for cloistered investigation but that you have been looking over the fields of medical practice and public health before you settled down to the laboratory I can t tell you how wise I consider you to have made that broad preliminary survey Too many would be scientists lack the tutored vision which comes from co-*ordinating all mental domains*

Martin was dazed to discover that he had been making a broad survey

Now you'll doubtless wish to take some time, perhaps a year or more in getting into your stride, Dr Arrowsmith I shan t ask you for any reports So long as Dr Gottlieb feels that you yourself are satisfied with your progress I shall be content *Only* if there is anything in which I can advise you, from a perhaps somewhat longer career in science please believe that I shall be delighted to be of aid and I am quite sure the same *obtains* with Dr Holabird here, though he really ought to be jealous because he is one of our youngest workers—in fact I call him my *enfant terrible*—but you I believe are only thirty three and you quite put the poor fellow s nose out!

Holabird merrily suggested Oh no Doctor it s been put out long ago You forget Terry Wickett He s under forty

Oh *Him!* murmured Dr Tubbs

Martin had never heard a man disposed of so poisonously with such politeness He saw that in Terry Wickett there *might* be a serpent even in this paradise

Now said Dr Tubbs perhaps you might like to *glance* around my place here I pride myself on keeping our card indices and letter files as unimaginatively as *though I were* an insurance agent But there is a certain exotic touch in these

charts He trotted across the room to show a nest of narrow drawers filled with scientific blue prints

Just what they were charts of he did not say nor did Martin ever learn

He pointed to the bench at the end of the room and laughingly admitted

You can see there what an inefficient fellow I really am I keep asserting that I have given up all the idyllic delights of pathological research for the less fascinating but so very important and fatiguing cares of the directorship Yet such is the weakness of *genus homo* that sometimes when I ought to be attending to practical details I become obsessed by some probably absurd pathological concept and so ridiculous am I that I can t wait to hasten down the hall to my regular laboratory—I must always have a bench at hand and an experiment going on Oh I m afraid I m not the moral man that I pose as being in public! Here I am married to executive p ocedure and still I hanker for my first love Milady Science!

I think it s fine you still have an itch for it Martin ventured

He was wondering just what experiments Dr Tubbs had been doing lately The bench seemed rather unused

And now Doctor I want you to meet the real Di ector of the Institute—my secretary Miss Pearl Robb ns

Ma tin had al eady noticed Miss Robb ns You could not help noticing Miss Robbins She was thirty five and stately a creamy goddess She rose to shake hands—a firm, competent grasp—and to cry in her glorious contralto Dr Tubbs is so compl mentary only because he knows that otherwise I wouldn t give him his afternoon tea We ve heard so much about your cleverness from Dr Gottlieb that I m almost afraid to welcome you Dr Arrowsmith but I do want to

Then, in a glow Martin stood in his laboratory looking at the Woolworth Tower He was dizzy w th these wonders—h s own wonders now! In Rippleton Holabird so ga ly elegant yet so d stingu shed he h ped to have a friend He found Dr Tubbs somewhat sent mental but he was moved by h kindness and by Mi s Robbins s recogn tion He was in a haze of futu e glory when h s door was banged open by a hard fac d red headed, soft-shirted man of thirty six or -eight.

Arrowsmith? the intruder growled My name is Wickett, Terry Wickett I m a chemist I m with Gottlieb Well I noticed *the Holy Wren* was showing you the menagerie

Dr Holabird?

Him Well you must be more or less intelligent, if Pa Gottlieb let you in How s it starting? Which kind are you going *to be? One of the polite birds that uses the Institute for social* climbing and catches him a rich wife or one of the roughnecks like me and Gottlieb?

Terry Wickett s croak was as irritating a sound as Martin had ever heard He answered in a voice curiously like that of Rippleton Holabird

I don t think you need to worry I happen to be married already!

Oh don t let that fret you Arrowsmith Divorces are cheap in this man s town Well did the Holy Wren show you Gladys the Tart?

Huh?

Gladys the Tart or the Galloping Centrifuge

Oh You mean the Berkeley-Saunders?

I do soul of my soul Whajuh think of it?

It s the finest centrifuge I ve ever seen Dr Holabird said—

Hell he ought to say something! He went and got old Tubbs to buy it He just loves it, Holy Wren does

Why not? It s the fastest—

Sure Speediest centrifuge in the whole *Vereinigen* and made of the best toothpick steel The only trouble is it always blows out fuses and it *spatters the bugs so that you need a gas mask* if you re going to use it And did you love dear old Tubbsy and the peerless Pearl?

I did!

*Fine* Of course Tubbs is an illiterate jackass but still at that, he hasn t got persecution mania like Gottlieb

Look here Wickett—is it Dr Wickett

Uh huh M D Ph.D but a first rate chemist just the same

Well Dr Wickett it seems to me a shame that a man of your talents should have to associate with idiots like Gottlieb and Tubbs and Holabird I ve just left a Chicago clinic where

everybody is nice and sensible I d be glad to recommend you for a job there!

"Wouldn t be so bad At least I d avoid all the gassing at lunch in Bonanza Hall. Well sorry I got your goat, Arrowsmith but you look all right to me.

Thanks!

Wickett grinned obscenely—red headed rough faced, wiry—and snorted By the way did Holabird tell you about being wounded in the first month of the war when he was a field marshal or a hospital orderly or something in the British Army?

He did not! He didn t mention the war!

He will! Well Brer Arrowsmith I look forward to many happy happy years together playing at the feet of Pa Gottlieb So long My lab is right next to yours

Fool! Martin decided and Well I can stand him as long as I can fall back on Gottlieb and Holabird But— The conceited idiot! Gosh, so Holabird was in the war! Invalided out I guess I certainly got back at Wickett on that! Did he tell you about his being a jolly old hero in the blinkin war? he said and I came right back at him I m sorry to displease you I said but Dr Holabird did not mention the war The idiot! Well I won t let him worry me

And indeed as Martin met the staff at lunch, Wickett was the only one whom he did not find courteous however brief their greetings He did not distinguish among them for days most of the twenty researchers remained a blur He confused Dr Yeo head of the Department of Biology with the carpenter who had come to put up shelves

The staff sat in Hall at two long tables one on the dais one below tiny insect groups under the massy ceiling They were not particularly noble of aspect, these possible Darwins and Huxleys and Pasteurs None of them were wide browed Platos. Except for Rippleton Holabird and Max Gottlieb and perhaps Martin himself they looked like lunching grocers brisk featureless young men thick mustached elders and wimpish little men with spectacles men whose collars did not meet. But there was a steady calm about them there was, Martin believed no anxiety over money in their voices nor any restlessness of envy and scandalous gossip They talked gravely or frivolously of their work the one sort of work that since it becomes part of the

chain of discovered fact is eternal however forgotten the work er s name

As Martin listened to Terry Wickett (rude and slangy as ever referring to himself as the boy chemist speaking of this gaudy Institute and our trusting new lil brother Arrow smith ) debating with a slight thin bearded man—Dr William T Smith *assistant in bio-chemistry—the possibility of increasing* the effects of all enzymes by doses of X rays as he heard one associate member vituperate another for his notions of cell chemistry and denounce Ehrlich as the Edison of medical sci ence Martin perceived new avenues of exciting research he stood on a mountain and unknown valleys craggy tantalizing paths were open to his feet

## V

Dr and Mrs Rippleton Holabird invited them to dinner a week after their coming

As Holabird s tweeds made Clay Tredgold s smartness seem hard and pretentious so his dinner revealed Angus Duer s affairs *in Chicago as mechanical and joyless* and a little anxious Every one whom Martin met at the Holabirds flat was a Somebody though perhaps a minor Somebody a goodish editor or a rising ethnologist and all of them had Holabird s graceful casualness

The provincial Arrowsmiths arrived on time therefore fifteen minutes early Before the cock tails appeared in old Venetian glass Martin demanded Doctor what problems re you get *ting after now in your physiology?*

Holabird was transformed into an ardent boy With a depre a tory Would you really like to hear about em—you needn t be polite you know! he dashed into an exposition of his experi ments drawing sketches on the blank spaces in newspaper ad vertisements on the back of a wedding invitation on the fly leaf of a presentation novel looking at Martin apologetically learned yet gay

We re working on the localization of brain functions I think we ve gone beyond Bolton and Flechs g Oh it s jolly exciting exploring the brain Look here!

His swift pencil was sketching the cerebrum the bra n lived and beat under his fingers

He threw down the paper I say it s a shame to inflict my hobbies on you Besides the others are coming Tell me how is your work going? Are you comfortable at the Institute? Do you find you like people?

Everybody except— To be frank I m jarred by Wickett

Generously I know His manner is slightly aggressive But you mustn t mind him he s really an extraordinarily gifted biochemist He s a bachelor—gives up everything for his work And he doesn t really mean half the rude things he says He detests me, among others Has he mentioned me?

Why not especially—

I have a feeling he goes around saying that I talk about my experiences in the war which really isn t quite altogether true

Yes in a burst he did say that

I do rather w sh he wouldn t So sorry to have offended him by going and getting wounded I ll remember and not do it again! Such a fuss for a war record as insignificant as mine! What happened was when the war broke out in 14 I was in England studying under Sherrington I pretended to be a Canadian and joined up with the medical corps and got mine within three weeks and got hoofed out, and that was the end of my magnificent career! Here s somebody arriving

His easy gallantry won Martin complete Leora was equally captivated by Mrs Holabird and they went home from the dinner in new enchantment

So began for them a white light of happiness Martin was scarce more blissful in his undisturbed work than in his life outside the laboratory

All the first week he forgot to ask what his salary was to be Then it became a game to wait till the end of the month Evenings in little restaurants Leora and he would speculate about it.

The Institute would surely not pay him less than the twenty five hundred dollars a year he had received at the Rouncefield Clinic, but on even ngs when he was tired it dropped to fifteen hundred and one evening when they had Burgundy he raised it to thirty five hundred

When his first monthly check came, neat in a little sealed envelope, he dared not look at it. He took it home to Leora. In their hotel room they stared at the envelope as though it was likely to conta n poison. Martin opened it shakily he stared,

and whispered Oh those decent people! They re paying me—this is for four hundred and twenty dollars—they re paying me *five thousand a year!*

Mrs Holabird a white kitten of a woman helped Leora find a three room flat with a spacious living room in an old house near Gramercy Park and helped her furnish it with good bits second hand When Martin was permitted to look he cried I hope we stay here for fifty years!

This was the Grecian isle where they found peace Presently they had friends the Holabirds Dr Billy Smith—the thin bearded bio-chemist who had an intelligent taste in music and German beer—an anatomist whom Martin met at a Winnemac alumni dinner and always Max Gottlieb

Gottlieb had found his own serenity In the Seventies he had a brown small flat smelling of tobacco and leather books His son Robert had graduated from City College and gone bustlingly into business Miriam kept up her music while she guarded her father—a dumpling of a girl holy fire behind the deceptive flesh After an evening of Gottlieb s acrid doubting Martin was inspired to hasten to the laboratory and attempt a thousand new queries into the laws of micro-organisms a task which usually began with blasphemously destroying all the work he had recently done

Even Terry Wickett became more tolerable Martin perceived that Wickett s snarls were partly a Clif Clawson misconception of humor but partly a resentment as great as Gottlieb s of the morphological scientists who ticket things with the nicest little tickets who name things and rename them and never analyze them Wickett often worked all night he was to be seen in shirt sleeves his sulky red hair rumpled sitting with a stop-watch before a constant temperature bath for hours Now and then it was a relief to have the surly intentness of Wickett instead of the elegance of Rippleton Holabird, which demanded from Martin so much painful elegance in turn at a time when he was sunk beyond sounding in his experimentation

# CHAPTER XXVII

HIS work began fumblingly There were days when for all the joy of it he dreaded lest Tubbs strid in and bellow What are you doing here? You re the wrong Arrowsmith! Get out!

He had isolated twenty strains of staphylococcus germs and he was test ng them to d scover which of them was most active in producing a hemolytic, a bl od-disintegrating toxin, so that he might produce an antitoxin

There were p cturesque moments when after centrifuging the organisms lay in coil ng cloudy masses at the bottoms of the tubes or when the red corpuscles we e completely d s olved and the opaque b ick red liquid turned to the color of pale wine But most of the p ocesses vere ncomparably tedi us remo ing samples of the culture every six hours making salt suspensions of co puscles in small tubes recording the results

He never knew they were tedious

Tubbs came in now and then found him busy patted h s shoulder sa d something which sounded like French and m ght even have been F ench and gave vague encouragement wh le Gottlieb imperturbably told h m to go ahead and now and then stirred him by show ng his o vn note books (they were full of figures and abb eviations stup d seeming as invoices of calico) or by speaking of his own work in a vocabulary as heathenish as Tibetan mag c

Arrhenius and Madsen have made a contribut on tow d bringing immunity reactions under the mass action law, but I hope to show that antigen a t body comb nat ns occur in stoichiometric proportions when certa n variables are h ld constant

Oh yes I see sa d Martin and to himself Well, I darn

near a quarter understand that! Oh Lord if they'll only give me a *little time and not send me back* to tacking up diphtheria posters!

When he had obtained a satisfactory toxin Martin began his effort to find an antitoxin He made vast experiments with no *results Sometimes* he was certain that he had something but when he rechecked his experiments he was bleakly certain that he hadn't. Once he rushed into Gottlieb's laboratory with the announcement of the antitoxin whereupon with affection and *several discomforting* questions and the present of a box *of real* Egyptian cigarettes Gottlieb showed him that he had not considered certain dilutions

With all his amateurish fumbling Martin had one characteristic without which there can be no science a wide ranging sniffing snuffling, undignified, unself-dramatizing curiosity and it drove him on

II

While he puttered his insignificant way through the early years of the Great European War the McGurk Institute had a lively existence under its placid surface

*Martin may not have learned much in the matter of* antibodies but he did learn the secret of the Institute and he saw that behind all its quiet industriousness was Capitola McGurk the Great White Uplifter

*Capitola Mrs* Ross *McGurk* had been opposed to woman suffrage—until she learned that women were certain to get the vote—but she was a complete controller of virtuous affairs *Ross* McGurk had bought the Institute not only to glorify himself but to divert Capitola and keep her itching fingers out of *his* shipping and mining and lumber interests which would not *too* well have borne the investigations of a Great White Uplifter

Ross McGurk was at the time a man of fifty four second generation of California railroad men a graduate of Yale big suave dignified cheerful unscrupulous Even in 1908 when he had founded the Institute he had had too many houses too many servants too much food and no children because Capitola considered that sort of thing detrimental to women with large responsibilities In the Institute he found each year more satisfaction more excuse for having lived

When Gottlieb arrived McGurk went up to look him over McGurk had bullied Dr Tubbs now and then Tubbs was com pelled to scurry to his office as though he were a messenger boy yet when he saw the saturnine eyes of Gottlieb McGurk looked interested and the two men the bulky clothes-conscious pow erful reticent American and the cynical simple power-despising European became friends McGurk would slip away from a conference affecting the commerce of a whole West Indian island to sit on a high stool silent and watch Gottlieb work

Some day when I quit hustling and wake up I m going to become your garçon Max, said McGurk and Gottlieb answered I don t know—you haf imagination, Ross but I t ink you are too late to get a training in reality Now if you do not mind eating at Childs s we will avoid your very expostulatory Regal Hall, and I shall invite you to lunch

But Capitola did not join their communion

Gottlieb s arrogance had returned and with Capitola McGurk he needed it She had such interesting little problems for her husband s pensioners to attack Once in excitement she visited Gottlieb s laboratory to tell him that large numbers of persons die of cancer and why didn t he drop th s anti whatever it was and find a cure for cancer which would be ever so n ce for all of them

But her real grievance arose when after Rippleton Holabird had agreed to give midnight supper on the roof of the Institute to one of her most intellectual dinner parties she telephoned to Gottlieb merely asking Would it be too much trouble for you to go down and open your lab so we can all enjoy just a tiny peep at it? and he answered

It would! Good night!

Capitola protested to her husband He listened—at least he seemed to listen—and remarked

Cap I don t mind your playing the fool w th the footmen They ve got to stand it But if you get funny with Max, I ll simply shut up the whole Institute, and then you won t have anything to talk about at the Colony Club And it certainly does beat the deuce that a man worth thirty mill on dollars—at least a fellow that s got that much—can t find a clean pair of pajamas No I *won t* have a valet! Oh please now Capitola, please quit being high minded and let me go to sleep will you!

But Capitola was uncontrollable especially in the matter of he monthly dinners which she gave at the Institute.

III

The first of the McGurk Scientific Dinners which Martin and Leora witnessed was a particularly important and explanatory dinner because the guest of honor was Major-General Sir Isaac Mallard the London surgeon who was in America with a British War Mission He had already beautifully let himself be shown through the Institute he had been Sir Isaac d by Dr Tubbs and every researcher except Terry Wickett he remembered meeting Rippleton Holabird in London or said he re membered and he admired Gladys the Centrifuge

The dinner began with one misfortune in that Terry Wickett who hitherto could be depended upon to stay decently away now appeared volunteering to the wife of an ex ambassador I simply couldn t duck this spread with dear Sir Isaac coming Say if I hadn t told you you wouldn t hardly think my dress-suit was rented would you! Have you noticed that Sir Isaac is getting so he doesn t tear the carpet with his spurs any more? I wonder if he still kills all his mastoid patients?

There was vast music vaster food there were uncomfortable scientists explaining to golden cooing ladies in a few words just what they were up to and what in the next twenty years they hoped to be up to there were the cooing ladies themselves observing in tones of pretty rebuke But I m afraid you haven t yet made it as clear as you might There were the cooing ladies husbands—college graduates manipulators of oil stocks or of corporation law—who sat ready to give to anybody who desired it their opinion that while antitoxins might be racy what we really needed was a good substitute for rubber

There was Rippleton Holabird being charming

And in the pause of the music, there suddenly was Terry Wickett saying to quite an important woman one of Capitola s most useful friends Yes his name is spelled G-o-t t l i-e b but it s pronounced Gottdamn

But such outsiders as Wickett and such silent riders as Martin and Leora and such totally absent members as Max Gottlieb were few and the dinner waxed magnificently to a love feast

when Dr Tubbs and Sir Isaac Mallard paid compliments to each other to Capitola to the sacred soil of France, to brave little Belgium, to American hospitality to British love of privacy and to the extremely interesting things a young man with a sense of co-operation might do in modern science

The guests were conducted through the Institute They inspected the marine biology aquarium the pathological museum and the animal house at sight of which one sprightly lady demanded of W ckett Oh the poor little guinea pigs and darling rabbicks! Now honestly Doctor don t you think it would be ever so much nicer if you let them go free and just worked with your test tubes?

A popular physician whose practice was among rich women none of them west of Fifth Avenue, said to the sprightly lady I think you re absolutely right. I never have to kill any poor wee little beasties to get my knowledge!

With astounding suddenness W ckett took his hat and went away

The sprightly lady said, You see, he didn t dare stand up to a real argument Oh, Dr Arrowsmith of course I know how wonderful Ross McGurk and Dr Tubbs and all of you are but I must say I m disappointed in your laborato es I d expected there d be such larky retorts and electric furnaces and everything but, honestly I don t see a single thing that s interesting and I do think all you clever people ought to do *something* for us, now that you ve coaxed us all the way down here. Can t you or somebody create life out of turtle eggs or whatever it is? Oh please do! Pretty please! Or at least, do put on one of these cunnin dentist coats that you wear"

Then Martin also went rapidly away accompanied by a furious Leora who in the taxicab announced that she had desired to taste the champagne-cup which she had ob erved on the buffet, and that her husband was little short of a fool

IV

Thus, however satisfying his work Martin began to wonder about the perfection of his sanctuary to wonder why Gottl eb should be so insulting at lunch to neat Dr Sholtheis the industrious head of the Department of Epidemiology and why Dr

Sholtheis should endure the insults to wonder why Dr Tubbs when he wandered into one s laboratory should gurgle The one thing for you to keep in view in all your work is the ideal of co-operation to wonder why so ardent a physiologist as Rippleton Holabird should all day long be heard conferring with Tubbs instead of sweating at his bench

Holabird had five years before done one bit of research which had taken his name into scientific journals throughout the world he had studied the effect of the extirpation of the anterior lobes of a dog s brain on its ability to find its way through the laboratory Martin had read of that research before he had thought of going to McGurk on his arrival he was thrilled to have it chronicled by the master himself but when he had heard Holabird refer to it a dozen times he was considerably less thrilled and he speculated whether all his life Holabird would go on being the man—*you* remember—the chap that did the big stunt whatever it was with locomotion in dogs or something

Martin speculated still more as he perceived that all his colleagues were secretly grouped in factions

Tubbs, Holabird, and perhaps Tubbs s secretary, Pearl Robbins, were the ruling caste, It was murmured that Holabird hoped some day to be made Assistant Director an offi e which was to be created for him. Gottlieb Terry Wickett, and Dr. Nicholas Yeo that long mustached and rustic biologist whom Martin had first taken for a carpenter formed an independent faction of their own and however much he disliked the boisterous Wickett, Martin was dragged into it.

Dr William Smith with his little beard and a notion of mushrooms formed in Paris kept to himself Dr Sholtheis who had been born to a synagogue in Russia but who was now the most zealous high-church Episcopalian in Yonkers was constantly in his polite small way trying to have his scientific work commended by Gottlieb In the Department of Bio Physics the good natured chief was reviled and envied by his own assistan And in the whole Institute there was not one man who would in all states of liquor assert that the work of any other scientist anywhere was completely sound or that there was a single one of his rivals who had not stolen ideas from him No rocking-chair clique on a summer hotel porch no knot of actors ever whis

pered more scandal or hinted more warmly of complete idiocy in their confreres than did these uplifted scientists

But these discoveries Martin could shut out by closing his door and he had that to do now which deafened him to the mutters of intrigue

V

For once Gottlieb did not amble into his laboratory but curtly summoned him In a corner of Gottlieb s office a den opening from his laboratory was Terry Wickett, rolling a cigarette and looking sardonic.

Gottlieb observed Martin I haf taken the privilege of talking you over with Terry and we concluded that you haf done well enough now so it is time you stop puttering and go to work.

I thought I was working sir!

All the wide placidness of his halcyon days was gone he saw himself driven back to Pickerbaughism

Wickett intruded 'No you haven t You ve just been showing that you re a bright boy who might work if he only knew something

While Martin turned on Wickett with a Who the devil are you? expression Gottl eb went on

The fact is Martin you can do nothing till you know a little mathematics If you are not going to be a cookbook bacteriologist l ke most of them you must be able to handle some of the fundamentals of science. All living things are physicochem cal machines Then how can you make progress if you do not know physical chemistry and how can you know physical chemistry without much mathematics?

"Yuh said Wickett you re lawn mowing and daisy p cking not digging

Martin faced them But rats Wickett, a man can t know everything I m a bacteriologist, not a phys cist Str kes me a fellow ought to use his ins ght not just a chest of tools to make discove ies A good sailor could find h s way at sea even if he didn t have instruments and a whole *Lusitania* ful of junk wouldn t make a good sa lor out of a dub Man ought to develop his brain not depend on tools

Ye uh but if there were charts and quadrants in existence, a sailor that cruised off without em would be a chump!

For half an hour Martin defended himself not too politely before the gem like Gottlieb the granite Wickett All the while he knew that he was sickeningly ignorant

They ceased to take interest Gottlieb was looking at his note books Wickett was clumping off to work Martin glared at Gottlieb The man meant so much that he could be furious with him as he would have been with Leora with his own self

I m sorry you think I don t know anything he raged and departed with the finest dramatic violence He slammed into his own laboratory felt freed then wretched Without volition like a drunken man he stormed to Wickett s room protesting I suppose you re right My physical chemistry is nix and my math rotten What am I going to do—what am I going to do?

The embarrassed barbarian grumbled Well for Pete s sake Slim don t worry The old man and I were just egging you on Fact is he s tickled to death about the careful way you re starting in About the math—probably you re better off than the Holy Wren and Tubbs right now you ve forgotten all the math you ever knew and they never knew any Gosh all fish hooks! Science is supposed to mean Knowledge—from the Greek a handsome language spoken by the good old booze hoisting Hellenes—and the way most of the science boys resent having to stop writing little jeweled papers or giving teas and sweat at getting some knowledge certainly does make me a grand booster for the human race My own math isn t any too good Slim but if you d like to have me come around evenings and tutor you— Free I mean!

Thus began the friendship between Martin and Terry Wickett thus began a change in Martin s life whereby he gave up three or four hours of wholesome sleep each night to grind over matters which everyone is assumed to know and almost every one does not know

He took up algebra found that he had forgotten most of it cursed over the competition of the indefatigable A and the indolent B who walk from Y to Z hired a Columbia tutor and finished the subject with a spurt of something like interest in regard to quadratic equations in six weeks while Leora

listened watched waited made sandwiches and laughed at the tutor s jokes

By the end of his first nine months at McGurk Martin had reviewed trigonometry and analytic geometry and he was finding differential calculus romantic But he made the mistake of telling Terry Wickett how much he knew

Terry croaked Don t trust math too much son and he so confused him with references to the thermo-dynamical derivation of the mass action law and to the oxidation reduction potential that he stumbled again into raging humility again saw himself an impostor and a tenth rater

He read the classics of physical science Copern cus and Galileo Lavoisier Newton LaPlace Descartes Faraday He became completely bogged in Newton s Flux ons he spoke of Newton to Tubbs and found that the illustrious Director knew nothing about him He cheerfully mentioned this to Terry and was shockingly cursed for his conce t as a nouveau cultured as a typical enthusiastic convert and so returned to the work whose end is satisfying because there is never an end

His life did not seem ed fying nor in any degree amusing When Tubbs peeped into his laboratory he found a humorless young man going about his tests of hemolytic toxins with no apparent fla r for the Real Big Thing in Science which wa co-operation and being efficient Tubbs tried to set him stra ght with Are you quite sure you re following a regular demarked line in your work?

It was Leo a who bore the real tedium

She sat quiet (a frail child only up to one s shoulder not nine minutes older than at marriage n ne years before) or she napped inoffensively n the long liv ng room of their flat hile he worked over his drea y d gt nfested books till one till two and she politely awoke to let him worry at her But look here now I ve got to keep up my research at the same time God I am so tired!

She dragged him away for an illegal five-day walk on Cape Cod in March. He sat between the T vin Lights at Chatham and fumed I m going back and tell Terry and Gottl eb they can go to the dev l v ith their crazy phys cal chem stry I ve had enough now I ve done math and she commented, Yes 1 er

tainly would—though isn t it funny how Dr Gottlieb always *seems to be right?*

He was so absorbed in staphylolysin and in calculus that he did not realize the world was about to be made safe for democ racy He was a little dazed when America entered the war

VI

Dr Tubbs dashed to Washington to offer the services of the Institute to the War Department

All the members of the staff except Gottlieb and two others who declined to be so honored were made officers and told to run out and buy nice uniforms

Tubbs became a Colonel Rippleton Holabird a Major Martin and Wickett and Billy Smith were Captains But the garçons had no military rank whatever nor any military duties except the polishing of brown riding boots and leather puttees which the several warriors wore as pleased their fancies or their legs And the most belligerent of all Miss Pearl Robbins she who at tea heroically slaughtered not only German men but all their women and viperine children was wickedly unrecognized and had to make up a uniform for herself

The only one of them who got nearer to the front than Liberty Street was Terry Wickett who suddenly asked for leave was *transferred to the artillery and sailed off to France*

He apologized to Martin I m ashamed of chucking my work like this and I certainly don t want to kill Germans—I mean not any more n I want to kill most people—but I never could resist getting into a big show Say Slim, keep an eye on Pa Gottlieb, will you? This has hit him bad He's got a bunch of nephews and so on *in the German army* and the patriots like Big Foot Pearl will give an exhibit of idealism by persecuting him. So long Slim, take care y self.

Martin had vaguely protested at being herded into the army The war was to him chiefly another interruption to his work like Pickerbaughism like earning his living at Wheatsylvania But when he had gone strutting forth *in uniform it was so en* joyable that for several weeks he was a standard patriot. He had never looked so well so taut and erect as in khaki It was en chanting to be saluted by privates quite as enchanting to return

the salute in the dignified patronizing all-comrades-together splendor which Martin shared with the other doctors professors, lawyers brokers authors and former socialist intellectuals who were his fellow-officers

But in a month the pleasures of being a hero became mechanical and Martin longed for soft shirts easy shoes and clothes with reasonable pockets His puttees were a nuisance to wear and an inferno to put on his collar pinched his neck and jabbed his chin and it was wearing on a man who sat up till three on the perilous duty of studying calculus to be snappy at every salute

Under the martinet eye of Col. Director Dr A DeWitt Tubbs he had to wear his uniform at least recognizable portions of it, at the Institute, but by evening he slipped into the habit of sneaking into citizen clothes and when he went with Leora to the movies he had an agreeable feeling of being Absent Without Leave, of risking at every street corner arrest by the Military Police and execution at dawn

Unfortunately no M.P ever looked at him But one evening when in an estimable and innocent manner he was looking at the remains of a gunman who had just been murdered by an other gunman he realized that Major Rippleton Holabird was standing by glaring For once the M jor was unpleasant

Captain, does it seem to you that this is quite playing the game to wear mufti? We, unfortunately with our scientific work haven t the privilege of joining the Boys who are up against the real thing but we are under orders just as if we were in the trenches—where *some* of us would so much like to be again! Captain I trust I shall never again see you breaking the order about being n uniform or—uh—

Martin blurted to Leora, later

I m sick of hearing about his being wounded Nothing that I can see to p event his go ng back to the trenches Wound s all right now I want to be patr ot c but my patriotism is chas ng antitoxins, doing my job not wearing a particular kind of pants and a particular set of ideas about the Germans Mind you I m anti German all right—I think they re probably just as bad as we are. Oh let s go back and do some more calculus Darling my working nights doesn t bore you too much, does it?

Leora had cunning When she could not be enthusiastic she could be unannoyingly silent

At the Institute Martin perceived that he was not the only defender of his country who was not comfortable in the garb of heroes The most dismal of the staff members was Dr Nicholas Yeo the Yankee sandy mustached head of the Department of Biology

Yeo had put on Major s uniform but he never felt neighborly with it (He knew he was a Major because Col Dr Tubbs had told him he was and he knew that this was a Major s uniform because the clothing salesman said so) He walked out of the McGurk Building in a melancholy deprecatory way with one breeches leg bulging over his riding boots and however piously he tried he never remembered to button his blouse over the violet flowered shirts which he often confided you could buy ever so cheap on Eighth Avenue

But Major Dr Yeo had one military triumph He hoarsely explained to Martin as they were marching to the completely militarized dining hall

Say Arrowsmith, do you ever get balled up about this saluting? Darn it I never can figure out what all these insignia mean. One time I took a Salvation Army Lieutenant for a Y.M.C.A General or maybe he was a Portygee But I ve got the idea now! Yeo laid his finger beside his large nose and produced wisdom Whenever I see any fellow in uniform that looks older than I am I salute him—my nephew Ted has drilled me so I salute swell now—and if he don t salute back well Lord, I just think about my work and don t fuss If you look at it scientifically this military life isn t so awful hard after all!

VII

Always in Paris or in Bonn Max Gottlieb had looked to America as a land which, in its freedom from Royalist tradition, in its contact with the realities of cornfields and blizzards and town meetings had set its face against the puerile pride of war He believed that he had ceased to be a German, now and become a countryman of Lincoln

The European War was the one thing besides his discharge from Winnemac which had ever broken his sardonic serenity

In the war he could see no splendor nor hope but only crawling tragedy He treasured his months of work and good talk in France in England in Italy he loved his French and English and Italian friends as he loved his ancient *Korpsbruder* and very well indeed beneath his mocking did he love the Germans with whom he had drudged and drunk

His sisters sons—on home-craving vacations he had seen them in babyhood in boyhood in ruffling youngmanhood—went out with the Kaiser s colors in 1914 one of them became an Oberst, much decorated one existed insignificantly and one was dead and stinking in ten days This he sadly endured as later he endured his son Robert s going out as an American lieutenant, to fight his own cousins What struck down this man to whom abstractions and scientific laws were more than kindly flesh was the mania of hate which overcame the unmilitaristic America to which he had emigrated in protest against Junker dom

Incredulously he perceived women asserting that all Germans were baby killers, universities barring the language of Heine orchestras outlawing the music of Beethoven professors in uni form bellowing at clerks and the clerks never protesting

It is uncertain whether the real hurt was to his love for America or to his egotism, that he should have guessed so grotesquely It is curious that he who had so denounced the machine made education of the land should yet have been surprised when it turned blithely to the old old mechanical mockeries of war

When the Institute sanctified the war he found himself re garded not as the great and impersonal immunologist but as a suspect German Jew

True the Terry who went off to the artillery did not look upon him dourly but Major Rippleton Holabird became erect and stiff when they passed in the corridor When Gottlieb in sisted to Tubbs at lunch, I am willing to admit every virtue of the French—I am very fond of that so individual people—but on the theory of probabilities I suggest that there must be some good Germans out of sixty millions then Col Dr Tubbs com manded In this time of world tragedy it does not seem to me particularly becoming to try to be flippant Dr Gottlieb

In shops and on the elevated trains little red faced sweaty people when they heard his accent glared at him and growled

one to another There s one of them damn barb rous well poisoning Huns! and however contemptuous he might be how ever much he strove for ignoring pride their nibbling reduced him from arrogant scientist to an insecure raw nerved shrink ing old man

And once a hostess who of old time had been proud to know him a hostess who e maiden name was Straufnabel and who had married into the famous old Anglican family of Rosemont, when Gottlieb bade her *Auf Wiedersehen* cried out upon him Dr Gottlieb I m very sorry but the use of that disgusting language is not permitted in this house!

He had almost recovered from the anxieties of Winnemac and the Hunziker factory he had begun to expand to entertain people—scientists musicians talkers Now he was thrust back into himself With Terry gone he trusted only Miriam and Martin and Ross McGurk and his deep set wrinkle lidded eyes looked ever on sadness

But he could still be tart He suggested that Capitola ought to have in the window of her house a Service Flag with a star for every person at the Institute who had put on uniform

She took it quite seriously and did it

VIII

The military duties of the McGurk staff did not consist en tirely in wearing uniforms receiving salutes and listening to Col Dr Tubbs s luncheon lectures on the part Ameri a will inevitably play in the reconstruction of a Democratic Europe

They prepared sera the assistant in the Department of Bio Physics was inventing electrified wire entanglements Dr Billy Smith who six months before had been singing *Student Lieder* at Luchow s was working on poison gas to be used against all singers of *Lieder* and to Martin was assigned the manufacture of lipovaccine a suspension of finely ground typhoid and para typhoid organisms in oil It was a greasy job and dull Martin was faithful enough about it and gave to it almost every morn ing but he blasphemed more than usual and he unholily wel comed scientific papers in which lipovaccines were condemned as inferior to ordinary salt solutions

He was conscious of Gottlieb s sorrowing and tried to comfort him.

It was Martin s most pitiful fault that he was not very kind to shy people and lonely people and stupid old people he was not cruel to them he simply was unconscious of them or so impatient of the r fumbling that he avoided them Whenever Leora taxed him with it he grumbled

Well but— I m too much absorbed in mv work or in doping stuff out to waste time on morons And it s a good thing Most people above the grade of hog do so much chasing around after a lot of vague philanthropy that they never get anything done— and most of your confounded shy people get spiritually pauper ized Oh, it s so much easier to be good natured and purring and self-congratulatory and generally footless than it is to pound ahead and keep yourself strictly for your own work the work that gets somewhere Very few people have the courage to be decently selfish—not answer letters—and demand the right to work If they had their way these sentimentalists would ve had a Newton—yes or probably a Chr stl—giv ng up everything they d d for the world to address meetings and listen to the troubles of cranky old maids Nothing takes so mu h courage as to keep hard and clear headed

And he hadn t even that courage

When Leora had made complaint he would be forcibly kind to all sorts of alarmed stray begga s for a day or two then drift back into his absorption There were but two people whose un happiness could always p erce him Leora and Gottlieb

Though he was busier than he had known anyone could ever be with lipovacc nes in the morning physical chemistry in the evening and at all sorts of intense hours between the cont nua tion of his staphylolysin research he gave what time he could to seeking out Gottlieb and warming his vanity by reverent listening

Then his research wiped out everything else made him forget Gottlieb and Leora and all his briskness about studying made him turn his war work over to others and confounded night and day in one insane flaming blur as he realized that he had something not unworth y of a Gottl eb something at the myster ous source of life

# CHAPTER XXVIII

CAPTAIN MARTIN ARROWSMITH M.R.C. came home to his good wife Leora wailing Im so rotten tired and I feel kind of discouraged I havent accomplished a darn thing in this whole year at McGurk Sterile No good And Im hanged if Ill study calculus this evening Lets go to the movies Wont even change to regular human clothes. Too tired

All right honey" said Leora But lets have dinner here. I bought a wonderful ole fish this afternoon

Through the film Martin gave his opinion, as a captain and as a doctor that it seemed improbable a mother should not know her daughter after an absence of ten years He was restless and rational which is not a mood in which to view the cinema. When they came blinking out of that darkness lit only from the shadowy screen he snorted Im going back to the lab Ill put you in a taxi

Oh let the beastly thing go for one night.

Now thats unfair! I havent worked late for three or four nights now!

Then take me along

Nope I have a hunch I may be working all night.

Liberty Street, as he raced along it was sleeping below its towers It was McGurks order that the elevator to the Institute should run all night, and indeed three or four of the twenty staff members did sometimes use it after respectable hours.

That morning Martin had isolated a new strain of staphylococcus bacteria from the gluteal carbuncle of a patient in the Lower Manhattan Hospital a carbuncle which was healing with unusual rapidity He had placed a bit of the pus in broth and incubated it In eight hours a good growth of bacteria had

appeared Before going wearily home he had returned the flask to the incubator

He was not particularly interested in it and now in his laboratory he removed his m litary blouse looked down to the lights on the blue-black river smoked a little thought what a dog he was not to be gentler to Leora and damned Bert Tozer and Pickerbaugh and Tubbs and anybody else who was handy to his memory before he absent mindedly wavered to the incu bator and found that the flask in which there should have been a perceptible cloudy growth had no longer any signs of bacteria —of staphylococci

Now what the hell! he cried Why the broth s as clear as when I seeded it! Now what the— Think of this fool accident coming up just when I was going to start something new!

He hastened from the incubator in a closet off the corridor to his laboratory and holding the flask under a strong light, made certain that he had seen aright He fretfully prepared a slide from the flask contents and examined it under the microscope He discovered nothing but shadows of what had been bacteria thin outlines the form still there but the cell substance gone minute skeletons on an infinitesimal battlefield

He raised his head from the m croscope rubbed his tired eyes reflectively rubbed his neck—his blouse was off his collar on the floor his sh rt open at the throat He considered

Something funny here. This cultu e was growing all right, and now it s committed su cide Never heard of bugs doing that before. I ve hit something! What caused it? Some chemical change? Something o gan c?

Now in Martin Arro vsmith there were no decorative heroisms no genius for amours no exotic wit, no edifyingly borne misfo tunes He pres nted ne ther p cturesque elegance nor a mo al message He was full of hasty faults and of perverse hon esty a young man often unkindly often impolite But he had one gift a curiosity whereby he saw nothing as ordinary Had he been an acceptable hero like Major Rippleton Holabird he would have chucked the contents of the flask into the s nk avowed w th pretty modesty Silly! I e made some e ror! and gone h s ways But M rtin, be ng Martin walked prosaically up and d wn his l boratory snarling Now there was some *cause* for that, and I m go ng to find out what it was.

He did have one romantic notion he would telephone to Leora and tell her that splendor was happening and she wasn t to worry about him He fumbled down the corridor lighting matches trying to find electric switches

At night all halls are haunted Even in the smirkingly new McGurk Building there had been a bookkeeper who committed suicide As Martin groped he was shakily conscious of feet padding behind him of shapes which leered from doorways and insolently vanished of ancient bodiless horrors and when he found the switch he rejoiced in the blessing and se urity of sudden light that recreated the world

At the Institute telephone switchboard he plugged in wherever it seemed reasonable Once he thought he was talking to Leora but it proved to be a voice sexless and intolerant which said Nummer pleeeeeze with a taut alertness impossible to anyone so indolent as Leora Once it was a voice which slobbered Is *this Sarah?* then I don t want *you!* Ring off will yuh! Once a girl pleaded Honestly Billy I did try to get there bu the boss came in at five and he said—

As for the rest it was only a burning the sound of seven million people hungry for sleep or love or money

He observed Oh rats I guess Lee ll have gone to bed by now and felt his way back to the laboratory

A detective hunting the murderer of bacteria he stood with his head back scratching his chin scratching his memory for like cases of microorganisms committing suicide or being slain without perceptible cause He rushed up stairs to the lib ary consulted the American and English authorities and, laboriously the French and German He found nothing

He worried lest there might somehow have been no livin staphylococci in the pus which he had used for seeding the broth—none there to die At a hectic run not stopping for lights bumping corners and sliding on the too perfect tile floor he skidded down the stairs and galloped through the corridors to his room He found the remains of the original pus made a smear on a glass slide and stained it with gentian violet, nervously dribbling out one drop of the gorgeous dye. He sprang to the microscope As he bent over the brass tube and focused the objective into the gray lavender circular field of vision rose

to existence the grape like clusters of staphylococcus germs pur ple dots against the blank plane.

Staph in it all right! he shouted

Then he forgot Leora war night weariness success every thing as he charged into preparations for an experiment his first great experiment He paced furiously rather dizzy He shook himself into calmness and settled down at a table among rings and spirals of cigarette smoke to list on small sheets of paper all the possible causes of suicide in the bacteria—all the questions he had to answer and the experiments which should answer them

It might be that alkali in an improperly cleaned flask had caused the clearing of the culture It might be some anti staph substance existing in the pus or something liberated by the staphylococci themselves It might be some peculiarity of this particular broth

Each of these had to be tested

He pried open the door of the glass-storeroom shattering the lock He took new flasks cleaned them plugged them with cotton and placed them in the hot air oven to sterilize He found other batches of broth—as a matter of fact he stole them, from Gottlieb s private and highly sacred supply in the ice box He filtered some of the clarified culture through a ste ile porcelain filter and added it to his regular staphylococcus strains

And, perhaps most important of all he discovered that he was out of cigarettes

Incredulously he slapped each of his pockets and went the round and slapped them all over again He looked into his d scarded military blouse had a cheering idea about having seen cigarettes in a drawer did not find them and brazenly marched into the room whe e hung the aprons and jackets of the tech nicians Furiously he p lfered pockets and found a dozen beau tiful cigarettes in a wr nkled and flattened paper case

To test each of the four possible causes of the flask s clearing he prepared and seeded with bacteria a ser es of flasks under vary ng conditions and set them away in the incubator at body temperature Till the last flask was put away h s hand was steady h s worn face calm He was above all nervousness free from all uncertainty a professional going about his business.

By this time it was six o clock of a fine wide August morning,

and as he ceased his swift work as taut nerves slackened, he looked out of his lofty window and was conscious of the world below bright roofs jubilant towers and a high-decked Sound steamer swaggering up the glossy river

He was completely fagged he was like a surgeon after a battle like a reporter during an earthquake, perhaps a little insane but sleepy he was not He cursed the delay involved in the growth of the bacteria without which he could not discover the effect of the various sorts of broths and bacterial strains but choked his impatience

He mounted the noisy slate stairway to the lofty world of the roof He listened at the door of the Institute s animal house The guinea pigs, awake and nibbling were making a sound like that of a wet cloth rubbed on glass in window-cleaning He stamped his foot and in fright they broke out in their strange sound of fear like the cooing of doves

He marched violently up and down refreshed by the soaring sky till he was calmed to hunger Again he went pillaging He found chocolate belonging to an innocent technician he even invaded the office of the Director and in the desk of the Diana like Pearl Robbins unearthed tea and a kettle (as well as a lip stick and a love letter beginning My Littl Ickles ) He made himself a profoundly bad cup of tea then, his whole body dragging returned to his table to set down elaborately in a shabby nearly filled note book, every step of his experiment.

After seven he worked out the operation of the telephone switchboard and called the Lower Manhattan Hospital Could Dr Arrowsmith have some more pus from the same carbuncle? What? It d healed? Curse it! No more of that material.

He hesitated over waiting for Gottlieb s arrival to tell him of the discovery but determined to keep silence till he should have determined whether it was an accident. Eyes wide too wrought up to sleep in the subway he fled uptown to tell Leora. He had to tell someone! Waves of fear doubt, certainty and fear again swept over him his ears rang and his hands trembled.

He rushed up to the flat he bawled Lee! Lee! before he had unlocked the door And she was gone.

He gaped The flat breathed emptiness He searched it again. She had slept there, she had had a cup of coffee but she had vanished

He was at once worried lest there had been an accident and furious that she should not have been here at the great hour Sullenly he made breakfast for himself It is strange that excellent bacteriologists and chemists should scramble eggs so waterily should make such bitter coffee and be so casual about dirty spoons By the time he had finishe ' the mess he was ready to believe that Leora had left him forever He quavered I ve neglected her a lot Sluggishly an old man now he sta ted for the Institute and at the entrance to the subway he met her She wailed I was so worried! I couldn get you on th phone I went clear down to the Institute to see what d happened to you.

He kissed her very competently and raved God woman I ve got it! The real big stuff! I ve found something not a chemical you put in I mean, that eats bugs—dissolves em—kills em May be a big new step in therapeutics Oh no rats, I don t suppose it really is Prob ly just another of my bulls

She sought to reassure him but he d d not wait. He dashed down to the subway prom sing to telephone to her By ten he was peering into his incubator

There was a cloudy appearance of bacteria in all the flasks except those in which he had used broth from the original alarm ing flask. In these, the mysterious murderer of germs had pre vented the growth of the new bacteria which he had introduced.

Great stuff he said

He returned the flasks to the incubator recorded his observations went again to the library and searched handbooks bound proceedings of societies periodicals n three languages He had acquired a reasonable scientific French and German It is doubt ful whether he could have bought a drink or asked the way to the Kursaal in e ther language but he understood the universal Hellenist c scientific jargon, and he pawed through the heavy books rubbing h s eyes, which were filled with salty fire.

He remembered that he was an army officer and had lipo-vaccine to make this morning He went to work but he was so tw tchy that he ruined the batch called h s patient garçon a fool and after this injustice sent him out for a pint of whisky

He had to have a confidant. He telephoned to Leora, lunched with her expensively and assert d It st ll looks as if there were something to it He was back in the Institute every hour that

afternoon glancing at his flasks but between he tramped the streets creaking with weariness drinking too much coffee.

Every five minutes it came to him as a quite new and ecstatic idea Why don t I go to sleep? then he remembered and groaned No I ve got to keep going and watch every step Can t leave it or I ll have to begin all over again. But I m so sleepy! Why don t I go to sleep?

He dug down before six into a new layer of strength and at six his examination showed that the flasks containing the original broth still had no growth of bacteria and the flasks which he had seeded with the original pus had like the first eccentric flask after beginning to display a good growth of bacteria cleared up again under the slowly developing attack of the unknown assassin

He sat down drooping with relief He had it! He stated in the conclusions of his first notes

I have observed a principle which I shall temporarily call the X Principle in pus from a staphylococcus infection which checks the growth of several strains of staphylococcus and which dissolves the staphylococci from the pus in question

When he had finished at seven his head was on his notebook and he was asleep

He awoke at ten went home ate like a savage slept aga n and was in the laboratory before dawn His next rest was an hour that afternoon sprawled on his laboratory table with his garçon on guard the next a day and a half later was eight hours in bed from dawn till noon

But in dreams he was constantly upsetting a rack of test tubes or breaking a flask He discovered an X Principle which dissolved chairs tables human beings He went about smearing it on Bert Tozers and Dr Bissexes and fiendishly watching them vanish but accidentally he dropped it on Leora and saw her fading and he woke screaming to find the real Leora s arms about him while he sobbed Oh I couldn t do anything without you! Don t ever leave me! I do love you so even if this damned work does keep me tied up Stay with me!

While she sat by him on the frowsy bed gay in her gingham he went to sleep to wake up three hours lat r and start off for the Institute his eyes blood glaring and set She was ready for

him with strong coffee waiting on him silently looking at him proudly while he waved his arms babbling

Gottlieb better not talk any more about the importance of new observations! The X Principle may not just apply to staph Maybe you can sic it on any bug—cure any germ disease by it Bug that lives on bugs! Or maybe it s a chemical principle an enzyme Oh I don t know But I will!

As he bustled to the Institute he swelled with the certainty that after years of stumbling he had arrived He had visions of his name in journals and textbooks of scientific meetings cheering him He had been an unknown among the experts of the Institute, and now he pitied all of them But when he was back at his bench the grandiose aspirations faded and he was the sniffing snuffl ng beagle the impersonal worker Before him, supreme joy of the investigator new mountain passes of work opened and in him was new power

II

For a week Martin s life had all the regularity of an escaped soldier in the enemy s country with the same agitation and the same desire to prowl at night He was always sterilizing flasks preparing media of var ous hydrogen on concentrations copying his old notes into a new book lov ngly labeled X Princ ple Staph and adding to it further observations He tried elaborately w th many flasks and many reseedings to determine whether the X Princ ple would perpetuate itself indefinitely whether when it was transmitted from tube to new tube of bacteria t would reappear whether growing by cell-division automatically it was veritably a germ a sub-germ infecting germs

During the week Gottlieb occasionally peered over his shoulder but Martin was unw lling to report until he should have proof and one good night s sleep and perhaps even a shave

When he was sure that the X Principle d d ep oduce itself indefinitely so that in the tenth tube it grew to have as much effect as in the first then he solemnly called on Gottl eb and laid before him his results w th h s pl ns for further investigation.

The old man tapped his thin fingers on th report read it

intently looked up and not wasting time in congratulations vomited questions

Have you done dis? Why have you not done dat? At what temperature is the activity of the Principle at its maximum? Is its activity manifested on agar solid medium?

This is my plan for new worl I think you ll find it includes most of your suggestions

*Huh!* Gottlieb ran through it and snorted Why have you not planned to propagate it on dead staph? That is most impor ant of all

Why?

Gottlieb flew instantly to the heart of the jungle in which Martin had struggled for many days "Because that will show whether you are dealing with a living virus

Martin was humbled but Gottlieb beamed

You haf a big thing Now do not let the Director know about this and get enthusiastic too soon I am glad Martin!

There was that in his voice which sent Martin swanking down the corridor back to work—and to not sleeping

What the X Principle was—chemical or germ—he could not determine but certainly the original Principle flourished. It could be transmitted indefinitely he determined the best temperature for it and found that it did not propagate on dead staphylococ cus When he added a drop containing the Principle to a growth of staphylococcus which was a gray film on the solid surface of agar the drop was beautifully outlined by bare patches as the enemy made its attack so that the agar slant looked like moth-eaten beeswax But within a fortnight one of the knots of which Gottlieb warned him appeared

Wary of the hundreds of bacteriologists who would rise to slay him once his paper appeared he sought to make sure that his results could be confirmed At the hospital he obtained pus from many boils of the arms the legs the back he sought to reduplicate his results—and failed complete No X Principle appeared in any of the new boils and sadly he went to Gottlieb

The old man meditated asked a question or two sat hunched in his cushioned chair and demanded

What kind of a carbuncle was the original one?

Gluteal

"Ah den the X Principle may be present in the intestinal contents Look for it in people with boils and without."

Martin dashed off In a week he had obtained the Principle from intestinal contents and from other gluteal boils, finding an especial amount in boils which were healing of themselves and he transplanted his new Principle, in a heaven of triumph of admiration for Gottlieb He extended his investigation to the intestinal group of organisms and discovered an X Principle against the colon bacillus. At the same time he gave some of the original Principle to a doctor in the Lower Manhattan Hospital for the treatment of boils and from him had excited reports of cures more excited inquiries as to what this mystery might be

With these new victories he went parading in to Gottlieb and suddenly he was being trounced

Oh! So! Beautiful! You let a doctor try it before you finished your research? You want fake reports of cures to get into the newspapers to be telegraphed about places and have everybody in the world that has a pimple come tumbling in to be cured so you will never be able to work? You want to be a miracle man and not a scientist? You do not want to complete things? You wander off monkey skipping and flap-doodeling with colon bacillus before you have finish with staph—before you haf really begun your work—before you have found what is the *nature* of the X Principle? Get out of my office! You are a—a—a college president! Next I know you will be din ng with Tubbs and get your p cture in the pape s for a smart cu e vendor!

Martin cr pt out and when he met B lly Smith n the cor r dor and the l ttle chemist tw ttered Up to something big? Haven t seen you lately M tin ans ered in the tone of Doc Vickerson s assistant in Elk Mills

Oh—no—gee—I m just g ubbing along I gues

III

As sharply and quite as mpersonally as he would have watched the crawl ng illness of an infected gu nea p g Martin watched himself in the madness of o erwork drift toward neurasthenia With cons derable interest he looked up the symp-

toms of neurasthenia saw one after another of them twitch at him and casually took the risk

From an irritability which made him a thoroughly impossible person to live with he passed into a sick nervousness in which he missed things for which he reached dropped test tubes gasped at sudden footsteps behind him Dr Yeo s croaking voice became to him a fever an insult and he waited with his whole body clenched muttering Shut up—shut up—oh shut *up!* when Yeo stopped to talk to someone outside his door

Then he was obsessed by the desire to spell backward all the words which snatched at him from signs

As he stood dragging out his shoulder on a subway strap he pored over the posters seeking new words to spell backward Some of them were remarkably agreeable No Smoking became a jaunty and agreeable gnikoms on and Broadway was toler able as yawdaorb but he was displeased by his attempts on Punch Health Rough while Strength turning into htgnerts was abominable

When he had to return to his laboratory three times before he was satisfied that he had closed the window he sat down coldly informed himself that he was on the edge and took council as to whether he dared go on It was not very good council he was so glorified by his unfolding work that his self could not be taken seriously

At last Fear closed in on him

It began with childhood s terror of the darkness He lay awake dreading burglars footsteps in the hall were a creeping cut throat an unexplained scratching on the fire-escape was a mur derer with an automatic in his fist He beheld it so clearly that he had to spring from bed and look timorously out and when in the street below he did actually see a man standing still he was cold with panic

Every sky glow was a fire He was going to be trapped in his bed be smothered die writhing

He knew absolutely that his fears were absurd and that knowledge did not at all keep them from dominating him

He was ashamed at first to acknowledge his seeming cow ardice to Leora Admit that he was crouching like a child? But when he had lain rigid almost screaming feeling the cord of an assassin squeezing his throat till the safe dawn brought back

a dependable world he muttered of "insomnia and after that, night on night, he crept into her arms and she shielded him from the horrors, protected him from garroters kept away the fire.

He made a checking list of the favorite neurasthenic fears agoraphobia, claustrophobia, pyrophobia, anthropophobia and the rest, ending with what he asserted to be the most fool pre tentious witch-doctor term of the whole bloomin lot, namely siderodromophobia, the fear of a railway journey The first night he was able to check against pyrophobia for at the vaudeville with Leora, when on the stage a dancer lighted a brazier he sat waiting for the theater to take fire He looked cautiously along the row of seats (raging at himself the while for doing it) he estimated his chance of reaching an exit, and became easy only when he had escaped into the street.

It was when anthropophobia set in when he was made un easy by people who walked too close to him that, sagely view ing his list and seeing how many phobias were now checked he permitted himself to rest.

He fled to the Vermont hills for a four-day tramp—alone, that he might pound on the faster He went at night by sleeper and was able to make the most interesting observations of s dero-dromophobia

He lay in a lower berth the little pillow wadded into a lump He was annoyed by the waving of his clothes as they trailed from the hanger bes de him at the opening of the green curta ns The window-shade was up six inches it left a milky blur across wh ch streaked yellow lights emphatic in the noisy darkness of his little cell. He was shivering with anxiety Whenever he tried to relax, he was ironed back into apprehension When the train stopped between stations and from the engine came a question ing f etful whistle he was aghast with certainty that something had gone wrong—a bridge was out a train was ahead of them perhaps another was com ng just behind them about to smash into them at sixty miles an hour—

He imagined being vrecked and he suffered more than from the actual occurrence, for he pictured not one wreck but half a dozen w th assorted miseries The flat wheel just beneath him—surely it shouldn t pound like that—why hadn t the con founded man with the hammer detected it at the last big sta

tion?—the flat wheel cracking the car lurching falling being dragged on its side. A collision a crash the car instantly a crumpled horrible heap himself pinned in the telescoped berth caught between seat and seat Shrieks death groans the creeping flames The car turning falling plumping into a river on its side himself trying to crawl through a window as the water seeped about his body Himself standing by the wrenched car deciding whether to keep away and protect his sacred work or go back rescue people and be killed

So real were the visions that he could not endure lying here waiting He reached for the berth light and could not find the button In agitation he tore a match box from his coat pocket scratched a match snapped on the light He saw himself under the sheets reflected in the polished wooden ceiling of his berth like a corpse in a coffin Hastily he crawled out with trousers and coat over his undergarments (he had somehow feared to show so much trust in the train as to put on pajamas) and with bare disgusted feet he paddled up to the smoking compartment.

The porter was squatting on a stool polishing an amazing pile of shoes

Martin longed for his encouraging companionship and ventured Warm night

Uh huh said the porter

Martin curled on the chill leather seat of the smoking compartment profoundly studying a brass wash-bowl He was conscious that the porter was disapproving but he had comfort in calculating that the man mu t make this run thrice a week tens of thousands of miles yearly apparently without being killed, and there might be a chance of their lasting till morning

He smoked till his tongue was raw and till fortified by th calmness of the porter he laughed at the imaginary catastrophes. He staggered sleepily to his berth

Instantly he was tense again, and he lay awake till dawn.

For four days he tramped swam in cold brooks slept under trees or in straw stacks and came back (but by day) with enough reserve of energy to support him till his experiment should have turned from overwhelming glory into sane and entertaining routine.

# CHAPTER XXIX

WHEN the work on the X Principle had gone on for six weeks the Institute staff suspected that something was occurring and they hinted to Martin that he needed their several assistances He avoided them He did not desire to be caught in any of the log rolling factions, though for Terry Wickett, still in France, and for Terry s rough compulsion to honesty he was sometimes lonely

How the Director first heard that Martin was finding gold is not known

Dr Tubbs was tired of being a Colonel—there were too many Generals in New York—and for two weeks he had not had an Idea which would revolutionize even a small part of the world One morning he burst in, whiskers alive and reproached Martin

What is this mysterious discovery you re making Arrowsmith? I ve asked Dr Gottlieb but he evades me he says you want to be sure first. I must know about it, not only because I take a very friendly interest in your work but because I am after all your Director!

Martin felt that his one ewe lamb was being snatched from him but he could see no way to refuse. He brought out his note books and the agar slants with their dissolved patches of bacilli Tubbs gasped assaulted his whiskers did a moment of impressive thinking and clamored

Do you mean to say you think you ve discovered an infectious disease of bacteria, and you haven t told me about it? My dear boy I don t believe you quite realize that you may have hit on the supreme way to kill pathogenic bacteria. And you didn t tell me!

Well, sir I wanted to make certain—

I admire your caution but you must understand Martin

that the basic aim of this Institution is the conquest of disease not making pretty scientific notes! You *may* have hit on one of the discoveries of a generation the sort of thing that Mr McGurk and I are looking for If your results are confirmed. I shall ask Dr Gottlieb s opinion

He shook Martin s hand five or six times and bustled out. Next day he called Martin to his office shook his hand some more told Pearl Robbins that they were honored to know him then led him to a mountain top and showed him all the kingdoms of the world

Martin I have some plans for you You have been working brilliantly but without a complete vision of broader humanity *Now the Institute is organized on the most flexible lines* There are no set departments but only units formed about exceptional men like our good friend Gottlieb If any new man has the real right thing we ll provide him with every facility instead of letting him merely plug along doing individual work I have given your results the most careful consideration Martin I have talked them over with Dr Gottlieb—though I must say he does not altogether share my enthusiasm about immediate practical results And I have decided to submit to the Board of *Trustees* a plan for a Department of Microbic Pathology with you as head! You will have an assistant—a real trained Ph.D—and more room and technicians and you will report to me *directly* talk things over with me daily instead of with Gottlieb You will be relieved of all war work by my order—though you can retain your uniform and everything And your salary will be I should think if Mr McGurk and the other Trustees confirm me ten thousand a year instead of five

Yes the best room for you would be that big one on the upper floor to the right of the elevators That s vacan now And your office across the hall

And all the assistance you require Why my boy you won t need to sit up nights using your hands in this wasteful way but just think things out and take up possible *extensions* of the work—cover all the possible fields We ll extend this to every thing! We ll have scores of physicians in hospitals *helping* us and confirming our results and widening our *efforts* We might have a weekly council of all these doctors and assistants with you and me jointly presiding If men like Koch and

Pasteur had only had such a system how much more *sc pe* their work might have had! Efficient universal *co-operation*—that s the thing in science today—the time of this silly jealous fumbling individual research has gone by

My boy we may have found the real thing—another salvarsan! We'll publish together! We ll have the whole world talking! Why I lay awake last night thinking of our magnificent opportunity! In a few months we may be curing not only staph infections but typhoid dysentery! Martin as your colleague I do not for a moment wish to detract from the great credit which is yours but I must say that if you had been more closely allied with Me you would have extended your work to practical proofs and results long before this

Martin wavered back to his room dazzled by the view of a department of his own assistants a cheering world—and ten thousand a year But his work seemed to have been taken from him his own self had been taken from him he was no longer to be Martin and Gottlieb s disciple, but a Man of Measured Merriment Dr Arrowsmith Head of the Department of Microbic Pathology who would wear severe collars and make addresses and never curse

Doubts enfeebled him Perhaps the X Principle would develop only in the test tube perhaps it had no large value for human healing He wanted to know—to *know*

Then Rippleton Holabird burst in on him

Martin my dear boy the Director has just been telling me about your discovery and his splendid plans for you I want to congratulate you with all my heart and to welcome you as a fellow department head—and you so young—only thirty four isn t it? What a magnificent future! Think Martin —Major Holabird d scarded his dignity sat astride a chair— think of all you have ahead! If this work really pans out, there s no limit to the honors that ll come to you, you lucky young dog! Acclaim by scientific societies any professorship you might happen to want prizes, the biggest men begging to consult you a ripping place in society!

Now listen old boy Perhaps you know how close I am to Dr Tubbs and I see no reason why you shouldn t come in with us and we three run things here to suit ourselves Wasn t it simply too decent of the Director to be so eager to recognize

and help you in every way! So cordial—and so helpful Now you really understand him And the three of us— Some day we might be able to erect a superstructure of co-operative science which would control not only McGurk but every institute and every university scientific department in the country and so produce really efficient research When Dr Tubbs retires I have —I m speaking with the most complete confidence—I have some reason to suppose that the Board of Trustees will consider me as his successor Then old boy if this work succeeds you and I can do things together!

To be ever so frank there are very few men in our world (think of poor old Yeo!) who combine presentable personalities with first rate achievement and if you ll just get over some of your abruptness and your unwillingness to appreciate big executives and charming women (because thank God you do wear your clothes well—when you take the trouble!) why you and I can become the dictators of science throughout the whole country!

Martin did not think of an answer till Holabird had gone.

He perceived the horror of the shrieking bawdy thing called Success with its demand that he give up quiet work and parade forth to be pawed by every blind devotee and mud spattered by every blind enemy

He fled to Gottlieb as to the wise and tender father and begged to be saved from Success and Holabirds and A DeWitt Tubbses and their hordes of address making scientists degree hunting authors pulpit orators popular surgeons valeted journalists sentimental merchant princes literary politicians titled sportsmen statesmenlike generals, interviewed senators sententious bishops

Gottlieb was worried

I knew Tubbs was up to something idealistic and nasty when he came purring to me, but I did not tink he would try to turn you into a megaphone all so soon in one day! I will gird up my loins and go oud to battle with the forces of publicity!

He was defeated

I have let you alone Dr Gottlieb said Tubbs but hang it, I am the Director! And I must say that perhaps owing to my signal stupidity I fail to see the horrors of enabling Arrow-

smith to cure thousands of suffering persons and to become man of weight and esteem!

Gottlieb took it to Ross McGurk.

Max I love you like a brother but Tubbs is the Director and if he feels he needs this Arrowsmith (Is he the thin young fellow I see around your lab?) then I have no right to stop him I ve got to back him up the same as I would the master of one of our ships said McGurk

Not till the Board of Trustees which consisted of McGurk himself the president of the University of Wilmington and three professors of science in various universities should meet and give approval would Martin be a department head Mean time Tubbs demanded

Now Martin you must hasten and publish your results Get right to it. In fact you should have done it before this Throw your material together as rapidly as poss ble and send a note in to the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine to be published in their next proceedings

But I m not ready to publish! I want to have every loop hole plugged up before I announce anything whatever!

Nonsense! That attitude is old fashioned Th s is no longer an age of parochialism but of competition in art and sc ence just as much as in commerce—co-operation with your own group but with those outside it, competition to the death! Plug up the holes thoroughly later but we can t have somebody el e stealing a march on us Remember you have your name to make. The way to make it is by working with me—toward the greatest good for the greatest number

As Martin began his paper thinking of resigning but giving it up because Tubbs seemed to him at least better than the Pick erbaughs he had a v sion of a world of little scientists each busy in a roofless cell Perched on a cloud watching them was the div ne Tubbs a glory of wh skers, ready to blast any of the little men who stopped being earnest and wasted time on specu lation about anything which he had not ass gned to them Back of their welter of coops, unseen by the tutelary Tubbs the lean giant figure of Gottl eb stood sardonic on a stormy horizon

Literary exp ess on was not easy to Martin He delayed with his paper while Tubbs became irr table and whipped him on. The exper ments had ceased there were misery and pen scratch-

ing and much tearing of manuscript paper in Martin s particular roofless cell

For once he had no refuge in Leora She cried

Why not? Ten thousand a year would be awfully nice Sandy Gee! We ve always been so poor and you do like nice flats and things And to boss your own department— And you could consult Dr Gottlieb just the same He s a department head isn t he and yet he keeps independent of Dr Tubbs Oh, I m for it!

And slowly under the considerable increase in respect given to him at Institute lunches Martin himself was for it.

We could get one of those new apartments on Park Avenue Don t suppose they cost more than three thousand a year he meditated Wouldn t be so bad to be able to entertain people there Not that I d let it interfere with my work Kind of nice

It was still more kind of nice however agonizing in the taking to be recognized socially

Capitola McGurk who hitherto had not perceived him except as an object less interesting than Gladys the Centrifuge telephoned Dr Tubbs so enthusiastic and Ross and I are so pleased Be delighted if Mrs Arrowsmith and you could dine with us next Thursday at eight thirty

Martin accepted the royal command

It was his conviction that after glimpses of Angus Duer and Rippleton Holabird he had seen luxury and understood smart dinner parties Leora and he went without too much agitation to the house of Ross McGurk in the East Seventies near Fifth Avenue The house did from the street, seem to have an unusual quantity of graystone gargoyles and carven lintels and bronze grills but it did not seem large

Inside the vaulted stone hallway opened up like a cathedral. They were embarrassed by the footmen awed by the automatic elevator oppressed by a hallway full of vellum folios and Italian chests and a drawing room full of water-colors and reduced to rusticity by Capitola s queenly white satin and pearls

There were eight or ten Persons of Importance male and female looking insignificant but bearing names as familiar as Ivory Soap

Did one give his arm to some unknown lady and take her

in Martin wondered He rejoiced to find that one merely straggled into the dining room under McGurk s amiable basso herding

The dining room was gorgeous and very hideous in stamped leather and hysterias of gold with collections of servants watch ing one s use of asparagus forks Martin was seated (it is doubt ful if he ever knew that he was the guest of honor) between Capitola McGurk and a woman of whom he could learn only that she was the sister of a countess

Capitola leaned toward him in her great white splendor

'Now Dr Arrowsmith just what is this you are discover ing?

Why it s—uh—I m trying to figure—

Dr Tubbs tells us that you have found such wonderful new ways of controlling disease Her L s were a melody of summer rivers her R s the trill of birds in the brake Oh what—*what* could be more beau tiful than relieving this sad old world of its burden of illness! But just precisely what *is* it that you re doing?

Why it s awfully early to be sure but— You see it s like this You take certain bugs like staph—

Oh how interesting science is but how frightfully difficult for simple people like me to grasp! But we re all so humble We re just waiting for scientists like you to make the world secure for friendship—

Then Capitola gave all her attention to her other man. Martin looked straight ahead and ate and suffered The sister of the countess a sallow and stringy woman was glowing at him He turned with unhappy meekness (noting that she had one more fork than he and wondering where he had got lost)

She blared You are a scientist I am told

'Ye-es

The trouble with scientists is that they do not understand beauty They are so cold.

R ppleton Holab rd would have made pretty m rth but Mar tin could only quaver No I don t think that s true and con sider whether he dared drink another glass of champagne

When they had been herded back to the draw ng room after mascul ne but achingly elaborate passings of the port Capitola swooped on him w th wh te devouring wings

Dear Dr Arrowsmith I really d dn t get a chance at dinner

to ask you just exactly *what* you are doing Oh! Have you seen my dear little children at the Charles Street settlement? I m sure ever so many of them will become the most fascinating scientists You must come lecture to them

That night he fretted to Leora Going to be hard to keep up this twittering But I suppose I ve got to learn to enjoy it. Oh well think how nice it ll be to give some dinners of our own with *real people Gottlieb and everybody when I m* a department head

Next morning Gottlieb came slowly into Martin s room He stood by the window he seemed to be avoiding Martin s eyes He sighed Something sort of bad—perhaps not altogether bad —has happened

What is it sir? Anything I can do?

*It does not apply to me To you.*

Irritably Martin thought Is he going into all this danger-of rapid success stuff again? I m getting tired of it!

Gottlieb ambled toward him "It iss a pity Martin but you are not the discoverer of the X Principle.

Wh what—

Someone else has done it.

*They have not! I ve searched all the literature* and except for Twort not one person has even hinted at anticipating—Why good Lord Dr Gottlieb it would mean that all I ve done all these weeks has just been waste, and I m a fool—

Vell Anyvay D Hérelle of the Pasteur Institute has just now published in the *Comptes Rendus Academie des Sciences* a report—it is your X Principle absolute Only he calls it *bacteriophage* So

Then I m—

In his mind Martin finished it 'Then I m not going to be a department head or famous or anything else I m *back in the* gutter All strength went out of him and all *purpose* and the light of creation faded to dirty gray

Now of course, said Gottlieb you could claim to be co-discoverer and spend the rest of your life fighting to get recognized Or you could forget it and write a nice *letter congratulating* D Herelle, and go back to work

Martin mourned, Oh I ll go back to work *Nothing else to* do I guess Tubbs ll *chuck the new department* now I'll have

time to really finish my research—maybe I ve got some po nts that D'Herelle hasn t hit on—and I ll publish it to corroborate him Damn him! Where is his report? I suppose you re glad that I m saved from being a Holabird

I ought to be. It is a sin against my religion that I am not But I am getting old. And you are my friend I am sorry you are not to have the fun of being pretentious and successful—for a while Martin it iss nice that you will corroborate D Herelle That is science to work and not to care—too much—if some body else gets the credit Shall I tell Tubbs about D'Herelle s priority or will you?

Gottlieb straggled away looking back a little sadly

Tubbs came in to wail, If you had only published earlier as I told you Dr Arrowsmith! You have really put me in a most embarrassing position before the Board of Trustees Of course there can be no question now of a new department

Yes said Martin vacantly

He carefully filed away the beginnings of his paper and turned to his bench He stared at a shining flask till it fascinated him like a crystal ball He pondered

Wouldn t have been so bad if Tubbs had let me alone Damn these old men damn these Men of Measured Merriment these Important Men that come and offer you honors Money Decora tions Titles Want to make you windy with authority Honors! If you get em you become pompous and then when you re used to em if you lose em you feel foolish

So I m not going to be r ch Leora poor kid she won t have her new dresses and flat and everything We— Won t be so much fun in the lil old flat now Oh quit whining!

"I wish Te ry were here

I love that man Gottlieb He might have gloated—

Bacteriophage the Frenchman calls it Too long Better just call it *phage* Even got to take his name for it for my o vn X Pr nciple! Well I had a lot of fun work ng all those n ghts Working—

He was coming out of h s trance He magined the flask filled with staph-clouded broth He plodded into Gottlieb s office to secure the journal containing D Herelle s report and read it minutely enthusiastically

There s a man, there s a scientist! h chuckled

On his way home he was planning to experiment on the Shiga dysentery bacillus with phage (as henceforth he called the λ Principle) planning to volley questions and criticisms at D Herelle hoping that Tubbs would not discharge him for a while and expanding with relief that he would not have to do his absurd premature paper on phage that he could be lewd and soft-collared and easy not judicious and spied-on and weighty

He grinned Gosh I ll bet Tubbs was disappointed! He d figured on signing all my papers with me and getting the credit. Now for this Shiga experiment— Poor Lee she ll have to get used to my working nights I guess

Leora kept to herself what she felt about it—or at least most of what she felt

# CHAPTER XXX

FOR a year broken only by Terry Wickett s return after the Armistice and by the mockeries of that rowdy intelligence Martin was in a grind of drudgery Week on week he toiled at compl cated phage experiments His work—his hands his technique—became more adept and his days more steady less fretful

He returned to his evening studying He went from mathe matics into physical chemistry began to understand the mass action law became as sarcastic as Terry about what he called the bedside manner of Tubbs and Holabird read much French and German went canoeing on the Hudson on Sunday afternoons and had a bawdy party with Leora and Terry to celebrate the day when the Inst tute was purified by the sale of Holabird s pride Gladys the Centrifuge

He suspected that Dr Tubbs now magnificent with the rib bon of the Legion of Honor had retained him in the Institute only because of Gottlieb s intervention But it may be that Tubbs and Holabird hoped he would again blunder into publ city bringing miracles for they were both polite to him at lunch—pol te and wistfully rebuking and full of meaty remarks about publishing one s discoveries early instead of dawdling

It was more than a year after Martin s antic pation by D'Herelle when Tubbs appeared in the laboratory with sug gest ons

I ve been thinking Arrowsmith sa d Tubbs

He looked it

D'Herelle s discovery hasn t aroused the popular interest I thought it would If he d only been here with us I d have seen to it that he got the proper attention Practically no newspaper comment at all Perhaps we can still do something As I under

stand it you've been going along with what Dr Gottlieb would call fundamental research I think it may now be time for you to use phage in practical healing I want you to experiment with phage in pneumonia plague perhaps typhoid, and when your experiments get going make some practical tests in collaboration with the hospitals Enough of all this mere frittering and vanity Let's really *cure* somebody!

Martin was not free from a fear of dismissal if he refused to obey And he was touched as Tubbs went on

Arrowsmith I suspect you sometimes feel I lack a sense of scientific precision when I insist on practical results I— Somehow I don't see the really noble and transforming results comin out of this Institute that we ought to be getting with our facilities I'd like to do something big, my boy something fine for poor humanity before I pass on Can't you give it to me *Go* cure the plague!

For once Tubbs was a tired smile and not an earnestness of whiskers

That day concealing from Gottlieb his abandonment of the quest for the fundamental nature of phage Martin set about fighting pneumonia before attacking the Black Death And when Gottlieb learned of it he was absorbed in certain troubles of his own

Martin cured rabbits of pleuro-pneumonia by the injection of phage, and by feeding them with it he prevented the spread of pneumonia He found that phage produced immunity could be as infectious as a disease

He was pleased with himself and expected pleasure from Tubbs but for weeks Tubbs did not heed him He was off on a new enthusiasm the most virulent of his whole life he was organizing the League of Cultural Agencies

He was going to standardize and co-ordinate all mental activities in America by the creation of a bureau which should direct and pat and gently rebuke and generally encourage chemistry and batik making poetry and Arctic exploration animal husbandry and Bible study Negro spirituals and business-letter writing He was suddenly in conference with conductors of symphony orchestras directors of art schools owners of itinerant Chautauquas liberal governors ex-clergymen who wrote tasty philosophy for newspaper syndicates in fact all the proprietors

of American intellectuality—particularly including a millionaire named Minnigen who had recently been elevating the artistic standards of the motion pictures

Tubbs was all over the Institute inviting the researchers to join him in the League of Cultural Agencies with its fascinating committee meetings and dinners Most of them grunted The Old Man is erupting again and forgot him but one ex major went out every evening to confer with serious ladies who wore distinguished frocks who sobbed over the loss of spiritual and intellectual horse power through lack of co-ordination and who went home in limousines

There were rumors Dr Billy Smith whispered that he had gone in to see Tubbs and heard McGurk shouting at him Your job is to run this shop and not work for that land stealing four flushing play producing son of evil, Pete Minnigen!

The morning after when Martin ambled to his laboratory he discovered a gasping a muttering a shaking in the corridors and incredulously he heard

Tubbs has resigned!

'No!

They say he s gone to his League of Cultural Agencies This fellow Minnigen has given the League a scad of money and Tubbs is to get twice the salary he had here!

II

Instantly for all but the zealots like Gottlieb Terry Martin and the bio-physics assistant, research was halted There was a surging of factions, a benevolent and winning buzz of scientists who desired to be the new Director of the Institute

Rippleton Holabird Yeo the carpenter like biologist Gilling ham the joky chief in bio physics Aaron Sholthe s the neat Rus sian Jewish High Church Episcopal an all of them went about with expressions of modest willingness They were affectionate with everybody they met in the corridors however violent they were in private discussions Added to them were no few out siders professors and researchers in other institutes who found it necessary to come and confer about rather undefined matters with Ross McGurk.

Terry remarked to Martin Probably Pearl Robbins and your

garçon are pitching horseshoes for the Directorship My garçon ain t—the only reason, though is because I ve just murdered him At that I think Pearl would be the best choice She s been Tubbs s secretary so long that she s learned all his ignorance about scientific technique

Rippleton Holabird was the most unctuous of the office seekers and the most hungry The war over he missed his uniform and his authority He urged Martin

You know how I ve always believed in your genius Martin and I know how dear old Gottlieb believes in you. If you would get Gottlieb to back me to talk to McGurk— Of course in taking the Directorship I would be making a sacrifice because I d have to give up my research but I d be willing because I feel, really that somebody with a Tradition ought to carry on the control Tubbs is backing me and if Gottlieb did—I d see th t it was to Gottlieb s advantage I d give him a lot more floor space!

Through the Institute it was vaguely known that Capitola was advocating the election of Holabird as the only scientist here who is also a gentleman She was seen sailing down corridors a frigate with Holabird a sloop in her wake

But while Holabird beamed Nicholas Yeo looked secret and satisfied

The whole Institute fluttered on the afternoon when the Board of Trustees met in the Hall for the election of a Director They were turned from investigators into boarding school girls The Board debated or did something annoying for draining hours.

At four Terry Wickett hastened to Martin with Say Slim I ve got a straight tip that They ve elected Silva dean of the Winnemac medical school That s your shop isn t it? What s he like?

He s a fine old— No! He and Gottlieb hate each other Lord! Gottlieb ll resign and I ll have to get out Just when my work s going nice!

At five past doors made of attentive eyes the Board of Trustees marched to the laboratory of Max Gottlieb

Holabird was heard saying bravely Of course with me, I wouldn t give my research up for any administrative job And Pearl Robbins informed Terry 'Yes it s true—Mr McGurk him-

self just told me—the Board has elected Dr Gottlieb the new Director

"Then they re fools said Terry He ll refuse it, with silence Dot dey should ask me to go monkey skipping mit committee meetings! Fat chance!

When the Board had gone, Martin and Terry flooded into Gottlieb s laboratory and found the old man standing by his bench more erect than they had seen him for years

Is it true—they want you to be Director? panted Martin

"Yes they have asked me

But you'll refuse? You won t let em gum up your work!

"Vell I said my real work must go on. They consent I should appoint an Assistant Director to do the detail You see—Of course nothing must interfere with my immunology but dis gives me the chance to do big t ings and make a free scientific institute for all you boys And those fools at Winnemac that laughed at my idea of a real medical school now maybe they will see— Do you know who was my rival for Director—do you know who it was Martin? It was that man Silva! Ha!

In the corridor Terry groaned *Requiescat in pace*

III

To the dinner in Gottlieb s honor (the only dinner that ever was given in Gottlieb s honor) there came not only the men of impressive but easy affairs who attend all dinners of honor but the few scientists whom Gottlieb adm red

He appeared late rather shaky escorted by Martin When he reached the speakers table the guests rose to him shouting He peered at them, he tried to speak he held out his long arms as if to take them all in and sank down sobbing

There we e cables from Europe ardent letters from Tubbs and Dean Silva bewailing their inability to be present telegrams from college presidents and all of these were read to admiring applause

But Cap tola murmured Just the same, we shall miss dear Dr Tubbs He was so forward looking Don t play with your fork Ross"

So Max Gottlieb took charge of the McGurk Institute of Biology and in a month that Institute became a shambles.

Gottlieb planned to give only an hour a day to business. As Assistant Director he appointed Dr Aaron Sholtheis, the epidemiologist the Yonkers churchman and dahlia fancier Gottlieb explained to Martin that though of course Sholtheis was a fool, yet he was the only man in sight who combined at least a little scientific ability with a willingness to endure the routine and pomposity and compromises of executive work

By continuing his ancient sneers at all bustling managers Gottlieb obviously felt that he excused himself for having become a manager

He could not confine his official work to an hour a day There were too many conferences too many distinguished callers too many papers which needed his signature He was dragged into dinner parties and the long vague palavering luncheons to which a Director has to go and the telephoning to straighten out the dates of these tortures took nervous hours Each day his executive duties crawled into two hours or three or four and he raged he became muddled by complications of personnel and economy he was ever more autocratic more testy and the loving colleagues of the Institute who had been soothed or bullied into surface peace by Tubbs now jangled openly

While he was supposed to radiate benevolence from the office recently occupied by Dr A DeWitt Tubbs Gottlieb clung to his own laboratory and to his narrow office as a cat clings to its cushion under a table Once or twice he tried to sit and look impressive in the office of the Director but he fled from that large clean vacuity and from Miss Robbins s snapping typewriter to his own den that smelled not of forward looking virtue but only of cigarettes and old papers

To McGurk as to every scientific institution came hundreds of farmers and practical nurses and suburban butchers who had paid large fares from Oklahoma or Oregon to get recognition for the unquestionable cures which they had discovered oil of Mississippi catfish which saved every case of tuberculosis, arsenic pastes guaranteed to cure all cancers. They came with letters and photographs amid the frayed clean linen in their shabby suit-cases—at any opportunity they would stoop over their bags and hopefully bring out testimonials from their Pastors they

begged for a chance to heal humanity and for themselves only enough money to send The Girl to musical conservatory So certain, so black-crapely beseeching were they that no reception clerk could be trained to keep them all out.

Gottlieb found them seeping into his office. He was sorry for them. They did take his working hours they did scratch his belief that he was hard hearted, but they implored him with such wretched timorousness that he could not get rid of them without making promises and admitting afterward that to have been more cruel would have been less cruel.

It was the Important People to whom he was rude.

The Directorship devoured enough time and peace to prevent Gottlieb from going on with the ever more recondite problems of his inquiry into the nature of specificity and his inquiry prevented him from giving enough attention to the Institute to keep it from falling to pieces He depended on Sholtheis, passed decisions on to him but Sholtheis since in any case Gottlieb would get all the credit for a successful Directorship kept up his own scientific work and passed the decisions to Miss Pearl Robbins so that the actual Director was the handsome and jealous Pearl

There was no craftier or crookeder Director in the habitable world Pearl enjoyed it. She so warmly and modestly assured Ross McGurk of the merits of Gottlieb and of her timorous devotion to him she so purred to the flattery of Rippleton Holabird, she so blandly answered the hoarse hostility of Terry Wickett by keeping him from getting materials for his work that the Institute reeled with intrigue.

Yeo was not speaking to Sholtheis. Terry threatened Holabird to paste him one. Gottlieb constantly asked Martin for advice, and never took it Joust, the vulgar but competent bio-physicist, lacking the affection which kept Martin and Terry from reproaching the old man told Gottlieb that he was a rotten Director and ought to quit and was straightway discharged and replaced by a muffin

Max Gottlieb had ever discoursed to Martin of the jests of the gods Among these jests Martin had never beheld one so pungent as this whereby the p etentiousness and fussy unimaginativeness which he had detested in Tubbs should have made him a good manager while the genius of Gottlieb should have

made him a feeble tyrant the jest that the one thing worse than a *too managed* and standardized institution should be one that wa not managed and standardized at all He would once have denied it with violence but nightly now he prayed for Tubbs s return

If the business of the Institute was not more complicated thereby ertainly its placidity was the more disturbed by the appearance of Gustaf Sondelius who had just returned from a study of sleeping sicl ness in Africa and who noisily took one of the guest laboratories

Gustaf Sondelius the soldier of preventive medicine whose lecture had sent Martin from Wheatsylvania to Nautilus had remained in his gallery of heroes as possessing a little of Gott lieb s perception something of Dad Silva s steady kindliness, something of Terry s tough honesty though none of his scorn of amenities and with these a spicy dripping richness altogether his own It is true that Sondelius did not remember Martin Since their evening in Minneapolis he had drunk and debated and flamboyantly ridden to obscure but vinuous destinations with too many people But he was made to remember and in a week Sondelius and Terry and Martin were to be seen tramping and dining or full of topics and gin at Martin s flat

Sondelius s wild flaxen hair was almost grav but he had the same bull shoulders the same wide brow and the same tornado of plans to make the world aseptic, without neglecting to enjoy a few of the septic things before they should pass away

His purpose was after finishing his sleeping sickness report, to found a school of tropical medicine in New York

He besieged McGurk and the wealthy Mr Minnigen who was Tubbs s new patron and in and out of season he besieged Gott lieb

He adored Gottlieb and made noises about it. Gottlieb ad mired his courage and his hatred of commercialism but his presence Gottlieb could not endure He was flustered by Son delius s hilarity his compliments his bounding optimism his inaccuracy his boasting his oppressive bigness It may be that Gottlieb resented the fact that though Sondelius was only eleven years younger—fifty-eight to Gottlieb s sixty nine—he seemed thirty years younger half a century gayer

When Sondelius perceived this grudgingness he tried to over

come it by being more noisy and complimentary and enthusiastic than ever On Gottlieb s birthday he gave him a shocking smoking jacket of cherry and mauve velvet and when he called at Gottlieb s flat which was often Gottlieb had to put on the ghastly thing and sit humming while Sondelius assaulted him with roaring condemnations of mediocre soup and mediocre musicians That Sondelius gave up surprisingly decorative dinner parties for these calls Gottlieb never knew

Martin turned to Sondelius for courage as he turned to Terry for concentration Courage and concentration were needed in these days of an Institute gone insane, if a man was to do his work.

And Martin was doing it

V

After a consultation with Gottlieb and a worried conference with Leora about the danger of handling the germs he had gone on to bubonic plague to the poss bilities of preventing it and curing it with phage

To have heard him asking Sondelius about his experience in plague epidemics one would have believed that Martin found the Black Death del ghtful To have beheld him infecting lean snaky rats with the horror all the while clucking to them and calling them pet names one would have known him mad

He found that rats fed with phage failed to come down with plague that after phage feeding *Bacill s pestis* disappeared from carrier rats which without themselves being killed thereby harbo ed and spread chronic plague and that finally he could cure the disease He was as absorbed and happy and nervous as in the first days of the X Principle He worked all nigl t At the microscope under a lone l ght, fisl ng out with a glass pipette drawn fine as a hair one single plague bacillus

To protect himself from infection by the rat fleas he wore, while he wo ked with the animals rubber glo es high leather boots, straps about his sleeves These p ecautions thrilled him, a d to the otl ers at McGurk they l ad something of the esoter c magic of the alchemists He became a bit of a hero and a good deal of a butt. No more than hearty bus ness men in offices or fussy old men in v llages are researchers free from the tedious

vice of jovial commenting The chemists and biologists called him The Pest refused to come to his room and pretended to avoid him in the corridors

As he went fluently on from experiment to experiment, as the drama of science obsessed him he thought very well of himself and found himself taken seriously by the others He published one cautious paper on phage in plague which was mentioned in numerous scientific journals Even the harassed Gottlieb was commendatory though he could give but little attention and no help But Terry Wickett remained altogether cool He showed for Martin s somewhat brilliant work only enough enthusiasm to indicate that he was not jealous he kept poking in to ask whether with his new experimentation Martin was continuing his quest for the fundamental nature of all phage and his study of physical chemistry

Then Martin had such an assistant as has rarely been known and that assistant was Gustaf Sondelius

Sondelius was discouraged regarding his school of tropical medicine He was looking for new trouble He had been through several epidemics and he viewed plague with affectionate hatred When he understood Martin s work he gloated Hey Yesus! Maybe you got the t ing that will be better than Yersin or Haff kine or anybody! Maybe you cure all the world of plague—the poor devils in India—millions of them Let me in!

He became Martin s collaborator unpaid tireless not very skillful valuable in his buoyancy As well as Martin he loved irregularity by principle he never had his meals at the same hours two days in succession and by choice he worked all night and made poetry rather bad poetry at dawn

Martin had always been the lone prowler Possibly the thing he most liked in Leora was her singular ability to be cheerfully non-existent even when she was present. At first he was annoyed by Sondelius s disturbing presence, however interesting he found his fervors about plague bearing rats (whom Sondelius hated not at all but whom, with loving zeal he had slaughtered by the million with a romantic absorption in traps and poison gas) But the Sondelius who was raucous in conversation could be almost silent at work He knew exactly how to hold the animals while Martin did intrapleural injections he made cultures of *Bacillus pestis* when Martin s technician had gone home at but

a little after midnight (the garçon liked Martin and thought well enough of science but he was prejudiced in favor of six hours daily sleep and sometimes seeing his wife and children in Harlem) then Sondelius cheerfully sterilized glassware and needles and lumbered up to the animal house to bring down victims

The change whereby Sondelius was turned from Martin s master to his slave wa so unconscious and Sondelius for all his P ckerbaughian love of sensationalism cared so little about mastery or credit, that neither of them considered that there had been a change They borrowed cigarettes from each other they went out at the most improbable hours to have flap-jacks and coffee at an all night lunch and together they candled test tubes charged with death

# CHAPTER XXXI

FROM Yunnan in China from the clattering bright bazaars crept something invisible in the sun and vigilant by dark creeping sinister ceaseless creeping across the Himalayas down through walled market places across a desert along ho yellow rivers into an American missionary compound—creeping silent sure and here and there on its way a man was black and stilled with plague

In Bombay a new dock guard unaware of things spoke boisterously over his family rice of a strange new custom of the rats.

Those princes of the sewer swift to dart and turn had gone mad They came out on the warehouse floor ignoring the guard, springing up as though (the guard said merrily) they were try ing to fly and straightway falling dead He had poked at them, but they did not move

Three days later that dock guard died of the plague

Before he died from his dock a ship with a cargo of wheat steamed off to Marseilles There was no sickness on it all the way there was no reason why at Marseilles it should not lie next to a tramp steamer nor why that steamer pit hing down to Montevideo with nothing more sensational than a discussion between the supercargo and the second officer in the matter of a fifth ace should not berth near the S S *Pendown Castle* bound for the island of St Hubert to add cocoa to its present cargo of lumber

On the way to St Hubert, a Goanese seedie boy and after him the messroom steward on the *Pendoun Castle* di d of what the skipper called influenza A greater trouble was the number of rats which ill satisfied with lumber as diet scampered up to the food stores then into the forecastle, and for no reason perceptible

died on the open decks They danced comically before they died and lay in the scuppers stark and ruffled

So the *Pendown Castle* came to Blackwater the capital and port of St Hubert

It is a little isle of the southern West Indies but St Hubert supports a hundred thousand people—English planters and clerks Hindu road makers Negro cane hands Chinese mer chants There is history along its sands and peaks Here the buccaneers careened their ships here the Marquess of Wimsbury when he had gone mad took to repairing clocks and bade his slaves burn all the sugar-cane

Hither that peasant beau, Gaston Lopo brought Madame de Merlemont, and dwelt in fashionableness till the slaves whom he had often relished to lash came on him shaving and straight way the lather was fantastically smeared with blood

Today St Hubert is all sugar-cane and Ford cars oranges and planta ns and the red and yellow pods of cocoa bananas and rubber trees and jungles of bamboo Anglican churches and tin chapels colored washerwomen busy at the hollows in the roots of silk-cotton trees steamy heat and royal palms and the im mortelle that fills the valleys with crimson today it is all splen dor and tourist dullness and cabled cane-quotations against the unsparing sun

Blackwater flat and breathless town of tin roofed plaster houses and incandescent bone white roads of salmon red hibiscus and balconied stores whose dark depths open without barrier from the stifling streets has the harbor to one side and a swamp to the oth r But behind it are the Penrith Hills on whose wholesome and palm softened heights is Government House, looking to the winking sails

Here lived in bulky torpor His Excellency the Governor of St. Hubert Colon l Sir Robert Fairlamb

Sir Robert Fairlamb was an excellent fellow a teller of mess-room stories one who in a heathen day never smoked till the port had gone seven times round but he was an execrable gov ernor and a worried governor The man wl ose social rank was next to h s own—the Hon Cec l Eric George Twyford a lean a tive h gh nosed despot who owned and knew rod by snake writhing rod some ten thousand acres of cane in St Swithin s Parish—Twyford sa d that His Excellency was a "potty and

snoring fool," and versions of the opinion came not too slowly to Fairlamb Then to destroy him complete the House of Assembly which is the St. Hubert legislature was riven by the feud of Kellett the Red Leg, and George William Vertigan.

The Red Legs were a tribe of Scotch Irish poor whites who had come to St Hubert as indentured servants two hundred years before Most of them were still fishermen and plantation foremen but one of them, Kellett a man small mouthed and angry and industrious, had risen from office boy to owner of a shipping company and while his father still spread his nets on the beach at Point Carib Kellett was the scourge of the House of Assembly and a hound for economy—particularly any economy which would annoy his fellow legislator George William Vertigan

George William who was sometimes known as Old Jeo Wm and sometimes as The King of the Ice House (that enticing and ruinous bar) had been born behind a Little Bethel in Lancashire He owned The Blue Bazaar the hugest stores in St Hubert he caused tobacco to be smuggled into Venezuela he was as full of song and incaution and rum as Kellett the Red Leg was full of figures and envy and decency

Between them Kellett and George William split the House of Assembly There could be, to a respectable person no question as to their merits Kellett the just and earnest man of domesticity whose rise was an inspiration to youth George William the gambler the lusher the smuggler the liar the seller of shoddy cottons, a person whose only excellence was his cheap good nature

Kellett s first triumph in economy was to pass an ordinance removing the melancholy Cockney (a player of oboes) who was the official rat-catcher of St. Hubert.

George William Vertigan insisted in debate and afterward privily to Sir Robert Fairlamb that rats destroy food and perhaps spread disease, and His Excellency must veto the bill Sir Robert was troubled He called in The Surgeon General Dr R E Inchcape Jones (but he preferred to be called Mister not Doctor)

Dr Inchcape Jones was a thin, tall, fretful, youngish man without bowels. He had come out from Home only two years before and he wanted to go back Home, to that particular part

of Home represented by tennis teas in Surrey He remarked to Sir Robert that rats and their ever faithful fleas do carry diseases —plague and infectious jaundice and rat bite fever and possibly leprosy—but these diseases did not and therefore could not exist in St. Hubert except for leprosy which was a natural punishment of outlandish Native Races In fact noted Inchcape Jones nothing did exist in St Hubert except malaria, dengue, and a general beastly dullness, and if Red Legs like Kellett longed to die of plague and rat bite fever why should decent people object?

So by the sovereign power of the House of Assembly of St Hubert, and of His Excellency the Governor the Cockney rat catcher and his jiggling young colored assistant were commanded to cease to exist The rat-catcher became a chauffeur He drove Canadian and American tourists who stopped over at St Hubert for a day or two between Barbados and Trinidad along such hill trails as he considered most easy to achieve with a second hand motor and gave them misinformation regarding the flowers The rat-catcher s assistant became a respectable smuggler and leader of a Wesleyan choir And as for the rats themselves they flourished, they were glad in the land, and each female produced from ten to two hundred offspring every year

They were not often seen by day 'The rats aren t increasing the cats kill em said Kellett the Red Leg But by darkness they gamboled in the warehouses and in and out of the schooners along the quay They ventured countryward and lent their fleas to a species of ground squirrels which were plentiful about the village of Carib

A year and a half after the removal of the rat-catcher when the *Pendown Castle* came in from Montevideo and moored by the Councillor Pier it was observed by ten thousand glinty small eyes among the piles

As a matter of routine, certainly not as a thing connected with the deaths fr m what the skipper had called influenza the crew of the *Pendown Castle* put rat shields on the mooring l awsers, but they did not take up the gang plank at n ght and now and then a rat slithered asho e to find among its kin in Black water more unctuous fare than hardwood lumber Tl e *Pen down* sa led amiably for home and from Avonmouth came to Surgeon General Inchcape Jones a cable announc ng that tl e

to their funerals and whisper one to another that they *are* going Home

Now of the Ice House George William Vertigan, owner of The Blue Bazaar was unchallenged monarch He was a thick ruddy man the sort of Englishman one sees in the Midlands the sort that is either very Non Conformist or very alcoholic, and George William was not Non Conformist Each day from five to seven he was tilted against the bar never drunk never altogether sober always full of melody and kindliness the one man who did not long for Home because outside the Ice House he remembered no home

When it was whispered that a man had died of something which might be plague George William announced to his court that if it were true it would serve Kellett the Red Leg jolly well right But everyone knew that the West Indian climate prevented plague

The group quivering on the edge of being panicky were reassured

It was two nights afterward that there writhed into the Ice House a rumor that George William Vertigan was dead

III

No one dared speak of it whether in the Devonshire Club or the Ice House or the breeze fluttered sea washed park where the Negroes gather after working hours but they heard almost without hearing of this death—and this—and another No one liked to shake hands with his oldest friend everyone fled from everyone else though the rats loyally stayed with them and through the island galloped the Panic, which is more murderous than its brother the Plague

Still there was no quarantine no official admission Inchcape Jones vomited feeble proclamations on the inadvisability of too-large public gatherings and wrote to London to inquire about Haffkine s prophylactic but to Sir Robert Fairlamb he protested

Honestly there s only been a few deaths and I think it s all passed over As for these suggestions of Stokes that we burn the village of Carib merely because they ve had several cases—why it s barbarous! And it s been conveyed to me that if we went to establish a quarantine, the merchants would take the strongest

measures against the administration It would ruin the tourist and export business

But Stokes of St Swithin s secretly wrote to Dr Max Gottlieb Director of the McGurk Institute that the plague was ready to flare up and consume all the West Indies and would Dr Gottlieb do something about it?

# CHAPTER XXXII

THERE may have been in the shadowy heart of Max Gottlieb a diabolic insensibility to divine pity to suffering humankind there may have been mere resentment of the doctors who considered his science of value only as it was handy to advertising their business of healing there may have been the obscure and passionate and unscrupulous demand of genius for privacy Certainly he who had lived to study the methods of immunizing mankind against disease had little interest in actually using those methods He was like a fabulous painter so contemptuous of popular taste that after a lifetime of creation he should destroy everything he had done lest it be marred and mocked by the dull eyes of the crowd

The letter from Dr Stokes was not his only intimation that plague was striding through St Hubert that tomorrow it might be leaping to Barbados to the Virgin Islands to New York. Ross McGurk was an emperor of the new era better served than any cloistered satrap of old His skippers looked in at a hundred ports his railroads penetrated jungles his correspondents whispered to him of the next election in Colombia of the Cuban cane-crop of what Sir Robert Fairlamb had said to Dr R E Inchcape Jones on his bungalow porch. Ross McGurk and after him Max Gottlieb knew better than did the Lotus Eaters of the Ice House how much plague there was in St. Hubert.

Yet Gottlieb did not move but pondered the unknown chemical structure of antibodies interrupted by questions as to whether Pearl Robbins had enough pencils whether it would be quite all right for Dr Holabird to receive the Lettish scientific mission this afternoon so that Dr Sholtheis might attend the Anglican Conference on the Reservation of the Host.

He was assailed by inquirers public health officials one Dr

Almus Pickerbaugh a congressman who was said to be popular in Washington Gustaf Sondelius and a Martin Arrowsmith who could not (whether because he was too big or too small) quite attain Gottlieb s concentrated indifference

It was rumored that Arrowsmith of McGurk had something which might eradicate plague Letters demanded of Gottlieb

Can you stand by with the stuff of salvation in your hands and watch thousands of these unfortunate people dying in St Hubert and what is more are you going to let the dreaded plague gain a foothold in the Western hemisphere? My dear man this is the time to come out of your scientific reverie and act!

Then Ross McGurk over a comfortable steak hinted not too diffidently that this was the opportunity for the Institute to acquire world fame

Whether it was the compulsion of McGurk or the demands of the public spirited or whether Gottlieb s own imagination aroused enough to visualize the far-off misery of the blacks in the canefields he summoned Martin and remarked

It comes to me that there is pneumonic plague in Manchuria and bubonic in St Hubert in the West Indies If I could trust you Martin to use the phage with only half your patients and keep the others as controls under normal hygienic conditions but without the phage then you could make an absolute determination of its value as complete as what we have of mosquito transmission of yellow fever and then I would send you down to St. Hubert. What do you think?

Martin swore by Jacques Loeb that he would observe test conditions he would determine forever the value of phage by the contrast between patients treated and untreated and so perhaps end all plague forever he would harden his heart and keep clear his eyes

We will get Sondelius to go along said Gottlieb He will do the big boom boom and so bring us the credit in the newspapers which I am now told a Director must obtain

Sondelius did not merely consent—he insisted

Martin had never seen a foreign country—he could not think of Canada where he had spent a vacation as hotel waiter as foreign to him. He could not comprehend that he was really going to a place of palm trees and brown faces and languid

Christmas Eves He was busy (while Sondelius was out ordering linen suits and seeking a proper new sun helmet) making anti-plague phage on a large scale a hundred liters of it ealed in tiny ampules He felt like the normal Martin but conferences and powers were considering him

There was a meeting of the Board of Trustees to advise Martin and Sondelius as to their methods For it the President of the University of Wilmington gave up a promising interview with a millionaire alumnus Ross McGurk gave up a game of golf and one of the three university scientists arrived by aeroplane Called in from the laboratory a rather young man in a wrinkled soft collar dizzy still with the details of Erlenmeyer flasks infusorial earth and sterile filters Martin was confronted by the Men of Measured Merriment and found that he was no longer concealed in the invisibility of insignificance but regarded as a leader who was expected not only to produce miracles but to explain beforehand how important and mature and miraculous he was

He was shy before the spectacled gravity of the five Trustees as they sat like a Supreme Court at the dais table in Bonanza Hall--Gottlieb a little removed also trying to look grave and supreme But Sondelius rolled in enthusiastic and tremendous and suddenly Martin was not shy nor was he respectful to his one time master in public health.

Sondelius wanted to exterminate all the rodents in St Hubert, to enforce a quarantine, to use Yersin s serum and Haffkine s prophylactic, and to give Martin s phage to everybody in St. Hubert all at once all with everybody

Martin protested For the moment it might have been Gottlieb speaking

He knew he flung at them that humanitarian feeling would make it impossible to use the poor devils of sufferers as m re objects of experiment but he must have at least a few real test cases and he was damned even before the Trustees he was damned if he would have his experiment so mucked up by multiple treatment that they could never tell whether the cures were due to Yersin or Haffkine or phage or none of them

The Trustees adopted his plan After all while they desired to save humanity wasn t it better to have it saved by a McGurk

representative than by Yersin or Haffkine or the outlandish Sondelius?

It was agreed that if Martin could find in St Hubert a district which was comparatively untouched by the plague, he should there endeavor to have test cases one half njected with phage, one half untreated. In the badly afflicted districts, he might give the phage to everyone and if the disease slackened unusually that would be a secondary proof

Whether the St Hubert government since they had not asked for aid would give Martin power to experiment and Sondelius police authority the Trustees did not know The Surgeon General a chap named Inchcape Jones had replied to their cables No real epidemic not need help But McGurk promised that he would pull his numerous wires to have the McGurk Commission (Chairman Martin Arrowsmith B A M.D) welcomed by the authorities

Sondelius still insisted that in this crisis mere experimentat on was heartless yet he listened to Martin s close reasoned fury with enthusiasm which this bull necked eternal child had for any thing which sounded new and preferably true He did not like Almus Pickerbaugh regard a difference of scientific opinion as an attack on his character

He talked of going on his own independent of Martin and McGurk but he was won back when the Trustees murmured that though they really did wish the dear man wouldn t fool with sera they would provide h m with apparatus to kill all the rats he wanted

Then Sondelius was happy

And you watch me! I am the captain general of rat killers! I yoost walk into a warehouse and the rats say There s that damn old Uncle Gustaf—what s the use? and they turn up their toes and die! I am yoost as glad I have you people behind me, because I am broke—I went and bought some oil stock that don t look so good now—and I shall need a lot of hydrocyan c acid gas Oh those rats! You vatch me! Now I go and telegraph I can t keep a lecture engagement next week—huh! me to lecture to a women s college me that can talk rat language and know seven beautiful deadly kind of traps!

Martin had never known greater peril than swimming a flood as a hospital intern From waking to midnight he was too busy making phage and receiving unsolicited advice from all the Institute staff to think of the dangers of a plague epidemic but when he went to bed when his brain wa still revolving with plans he pictured rather too well the chance of dying unpleasantly

When Leora received the idea that he was going off to a death haunted isle to a place of strange ways and trees and faces (a place probably where they spoke funny languages and didn t have movies or tooth paste) she took the notion secretively away with her to look at it and examine it precisely as she often stole little foods from the table and hid them and meditatively ate them at odd hours of the night with the pleased expression of a bad child Martin was glad that she did not add to his qualms by worrying Then after three days she spoke

I m going with you

You are not!

Well I am!

*It s not safe*

Silly! Of course it is You c n shoot your nice old phage into me and then I ll be absolutely all right Oh, I have a husband who cures things I have! I m going to blow in a lot of money for thin dresses though I bet St Hubert isn t any hotter than Dakota can be in August

Listen! Lee darling! Listen! I do think the phage will immunize against the plague—you bet I ll be mighty well injected with it myself!—but I don t *know* and even if it were practically perfect, there d always be some people it wouldn t protect. You simply can t go sweet. Now I m terribly sleepy—

Leora seized his lapels as comic fierce as a boxing kitten but her eyes were not comic nor her wailing voice age-old wail of the soldiers women

Sandy don t you know I haven t any life outside of you? I might ve had but honestly I ve been glad to let you absorb me. I m a lazy useless ignorant scut, except as maybe I keep you comfortable If you were off there and I didn t know you were all right, or if you died and somebody else cared for your body

that I ve loved so—haven t I loved it dear?—I d go mad I mean it—can t you see I mean it—I d go mad! It s just—I m you and I got to be with you And I *will* help you! Make your media and everything You know how often I ve helped you. Oh I m not much good at McGurk with all your awful complicated jiggers but I did help you at Nautilus—I *did* help you didn t I?—and maybe in St Hubert —her voice was the voice of women in midnight terror— maybe you won t find anybody that can help you even my little bit and I ll cook and every thing—

Darling don t make it harder for me Going to be hard enough in any case—

Damn you Sandy Arrowsmith don t you dare use those old stuck up expressions that husbands have been drooling out to wives forever and ever! I m not a wife any more n you re a husband You re a rotten husband! You neglect me absolutely The only time you know what I ve got on is when some dog gone button slips—and how they can pull off when a person has gone over em and sewed em all on again is simply beyond me!—and then you bawl me out But I don t care I d rather have you than any decent husband Bes des I m going

Gottlieb opposed it Sondelius roared about it Martin worried about it, but Leora went and—his only act of craftiness as Di rector of the Institute—Gottlieb made her Secretary and Tech nical Assistant to the McGurk Plague and Bacter ophage Com mission to the Lesser Antilles and blandly gave her a salary

III

The day before the Commiss on sailed Martin insisted that Sondelius take his first injection of phage He refused

No I will not touch t till you get converted to humanity Martin and give it to everybody in St Hubert And you will! Wait till you see them suffering by the thousand You have not seen such a thing Then you will forget science and try to save everybody You shall not inject me till you will inject all my Negro friends down there too

That afternoon Gottlieb called Martin in. He spoke with hesi tation

"You re off for Blackwater tomorrow

Yes sir

Hm You may be gone some time I— Martin you are my oldest friend in New York you and the good Miriam Tell me At first you and Terry t ought I should not take up the Directorship Don t you now t ink I was wise?

Martin stared then hastily he lied and said that which was comforting and expected

I am glad you t ink so You have known so long what I have tried to do I haf faults but I t ink I begin to see a real scientific note coming into the Institute at last after the popoolarity-chasing of Tubbs and Holabird I wonder how I can discharge Holabird that pants presser of science? If only he dit not know Capitola so well—socially they call it! But anyway—

There are those that said Max Gottlieb could not do the child job of running an institution Huh! Buying note books! Hiring women that sweep floors! Or no—the floors are swept by women hired by the superintendent of the building *nicht wahr?* But anyway—

I did not make a rage when Terry and you doubted I am a great fellow for allowing everyone his opinion But it pleases me—I am very fond of you two boys—the only real sons I have— Gottlieb laid his withered hand on Martin s arm It pleases me that you see now I am beginning to make a real scientific Institute Though I have enemies Martin you would t ink I was joking if I told you the plotting against me—

Even Yeo I t ought he was my friend I t ought he was a real biologist But just today he comes to me and says he cannot get enough *sea urchins for his experiments As if* I could make sea urchins out of thin air! He said I keep him short of all materials Me! That have always stood for— I do not care what they *pay* scientists but always I have stood against that *fool* Silva and all of them, all my enemies—

You do not know how many enemies I have, *Martin!* They do not dare show their faces They smile to me, but they whisper— I will show Holabird—always he plot against me and try to win over Pearl Robbins but she is a good girl she knows what I am doing but—

He looked perplexed he peered at Martin as though he did not quite recognize him and begged

Martin I grow old—not in years—it is a lie I am over *seventy*

—but I have my worries Do you mind if I give you advice as I have done so often so many years? Though you are not a schoolboy now in Queen City—no at Winnemac it was You are a man and you are a genuine worker But—

Be sure you do not let anything not even your own good kind heart, spoil your experiment at St Hubert. I do not make funniness about humanitarianism as I used to sometimes now I tink the vulgar and contentious human race may yet have as much grace and good taste as the cats But if this is to be, there must be knowledge So many men Martin are kind and neigh borly so few have added to knowledge You have the chance! You may be the man who ends all plague and maybe old Max Gottlieb will have helped, too *hein* maybe?

You must not be just a good doctor at St Hubert You must pity oh, so much the generation after generation yet to come that you can refuse to let yourself indulge in pity for the men you will see dying

Dying It will be peace

Let nothing neither beautiful pity nor fear of your own death keep you from making this plague experiment complete And as my friend— If you do this something w ll yet have come out of my D rectorship If but one fine thing could come to justify me—

When Martin came sorrowing into his laboratory he found Terry Wickett waiting

Say Slim Terry blurted just wanted to butt in and sug gest now for St Gottl eb s sake keep your phage notes co mplete and up-to-date, and keep em in ink!

Terry it looks to me as if you thought I had a fine chance of not coming back w th the notes myself

Aw what s b ting you! sa d Terry feebly

IV

The ep dem c in St Hubert must have ncreased for on the day before the McGurk Commission sailed Dr Inchcape Jones declared that the island was quarantined People might come in but no one could leave He did th s desp te the fretting of the Governor S r Robert Fairlamb and the protests of the hotel keepers who fed on tourists the ex rat-catchers who drove the

same Kellett the Red Leg who sold them tickets and all the other representatives of sound business in St Hubert.

V

Besides his ampules of phage and his Luer syringes for injection Martin made personal preparations for the tropics He bought in seventeen minutes a Palm Beach suit, two new shirts and as St Hubert was a British possession and as he had heard that all Britishers carry canes a stick which the shop keeper guaranteed to be as good as genuine malacca

VI

They started Martin and Leora and Gustaf Sondelius on a winter morning on the six thousand ton steamer *St Buryan* of the McGurk Line which carried machinery and flour and codfish and motors to the Lesser Antilles and brought back molasses cocoa avocados Trinidad asphalt A score of winter tourists made the round trip but only a score and there was little handkerchief waving

The McGurk Line pier was in South Brooklyn in a district of brown anonymous houses The sky was colorless above dirty snow Sondelius seemed well content. As they drove upon a wharf littered with hides and boxes and disconsolate steerage passengers he peered out of their crammed taxicab and announced that the bow of the *St Buryan*—all they could see of it—reminded him of the Spanish steamer he had taken to the Cape Verde Isles But to Martin and Leora who had read of the drama of departure of stewards darting with masses of flowers dukes and divorcees being interviewed and bands playing The Star spangled Banner the *St Buryan* was unromantic and its ferry like casualness was discouraging

Only Terry came to see them off bringing a box of candy for Leora

Martin had never ridden a craft larger than a motor launch. He stared up at the black wall of the steamer s side As they mounted the gangplank he was conscious that he was cutting himself off from the safe familiar land and he was embarrassed by the indifference of more experienced looking passengers star

ing down from the rail Aboard it seemed to him that the forward deck looked like the backyard of an old iron dealer that the *St Buryan* leaned too much to one side and that even in the dock she swayed undesirably

The whistle snorted contemptuously the hawsers were cast off Terry stood on the pier till the steamer with Martin and Leora and Sondelius above him their stomachs pressed agains the rail had slid past him, then he abruptly clumped away

Martin realized that he was off for the perilous sea and the perilous plague that there was no possibility of leaving the ship till they should reach some distant island. This narrow deck with its tarry lines between planks was his only home Also in the breeze across the wide harbor he was beastly cold and in general God help him!

As the *St Buryan* was warped out into the river as Martin was suggesting to his Commission How about going down stairs and seeing if we can raise a drink? there was the sound of a panicky taxicab on the pier the sight of a lean tall figure running—but so feebly so shakily—and they realized that it was Max Gottlieb peering for them tentatively ra sing his thin arm in greeting not finding them in the line at the ra l and turning sadly away

VII

As representatives of Ross McGurk and his various works evil and benevolent they had the two suites de luxe on the boat deck

Martin was cold off snow blown Sandy Hook s ck off Cape Hatteras and ti ed and relaxed between with him Leora was cold and in a ladylike manner she was s ck but she was not at all tired She ins sted on conveying information to him from the West Indian guide-book which she had earnestly bought.

Sondelius was conspicuously all over the ship He had tea with the Captain scouse w th the fo c sle and intellectual con ferences with the Negro missionary in the steerage He was to be heard—al vays he was to be heard s nging on the promenade deck defending Bolshevism against the boatswain arguing oil burning v ith the First Officer and explaining to the bar stew ard how to make a gin sling He held a party for the children

in the steerage, and he borrowed from the First Officer a volum of navigation to study between parties

He gave flavor to the ordinary cautious voyage of the *St Buryan* but he made a mistake He was courteous to Miss Gwilliam he tried to cheer her on a seemingly lonely adventure

Miss Gwilliam came from one of the best families in her section of New Jersey her father was a lawyer and a church warden her grandfather had been a solid farmer That she had not married at thirty three was due entirely to the preference of modern young men for jazz-dancing hussies and she was not only a young lady of delicate reservations but also a singer in fact she was going to the West Indies to preserve the wonders of primitive art for reverent posterity in the native ballads she would collect and sing to a delighted public—if only she learned how to sing

She studied Gustaf Sondelius He was a silly person not in the least like the gentlemanly insurance agents and office man agers she was accustomed to meet at the country club and what was worse he did not ask her opinions on art and good form. His stories about generals and that sort of people could be discounted as lies for did he not associate with grimy engineers? He needed some of her gentle but merry chiding

When they stood together at the rail and he chanted in his ludicrous up and-down Swedish sing song that it was a fine eve ning she remarked Well Mr Roughneck have you been up to something smart again today? Or have you been giving some *body else a chance to talk for once?*

She was placidly astonished when he clumped away with none of the obedient reverence which any example of cul ured American womanhood has a right to expect from all males even foreigners

Sondelius came to Martin lamenting Slim—if I may call you so like Terry—I think you and your Gottlieb are right. The e is no use saving fools It s a great mistake to be natural One should always be a stuffed shirt like old Tubbs Then one would have respect even from artistic New Jersey spinsters How strange is conceit! That I who have been cursed and beaten by so many Great Ones who was once led out to be shot in a Turkish prison should never have been annoyed by them as by this smug wench Ah smugness! That is the enemy!

Apparently he recovered from Miss Gwilliam He was seen arguing with the ship s doctor about sutures in Negro skulls and he invented a game of deck cricket But one evening when he sat reading in the social hall stooped over wearing betray ing spectacles and his mouth puckered Martin walked past the window and incredulously saw that Sondelius was growing old

VIII

As he sat by Leora in a deck-chair Martin studied her really looked at her pale profile after years when she had been a matter of course. He pondered on her as he pondered on phage he weightily decided that he had neglected her and weightily he started right in to be a good husband

Now I have a chance to be human Lee, I realize how lonely you must have been in New York

But I haven t

Don t be foolish! Of course you ve been lonely! Well when we get back I ll take a little time off every day and we ll—we ll have walks and go to the movies and everything And I ll send you flowers every morning Isn t it a relief to just sit here! But I do begin to think and realize how I ve prob ly neglected— Tell me honey has it been too terribly dull?

Hunka Really

No but *tell* me

There s nothing to tell.

Now hang it Leora here when I *do* have the first chance in eleven thousand years to think about you and I come right out frankly and admit how slack I ve been— And planning to send you flowers—

You look here Sandy Arrowsmith! Qu t bullying me! You want the luxury of harrow ng yourself by think ng what a poor bawling wretched story book wife I am You e working up to become perfectly miserable if you can t enjoy be ng miser able It would be terrible, when ve got back to N w Yo k if you did get on the job and devoted yourself to showing me a good time You d go at it like a bull I d have to be so dratted grateful for the flowers every day—the days you d dn t fo get!— and the way you d sling me off to the mov es when I anted to stay home and snooze—"

# CHAPTER XXXIII

MISTY mountains they saw and on their flanks the palm crowned fortifications built of old time against the *pirates In Martinique were white faced houses like* provincial France and a boiling market full of colored women with kerchiefs ultramarine and scarlet They passed hot St. Lucia and Saba that is all one lone volcano They devoured paw paws and breadfruit and avocados bought from coffee colored natives who came alongside in nervous small boats they felt the languor of the isles and panted before they approached Barbados

*Just beyond was St. Hubert*

None of the tourists had known of the quarantine They were raging that the company should have taken them into danger *In the tepid wind they felt the plague*

The skipper reassured them in a formal address Yes they would stop at Blackwater the port of St Hubert but they would anchor far out in the harbor and while the passengers bound for St. Hubert would be permitted to go ashore in the port doctor's launch no one in St Hubert would be allowed to leave—nothing from that pest hole would touch the steamer except the offi ial mail, which the ship's surgeon would dis infect

(The ship's surgeon was wondering the while, how you disinfected mail—let's see—sulfur burning in the presence of moisture wasn t it?)

The skipper had been trained in oratory by arguments with wharf masters, and the tourists were reassured But Martin murmured to his Commission I hadn t thought of that. Once we

go ashore, we'll be practically prisoners till the epidemic's over—if it ever does get over—prisoners with the plague around us."

"Why of course!" said Sondelius.

II

They left Bridgetown, the pleasant port of Barbados, by afternoon. It was late night, with most of the passengers asleep, when they arrived at Blackwater. As Martin came out on the damp and vacant deck, it seemed unreal, harshly unfriendly, and of the coming battleground he saw nothing but a few shore lights beyond uneasy water.

About their arrival there was something timorous and illicit. The ship's surgeon ran up and down looking disturbed, the captain could be heard growling on the bridge, the first officer hastened up to confer with him and disappeared below again, and there was no one to meet them. The steamer waited, rolling in a swell, while from the shore seemed to belch a hot miasma.

"And here's where we're going to land and *stay!*" Martin grunted to Leora, as they stood by their bags, their cases of phage, on the heaving black shining deck near the top of the accommodation ladder.

Passengers came out in dressing-gowns, chattering: "Yes, this must be the place ... those lights there ... Must be fierce ... *What?* Somebody going ashore? Oh, sure, those two doctors. Well, they got nerve. I certainly don't envy them!"

Martin heard.

From shore a pitching light made toward the ship, slid round the bow, and sidled to the bottom of the accommodation ladder. In the haze of a lantern held by a steward at the foot of the steps Martin could see a smart covered launch, manned by darky sailors in naval uniform and glazed black straw hats with ribbons, and commanded by a Scotch-looking man with some sort of a peaked uniform cap over a civilian jacket.

The captain clumped down the swinging steps beside the ship. While the launch bobbed, its wet canvas top glistening, he had a long and complaining conference with the commander of the launch, and received a pouch of mail, the only thing to come aboard.

The ship's surgeon took it from the captain with aversion

grumbling Now where can I get a barrel to disinfect these darn letters in?

Martin and Leora and Sondelius waited without option

They had been joined by a thin woman in black whom they had not seen all the trip—one of the mysterious passengers who are never noticed till they come on deck at landing Apparently she was going ashore She was pale her hands twitching

The captain shouted at them All right—all right—all right! You can go now Hustle please I ve got to get on Damn nuisance

The *St Buryan* had not seemed large or luxurious but it was a castle, steadfast among storms its side a massy wall as Martin crept down the swaying stairs thinking all at once We re in for it like going to the scaffold—they lead you along—no chance to resist and You re letting your imagination run away with you quit it now! and Is it too late to make Lee stay behind on the steamer? and an agonized Oh Lord are the stewards handling that phage carefully? Then he was on the tiny square platform at the bottom of the accommodation ladder the ship s side was high above him lit by the round ports of cabins and someone was helping him into the launch

As the unknown woman in black came aboard Martin saw in lantern light how her lips tightened once then her whole face went blank like one who waited hopelessly

Leora squeezed his hand hard as he helped her in

He muttered while the steamer whistled Quick! You can still go back! You must!

And leave the pretty launch? Why Sandy! Just look at the elegant engine it s got! Gosh I m scared blue!

As the launch sputtered swung round and headed for the filtering of lights ashore as it bowed its head and danced to the swell the sandy headed official demanded of Martin

You re the McGurk Commission?

Yes

Good He sounded pleased yet cold a busy voice and humorless

Are you the port-doctor? asked Sondelius

No not exactly I m Dr Stokes of St Swithin s Parish. We re all of us almost everything nowadays The port-doctor— In fact he died couple of days ago

Martin grunted But his imagination had ceased to agitate him.

"You re Dr Sondelius I imagine I know your work in Africa in German East—was out there myself And you re Dr Arrowsmith? I read your plague phage paper Much impressed Now I have just the chance to say before we go ashore— You ll both be opposed Inchcape Jones the S G has lost his head Running in circles lancing buboes—afraid to burn Carib where most of the infection is Arrowsmith I have a notion of what you may want to do experimentally If Inchcape balks you come to me in my parish—if I m still alive Stokes my name is Damn it, boy what *are* you doing? Trying to drift clear down to Venezuela? Inchcape and H E are so afraid that they won t even cremate the bodies—some religious prejudice among the blacks—obee or something

I see said Martin

How many cases plague you got now? said Sondelius

Lord knows Maybe a thousand And ten million rats I m so sleepy! Well welcome gentlemen— He flung out his arms in a dry hysteria Welcome to the Island of Hesperides!

Out of darkness Blackwater swung toward them low flimsy barracks on a low swampy plain stinking of slimy mud Most of the town was dark dark and wickedly still There was no race along the d m waterfront—warehouses tram station mean hotels—and they ground against a pier they went ashore without attention from customs officials There were no carriages and the hotel runners who once had pestered tourists landing from the *St Buryan* whatever the hour were dead now or hidden

The thin mysterious woman passenger van shed staggering with her suit-case—she had said no word and they never aw her again The Comm ss on w th Stokes and the harbor police who had manned the launch car ed the baggage (Martin weaving with a case of the phage) through the rutty balconied streets to the San Marino Hotel

Once or twice faces disembodied th ngs with fr ghtened lips stared at them from alley mouths and when they came to the hotel when they stood before it a weary caravan laden with bags and boxes, the bulging-eyed manageress peered from a window before she would admit them

As they entered Martin saw under a street light the first stir ring of life a crying woman and a bewildered child following an open wagon in which were heaped a dozen stiff bodies

And I might have saved all of them, with phage he whispered to himself

His forehead was cold yet it was greasy with sweat as he babbled to the manageress of rooms and meals as he prayed that Leora might not have seen the Things in that slow creaking wagon

I d have choked her before I let her come if I d known " he was shuddering

The woman apologized I must ask you g ntl men to carry your things up to your rooms Our boys— They aren t here any more "

What became of the walking stick which in such pleased vanity Martin had bought in New York he never knew He was too busy guarding the cases of phage and worrying Maybe this stuff would save everybody

Now Stokes of St Swithin s was a reticent man and hard, but when they had the last bag upstairs he leaned his head against a door cried, My God Arrowsmith I m so glad you ve got here and broke from them running One of the Negro harbor police, expressionless speaking the English of the Antilles with something of the accent of Piccadilly said Sar have you any other command for I? If you permit, we boys will now go home Sar on the table is the whisky Dr Stokes have told I to bring

Martin stared It was Sondelius who said Thank you very much boys Here s a quid between you Now get some sleep

They saluted and were not

Sondelius made the novices as merry as he could for half an hour

Martin and Leora woke to a broiling flaring gr en and crimson morning yet ghastly still awoke and realized that about them was a strange land, as yet unseen and before them the work that in distant New York had seemed dramatic and joyful and that stank now of the charnel house

A sort of breakfast was brought to them by a Negress who, before she would enter peeped fearfully at them from the door

Sondelius rumbled in from his room in an impassioned silk dressing-gown If ever spectacled and stooped he had looked old, now he was young and boisterous.

Hey ya Slim I think we get some work here! Let me at those rats! This Inchcape—to try to master them with strychnin! A noble melon! Leora when you divorce Martin you marry me heh? Give me the salt Yey I sleep fine!

The night before, Martin had scarce looked at their room. Now he was diverted by what he considered its foreignness th lofty walls of wood painted a watery blue the wide furnitureless spaces the bougainvillaea at the window and in the courtya d the merciless heat and rattling metallic leaves of palmettoes.

Beyond the courtyard walls were the upper stories of a balconied Chinese shop and the violent-colored skylight of The Blue Bazaar

He felt that there should be a clamor from this exotic world, but there was only a rebuking stillnes and even Sondelius became dumb though he had his moment He waddled back to his room dressed himself in surah s lk last worn on the East Coast of Africa, and returned bringing a sun helmet which secretly he had bought for Martin

In linen jacket and mushroom helmet, Martin belonged more to the tropics than to h s own harsh Northern meadows But his pleasure in looking fore gn was interrupted by the entrance of the Surgeon General Dr R E. Inchcape Jones lean but apple-cheeked worried and hasty

Of course you chaps a e welcome but eally w th all we have to do I m afraid we can t give you the attention you doubtless expect he said ind gnantly

Martin sought for adequate answer It was Sondelius who spoke of a non-existent cousin who was a Ha ley Street specialist, and who expla ned that all they vanted was a laboratory for Martin and for h mself a chance to slaughter rats Ho v many times in how many lands, had Gustaf Sondelius flattered pro-consuls and persuaded the heathen to let themselves be saved!

*Under his hands the Surgeon General* became practically human he looked as though he really thought Leora was pretty he promised that he might perhaps let Sondelius tamper with his rats He would return that afternoon and conduct them to the house prepared for them Penrith Lodge on the safe secluded hills behind Blackwater And (he bowed gallantly) he thou ht that Mrs Arrowsmith would find the Lodge a topping bunga low with three rather decent servants The butler though a *colored chap was an old mess sergeant*

Inchcape Jones had scarce gone when at the door there was a pounding and it opened on Martin s classmate at Winnemac, Dr the Rev Ira Hinkley

Martin had forgotten Ira that bulky Christian who had tried to save him during otherwise dulcet hours of dissection He recalled him confusedly The man came in vast and lumbering His eyes were staring and altogether mad and his voice was *parched*

Hello Mart Yump it s old Ira I m in charge of all the chapels of the Sanctification Brotherhood here Oh Mart, if you only knew the wickedness of the natives and the way they lie and sing indecent songs and commit all manner of vileness! And the Church of England lets them wallow in their sins! Only us to save them I heard you were coming I have been laboring Mart I ve nursed the poor plague stricken devils and I ve told them how hellfire is roaring about them Oh Mart if you knew how my heart bleeds to see these ignorant fellows going un repentant to eternal torture! After all these years I know you *can t still be a scoffer I come to you with open hands begging* you not merely to comfort the sufferers but to snatch their souls from the burning lakes of sulfur to which in His everlasting mercy the Lord of Hosts hath condemned those that *blaspheme* against His gospel freely given—

Again it was Sondelius who got Ira Hinkley out not too discontented while Martin could only splutter *Now how do* you suppose that maniac ever got here? This is going to be awful!

Before Inchcape Jones returned the Commission ventured out for their first sight of the town *A S ientific Commission* yet all the while *they were only boisterous Gustaf* and doubtful Martin and casual Leora

The citizens had been told that in bubonic plague unlike pneumonic, there i no danger from direct contact with people developing the disease so long as vermin were kept away but they did not believe it They were afraid of one another and the more afraid of strangers The Commission found a street dying with fear House shutters were clo ed hot slatted patches in the sun and the only traffic was an empty trolley-car with a fri htened motorman who peered down at them and sped up lest they come aboard Grocery shops and drugstores were open but from their shady depths the shopkeepers looked out timidly and when the Commission neared a fish stall, the one customer fled edging past them

Once a woman never explained a woman w th wild un gathered hair ran by them shrieking My little boy—

They came to the market a hundred stalls under a long cor rugated iron roof with stone pillars bearing the fatuous names of the commissioners who had built it—by voting bonds for the building It should have been buzzing with jovial buyers and sellers but in all the gaudy booths there were only one Negress with a row of twig besoms one Hindu in gray rags squatting before his wealth of a dozen vegetables. The rest was emptiness and a litter of rotted potatoes and scudding papers

Down a grim street of coal yards they found a public square and here was the stillness not of sleep but of ancient death

The square was rimmed with the gloom of mango trees which shut out the faint hearted breeze and cooped in the heat—stale lifeless heat in whose misery the leering silence was the more dismaying Through a break in the evil mangoes they beheld a plaster house hung with black crape

It s too hot to walk Perhaps we d better go back to the hotel said Leora

IV

In the afte noon Inchcape Jones appeared with a Ford whose familiarity made it the more grotesque in this creepy world and took them to Penrith Lodge on the cool hills behind Black water

They traversed a packed native section of bamboo hovels and shops that were but unpainted black weathered huts without doors without windows, from whose recesses dark f ces looked

at them resentfully They passed at their colored driver s most jerky speed a new brick structure in front of which stately Negro policemen with white gloves white sun helmets and scarlet coats cut by white belts marched with rifles at the carry

Inchcape Jones sighed Schoolhouse Turned it into pest house Hundred cases in there Die every hour Have to guard it—patients get delirious and try to escape

After them trailed an odor of rotting

Martin did not feel superior to humanity

v

With broad porches and low roof among bright flamboyants and the cheerful sago palms the bungalow of Penrith Lodge lay high on a crest, looking across the ugly flat of the town to the wash of sea At its windows the reed jalousies whispered and clattered and the high bare rooms were enlivened by figured Carib scarfs It had belonged to the port-doctor dead these three days

Inchcape Jones assured the doubtful Leora that she would nowhere else be so safe the house was rat proofed and the doctor had caught the plague at the pier had died without ever coming back to this well beloved bungalow in which he the professional bachelor had given the most clamorous parties in St Hubert

Martin had with him sufficient equipment for a small laboratory and he established it in a bedroom with gas and running water Next to it was his and Leora s bedroom then an apartment which Sondelius immediately made homelike by dropping his clothes and his pipe ashes all over it

There were two colored maids and an ex soldier butler who received them and unpacked their bags as though the plague did not exist.

Martin was perplexed by their first caller He was a singularly handsome young Negro quick moving intelligent of eye Like most white Americans Martin had talked a great deal about the inferiority of Negroes and had learned nothing whatever about them He looked questioning as the young man observed

My name is Oliver Marchand."

Yes?

Dr Marchand—I have my M D from Howard
Oh

May I venture to welcome you Doctor? And may I ask before I hurry off—I have three cases from official families iso lated at the bottom of the hill—oh yes in this crisis they permit a Negro doctor to practice even among the whites! But— Dr Stokes insists that D Herelle and you are right in calling bac teriophage an organism But what about Bordet s contention that it s an enzyme?

Then for half an hour did Dr Arrowsmith and Dr Mar chand forgetting the plague forgetting the more cruel plague of race fear draw diagrams

Marchand sighed I must go Doctor May I help you in any way I can? It is a great privilege to know you

He saluted quietly and was gone a beautiful young animal

I never thought a Negro doctor— I wish people wouldn t keep showing me how much I don t know! said Martin.

VI

While Martin prepared his laborato y Sondelius was joyfully at work, finding out what was w ong with Inchcape Jones s administration which proved to be almo t anything that could be wrong

A plague epidem c today in a civil zed land is no longer an affair of people dying in the streets and of drivers shouting B ing out your dead The fight against it s conducted like modern warfare with telephones instead of foam ng chargers The anc ent horror bears a face of efficiency There are offices, card indices bacteriological examinations of pat ents and of rats There is or should be a lone director with superlegal powers There a e la ge funds education of the publ c by placard and newspaper brigades of rat killers a corps of d s nfecto s isola tion of patients lest vermin carry the germs from them to others

In most of th se particulars Incl cape Jones had failed To have the existence of the plague adm tted n the first place, he had had to fight the merchants cont olling the House of Assem bly who had howled that a quarantine would ruin them and who now refused to give him complete power and tried to manage the ep demic with a Board of Health which was some-

what worse than navigating a ship during a typhoon by means of a committee

Inchcape Jones was courageous enough but he could *not cajole* people The newspapers called him a tyrant would not help win over the public to take precautions against rats and ground squirrels He had tried to fumigate a few warehouses with sulfur dioxid but the owners complained that the fumes stained fabrics and paint and the Board of Health bade him wait—wait a little while—wait and see He had tried to have the rats examined, to discover what were the centers of infection but his only *bacteriologists* were the overworked Stokes and Oliver Marchand and Inchcape Jones had often explained at nice dinner parties that he did not trust the intelligence of Negroes

He was nearly insane he worked twenty hours a day he assured himself that he was not afraid he reminded himself *that he had an honestly won D S O he longed to have someone* besides a board of Red Leg merchants give him orders and always in the blur of his sleepless brain he saw the hills of Surrey his sisters in the ro e walk *and the basket-chairs and tea* table beside his father s tennis lawn

Then Sondelius that crafty and often lying lobbyist, *that im*moral soldier of the Lord burst in and became dictator

He terrified the Board of Health He quoted his own experiences in Mongolia and India He assured them *that if they* did not cease being politicians the plague might cling in St Hubert forever so that they would no more have the amiable dollars of the tourists and the pleasures of smuggling

He threatened and flattered and told a story which they *had* never heard even at the *Ice House and he had Inchcape Jones* appointed dictator of St Hubert

Gustaf Sondelius stood extremely close behind the d. tator

He immediately started rat killing *On a warrant signed by* Inchcape Jones he arrested the owner of a warehouse who had declared that *he* was not going to have *his* pil s *of* cocoa ruined. He marched his policemen, stout black fellows trained in the Great War to the warehouse set them on guard and pumped in hydrocyanic acid gas

The crowd gathered beyond the police line, wondering doubting They could not believe that anything was happenin for the cracks in the warehouse walls had been adequately stuffed

and there was no scent of gas But the roof was leaky The gas crept up through it colorless diabolic, and suddenly a buzzard circling above the roof tilted forward fell slantwise, and lay dead among the watchers

A man picked it up goggling

"Dead, right enough" everybody muttered They looked at Sondelius parading among his soldiers with reverence.

His rat-crew searched each warehouse before pumping in the gas lest someone be left in the place but in the third one a tramp had been asleep and when the doors were anxiously opened after the fumigation there were not only thousands of dead rats but also a dead and very stiff tramp

Poor fella—bury him said Sondelius

There was no inquest

Over a rum swizzle at the Ice House Sondelius reflected I wonder how many men I murder Martin? When I was d s infecting ships at Antofagasta always afterward we find two or three stowaways They hide too good Poor fellas

Sondelius arbitrarily dragged bookkeepers and porters from their work to pursue the rats with poison traps and gas or to starve them by concreting and screening stables and ware houses He made a violent red and green rat map of the town He broke every law of property by ra ding shops for suppl es He alternately bullied and caressed the leaders of the House of Assembly He called on Kellett, told stories to h s ch ldren and almost wept as he explained what a good Lutheran he was—and consistently (but not at Kellett s) he drank too much

The Ice House, that dimmest and most peaceful among sa loons w th its cool marble tables its gilt touched wh te walls had not been closed though only the oldest topers and the youngest bravos f esh out from Home and agonizingly lonely for Peckham or Walthamstow for Peel Park or the C encester High Street, were d sp rate enough to go there, and of the attendants there remained only one b g Jamaica barman. By chance he was among them all the most d vine mixer of the planter s punch the New Orleans fizz, and the rum swizzle H s maste pieces Sondel us accla med he alone placid among the scarv patrons who came in now not to dream but to gulp and flee After a day of slaughtering rats and d sinfecting houses

he sat with Martin with Martin and Leora or with whomever he could persuade to linger

To Gustaf Sondelius dukes and cobblers were alike remarkable and Martin was sometimes jealous when he saw Sondelius turning to a cocoa broker s clerk with the same smile he gave to Martin For hours Sondelius talked of Shanghai and epistemology and the painting of Nevinson for hours he sang scurrilous lyrics of the Quarter and boomed 'Yey how I kill the rats at Kellett s wharf today! I don t tink one little swizzle would break down too many glomeruli in an honest man s kidneys

He was cheerful but never with the reproving and infuriating cheerfulness of an Ira Hinkley He mocked himself Martin, Leora and their work At home dinner he never cared what he ate (though he did care what he drank) which at Penrith Lodge was desirable in view of Leora s efforts to combine the views of Wheatsylvania with the standards of West Indian servants and the absence of daily deliveries He shouted and sang—and took precautions for working among rats and the agile fleas the high boots the strapped wrists and the rubber neck band which he had invented and which is known in every tropical supply shop today as the Sondelius Anti vermin Neck Protector

It happened that he was without Martin or Gottlieb ever understanding it the most brilliant as well as the least pompous and therefore least appreciated warrior against epidemics that the world has known

Thus with Sondelius though for Martin there were as yet but embarrassment and futility and the fear of fear

# CHAPTER XXXIV

TO persuade the shopkeeping lords of St Hubert to endure a test in which half of them might die so that all plague might—perhaps—be ended forever was imposs ble Martin argued with Inchcape Jones with Sondelius but he had no favor and he began to meditate a political campaign as he would have meditated an experiment

He had seen the suffering of the plague and he had (though he still resisted) been tempted to forget experimentation to give up the poss ble saving of millions for the immediate saving of thousands Inchcape Jones a little rested now under Sondelius s padded bullying and able to slip into a sane routine drove Martin to the village of Carib which, because of its pest of infected ground squirrels was proportionately worse smitten than Blackwater

They sped out of the capital by white shell roads agon z ng to the sun poisoned eyes they left the dusty shanties of suburban Yamtown for a land cool with bamboo groves and palmettoes, thick with sugar-cane From a h lltop they swung down a curv ing road to a beach where the h gh surf boomed in limestone caves It seemed impossible that this joyous shore could be threatened by plague, the slimy creature of dark alleys

The motor cut th ough a s nging trade wind which told of clean sails and disdainful men They da ted on \ he e the foam feathe s below Point Carib and where round that lon royal palm on the headland the b ght wind hums They sl pped into a hot valley and came to the village of Carib and to creeping horror

The plague had been d smaying in Blackwater n Carib it was the end of all things The rat fleas had f und f t homes in the ground squirrels \ hich burro v d in every garden about

the village In Blackwater there had from the first been isolation of the sick but in Carib death was in every house and the village was surrounded by soldier police with bayonets who let no one come or go save the doctors

Martin was guided down the stinking street of cottages palm thatched and walled with cow-dung plaster on bamboo laths cottages shared by the roosters and the goats He heard men shrieking in delirium a dozen times he saw that face of terror —sunken bloody eyes drawn face open mouth—which marks the Black Death and once he beheld an exquisite girl child in coma on the edge of death her tongue black and round her the scent of the tomb

They fled away to Point Carib and the trade wind and when Inchcape Jones demanded After that sort of thing can you really talk of experimenting? then Martin shook his head while he tried to recall the vision of Gottlieb and all their little plans half to get the phage half to be sternly deprived

It came to him that Gottlieb in his secluded innocence had not realized what it meant to gain leave to experiment amid the hysteria of an epidemic.

He went to the Ice House he had a drink with a frightened clerk from Derbyshire he regained the picture of Gottlieb s sunken demanding eyes and he swore that he would not yield to a compassion which in the end would make all compassion futile

Since Inchcape Jones could not understand the need of experimentation he would call on the Governor Colonel Sir Robert Fairlamb

II

Though Government House was officially the chief residence of St Hubert it was but a thatched bungalow a little larger than Martin s own Penrith Lodge When he saw it, Martin felt more easy and he ambled up to the broad steps at nine of the evening as though he were dropping in to call on a neighbor in Wheatsylvania

He was stopped by a Jamaican man servant of appalling courtesy

He snorted that he was Dr Arrowsmith head of the McGurk

Commission, and he was sorry but he must see Sir Robert at once.

The servant was suggesting in his blandest and most annoying manner that really Dr Uh would do better to see the Surgeon General, when a broad red face and a broad red voice projected themselves over the veranda railing with a rumble of, Send him up Jackson, and don t be a fool!

Sir Robert and Lady Fairlamb were finishing dinner on the veranda, at a small round table littered with coffee and liqueurs and starred with candles She was a slight, nervous insignificance he was rather puffy very flushed, undoubtedly courageous, and altogether dismayed and at a time when no laundress dared go anywhere, his evening shirt was luminous

Martin was in his now beloved linen suit, with a crumply soft shirt which Leora had been meanin to wash

Martin explained what he wanted to do—what he must do if the world was ever to get over the absurdity of having plague

Sir Robert listened so agreeably that Martin thought he understood, but at the end he bellowed

"Young man if I were command ng a divis on at the front, with a dud show an awful show going on, and a War Office clerk asked me to risk the whole thing to try out some precious little invent on of his own can you imagine what I d answer? There isn t much I can do now—these doctor Johnnies have taken everything out of my hands—but as far as possible I shall certainly prevent you Yankee vivisectionists f om coming in and using us as a lot of sanguinary—sorry Evelyn—sanguinary corpses Good night, sir!

III

Thanks to Sondelius s crafty bullying Martin was able to present his plan to a Special Board composed of the Governor the temporarily suspended Board of Health Inchcape Jones several hearty members of the House of Assembly and Sondelius h mself, attending in the unoff cial capacity which all over the wo ld he had found useful for masking a cheerful tyranny Sondelius even b ought in the Negro doctor Ol ver Marchand not on the ground that he was the most intell gent person on

the island (which happened to be Sondelius's reason) but b
cause he represented the plantation hands

Sondelius himself was as much opposed to Martin's unem
tional experiments as was Fairlamb he believed that all exper
ments should be by devices not entirely clear to him carried o
in the laboratory without disturbing the conduct of agreeabl
epidemics but he could never resist a drama like the innocen
meeting of the Special Board

The meeting was set for a week ahead with scores dyin
every day While he waited for it Martin manufactured mor
phage and helped Sondelius murder rats and Leora listened t
the midnight debates of the two men and tried to make them
acknowledge that it had been wise to let her come Inchcap
Jones offered to Martin the position of Government bacteriolo
gist but he refused lest he be sidetracked

The Special Board met in Parliament House all of them
trying to look not like their simple and domestic selves but like
judges With them appeared such doctors of the island as could
find the time

While Leora listened from the back of the room Martin
addressed them not unaware of the spectacle of little Mart
Arrowsmith of Elk Mills taken seriously by the rulers of a tropic
isle headed by a Sir Somebody Beside him stood Max Gottlieb
and in Gottlieb's power he reverently sought to explain that
mankind has ever given up eventual greatness because some
crisis some war or election or loyalty to a Messiah which at the
moment seemed weighty has choked the patient search for
truth He sought to explain that he could—perhaps—save half
of a given district but that to test for all time the value of
phage the other half must be left without it thou h he
craftily told them in any case the luckless half would receive
as much care as at present

Most of the Board had heard that he possessed a magic cure
for the plague which for unknown and probably discreditable
reasons he was withholding and they were not going to have
it withheld There was a great deal of discussion rather uncon
nected with what he had said and out of it came only the fact
that everybody except Stokes and Oliver Marchand was against
him Kellett was angry with this American Sir Robert Fairlamb

was beefily disapproving and Sondelius admitted that though Martin was quite a decent young man he was a fanatic.

Into their argument plunged a fury in the person of Ira Hinkley missionary of the Sanctification Brotherhood

Martin had not seen him since the first morning in Black water He gaped as he heard Ira pleading

Gentlemen I know almost the whole bunch of you are Church of England but I beg you to listen to me not as a minister but as a qualified doctor of medicine Oh the wrath of God is upon you— But I mean I was a classmate of Arrow smith in the States I m onto him! He was such a failure that he was suspended from med cal school A scientist! And his boss this fellow Gottlieb he was fired from the University of Winnemac for incompetence! I know em! Liars and fools! Scorners of righteousness! Has anybody but Arrowsmith him self told you he s a qualified scient st?

The face of Sondelius changed from curiosity to stolid Scan d navian wrath He arose and shouted

Sir Robert this man is crazy! Dr Gottlieb is one of the seven d stinguished living scientists and Dr Arrowsmith is his repre sentative! I announce my agreement with him complete As you must have seen from my work I m perfectly independent of him and ent rely at your service but I know his standing and I follow him quite humbly

The Special Board coaxed Ira Hinkley out for the meanest of reasons—in St Hubert the whites do not greatly esteem the holy ecstas es of Negroes in the Sanctification Brotherhood chapels—but they voted only to give the matter their consid eration while st ll men d ed by the score each day and in Manchuria as in St Hubert they prayed for rest from the ancient clawing pain

Outside as the Spec al Board trudged away Sondelius blared at Martin and the indignant Leora Yey fin fight!

Martin answered, Gustaf y u ve jo ned me now The first darn thing you do you come have a hot of phage

No Slim I sa d I will not have your phage t ll you give t to everybody I mean it no matter how much I make fools of your Board

As they stood befor Parliament House, a small motor possessing everyth ng but c mfort and power stagge ed up to them,

and from it vaulted a man lean as Gottlieb and English as Inchcape Jones

You Dr Arrowsmith? My name is Twyford Cecil Twyford *of St Swithin s Parish* Tried to get here for the *Special Board* meeting but my beastly foreman had to take the afternoon off and die of plague Stokes has told me your plans Quite right All nonsense to go on having plague Board refused? Sorry Perhaps we can do something in St Swithin s Goo day

All evening Martin and Sondelius were full of language. Martin went to bed longing for the regularity of working all night and foraging for cigarettes at dawn He could not sleep because an imaginary Ira Hinkley was always bursting in on him

Four days later he heard that Ira was dead

Till he had sunk in coma Ira had nursed and blessed his people the humble colored congregation in the hot tin chapel which he had now turned into a pest house He staggered from cot to cot under the gospel texts he had lettered on the white washed wall then he cried once loudly and dropped by the pine pulpit where he had joyed to preach

IV

One chance Martin did have In Carib where every third man was down with plague and one doctor to attend them all, he now gave phage to the entire village a long strain of injections not improved by the knowledge that one jaunty flea from any patient might bring him the plague

The tedium of dread was forgotten when he began to find and make precise notes of a slackening of the epidemic, which was occurring nowhere except here at Carib

He came home raving to Leora, I ll show em! Now they'll let me try test conditions and then when the epidemic s over we ll hustle home It ll be lovely to be cold again! Wonder if Holabird and Sholtheis are any more friendly now? Be pretty good to see the little ole flat, eh?

Yes won t it! said Leora I wish I d thought to have the kitchen painted while we re away I think I ll put that blue chair in the bedroom

Though there was a decrease in the plague at Carib Sondelius

was worried because it was the worst center for infected ground squirrels on the island He made decisions quickly One evening he explained certain things to Inchcape Jones and Martin rode down their doubts and snorted

Only way to disinfect that place is to burn it—burn the whole thing Have it done by morning before anybody can stop us

With Martin as his lieutenant he marshaled his troop of rat catchers—ruffians all of them with high boots tied jacket sleeves and ebon visages of piracy They stole food from shops tents and blankets and camp stoves from the Government military warehouse, and jammed their booty into motor trucks The line of trucks roared down to Carib the rat-catchers sitting atop singing pious hymns

They charged on the village drove out the healthy carried the sick on litters settled them all in tents in a pasture up the valley and after midnight they burned the town

The troops ran among the huts setting them alight with fantastic torches The palm thatch sent up thick smoke dead sluggish white with currents of ghastly black through which broke sudden flames Against the glare the palmettoes were silhouetted The solid seeming huts were instantly changed into thin bamboo frameworks thin lines of black slats with the thatch falling in sparks The flame lighted the whole valley roused the terrified squawking birds and turned the surf at Point Carib to bloody foam

With such of the natives as had strength enough and sense enough Sondelius s troops made a ring about the burning village shouting insanely as they clubbed the fleeing rats and ground squirrels In the flare of devastation Sondelius was fiend smashing the bewildered rats with a club shooting at them as they fled and singing to himself all the while the obscene chantey of Bill the Sailor But at dawn he was nursing the sick in the bright new canvas village showing mammies how to use their camp-stoves and in a benevolent way discussing methods of poisoning ground squirrels in their burrows

Sondelius returned to Blackwater but Martin remained in the tent village for two days giving them the phage, making notes directing the amateur nurses He returned to Blackwater one mid-afternoon and sought the office of the Surgeon General or

what had been the office of the Surgeon General till Sondelius had come and taken it away from him

Sondelius was there at Inchcape Jones s desk but for once he was not busy He was sunk in his chair his eyes *bloodshot*

Yey! We had a fine time with the rats at Carib eh? How is my new tent willage? he chuckled but his voice was weak and as he rose he staggered

What is it? What is it?

I t ink— It s got me Some flea got me Yes in a shaky but extremely interested manner I was yoost thinking I will go and quarantine myself I have fever all right and adenitis My strength— Huh! I am almost sixty but the way I can lift weights that no sailor can touch— And I could fight five rounds! Oh my God Martin I am so weak! Not scared! No!

But for Martin s arms he would have collapsed

He refused to return to Penrith Lodge and Leora s nursing

I who have isolated so many—it is my turn he said

Martin and Inchcape Jones found for Sondelius a meager clean cottage—the family had died there, all of them but it had been fumigated They procured a nurse and Martin himself attend d the sick man trying to remember that once he had been a doc tor who understood ice bags and consolation One thing was not to be had—mosquito netting—and only of this did Sondelius complain

Martin bent over him agonized to see how burning was his skin how swollen his face and his tongue, how weak his voice as he babbled

Gottlieb is right about these jests of God Yey! His best on is the tropics God planned them so beautiful flowers and sea and mountains He made the fruit to grow so well that man need not work—and then He laughed and stuck in volcanoes and snakes and damp heat and early senility and the plague and malaria But the nastiest trick He ever played on man was in venting the flea

His bloated lips widened from his hot throat oozed a feeble croaking and Martin realized that he was trying *to laugh*

He became delirious but between spasms *he muttered* with infinite pain tears in his eyes at his own weakness

I want you to see how an agnostic can d e!

I am not afraid but yoost once more I would like to see

Stockholm and Fifth Avenue on the day the first snow falls and Holy Week at Sevilla And one good last drunk! I am very peaceful Slim It hurts some but life was a good game And—I am a pious agnostic Oh Martin give my people the phage! Save all of them— God I did not think they could hurt me so!"

His heart had failed He was still on his low cot

v

Martin had an unhappy pride that with all his love for Gustaf Sondelius he could still keep his head still resist Inchcape Jones s demand that he give the phage to everyone still do what he had been sent to do

I m not a sentimentalist I m a scientist! he boasted

They snarled at him in the streets now small boys called him names and threw stones They had heard that he was willfully withholding their salvation The citizens came in committees to beg him to heal their children and he was so shaken that he had ever to keep before him the vision of Gottlieb

The panic was increasing They who had at first kept cool could not endure the strain of wakening at night to see upon their windows the glow of the pile of logs on Admiral Knob the emergency crematory where Gustaf Sondelius and his curly gray mop had been shoveled into the fire along with a crippled Negro boy and a Hindu beggar

Sir Robert Fairlamb was a blundering hero exasperating the sick while he tried to nurse them Stokes remained the Rock of Ages—he had only three hours sleep a night but he never failed to take his accustomed fifteen minutes of exercise when he awoke and Leora was easy in Penrith Lodge, helping Martin prepare phage

It was the Surgeon General who went to pieces

Robbed of his dependence on the despised Sondelius sunk again in a mad planlessness Inchcape Jones shrieked when he thought he was speaking low and the cigarette which was ever in his thin hand shook so that the smoke quivered up in trembling spirals

Making his tour he came at night on a sloop by which a dozen Red Legs were escaping to Barbados, and suddenly he was among them bribing them to take him along

As the sloop stood out from Blackwater Harbor he stretched his arms toward his sisters and the peace of the Surrey hills but as the few frightened lights of the town were lost he realized that he was a coward and came up out of his madness with his lean head high

He demanded that they turn the sloop and take him back They refused howling at him and locked him in the cabin They were becalmed it was two days before they reached Barbados and by then the world would know that he had deserted

Altogether expressionless Inchcape Jones tramped from the sloop to a waterfront hotel in Barbados and stood for a long time in a slatternly room smelling of slop pails He would never see his sisters and the cool hills With the revolver which he had carried to drive terrified patients back into the isolation wards with the revolver which he had carried at Arras he killed himself

VI

Thus Martin came to his experiment Stokes was appointed Surgeon General vice Inchcape Jones and he made an illegal assignment of Martin to St Swithin s Parish as medical officer with complete power This and the concurrence of Cecil Twyford made his experiment possible

He was invited to stay at Twyford s His only trouble was the guarding of Leora He did not know what he would encounter in St Swithin s while Penrith Lodge was as safe as any place on the island When Leora insisted that during his experiment the cold thing which had stilled the laughter of Sondelius might come to him and he might need her he tried to satisfy her by promising that if there was a place for her in St Swithin s he would send for her

Naturally he was lying

Hard enough to see Gustaf go By thunder she s not going to run risks! he vowed

He left her protected by the maids and the soldier butler with Dr Oliver Marchand to look in when he could

In St Swithin s Parish the cocoa and bamboo groves and sharp hills of southern St Hubert gave way to unbroken canefields Here Cecil Twyford that lean abrupt man ruled every acre and interpreted every law

His place, Frangipani Court, was a refuge from the hot humming plain. The house was old and low of thick stone and plaster walls the paneled rooms were lined with the china the portraits and the swords of Twyfords for three hundred years and between the wings was a walled garden dazzling with hibiscus

Twyford led Martin through the low cool hall and introduced him to five great sons and to his mother who since his wife s death ten years ago had been mistress of the house

Have tea? said Twyford Our American guest will be down in a moment

He would not have thought of saying it, but he had sworn that since for generations Twyfords had drunk tea here at a seemly hour no panic should prevent their going on drinking it at that hour

When Martin came into the garden when he saw the old silver on the wicker table and heard the quiet voices the plague seemed conquered and he realized that four thousand miles southwest of the Lizard, he was in England

They were seated pleasant but not too comfortable, when the American guest came down and from the door stared at Martin as strangely as he stared in turn

He beheld a woman who must be his sister She was perhaps thirty to his thirty seven but in her slenderness her paleness her black brows and dusky hair she was his twin she was his self enchanted

He could hear his voice croaking But you re my sister! and she opened her lips, yet neither of them spoke as they bowed at introduction When she sat down Martin had never been so conscious of a woman s presence.

He learned before evening that she was Joyce Lanyon widow of Roger Lanyon of New York She had come to St Hubert to see her plantation and had been trapped by the quarantine. He had tentatively heard of her dead husband as a young man

of wealth and family he seemed to remember having seen in *Vanity Fair* a picture of the Lanyons at Palm Beach

She talked only of the weather the flowers but there was a rising gaiety in her which stirred even the dour Cecil Twyford. In the midst of her debonair insults to the hugest of the huge sons Martin turned on her

You *are* my sister!

Obviously Well since you re a scientist— Are you a good scientist?

Pretty good

I ve met your Mrs McGurk And Dr Rippleton Holabird. Met em in Hessian Hook You know it don t you?

No I— Oh I ve heard of it

You know It s that renovated old part of Brooklyn where writers and economists and all those people some of them almost as good as the very best consort with people who are almost as smart as the very smartest. You know Where they dress for dinner but all of them have heard about James Joyce Dr Holabird is frightfully charming don t you think?

Why—

Tell me. I really mean it Cecil has been explaining what you plan to do experimentally Could I help you—nursing or cooking or something—or would I merely be in the way?

I don t know yet If I can use you I ll be unscrupulous enough!

Oh don t be earnest like Cecil here and Dr Stokes! They have no sense of play Do you like that man Stokes? Cecil adores him and I suppose he s simply infested with virtues but I find *him so dry and thin and unappetizing* Don t you think he might be a little gayer?

Martin gave up all chance of knowing her a. he hurled

Look here! You said you found Holabird charming It makes me tired to have you fall for his scientific tripe and not appreciate Stokes Stokes is hard—thank God!—and probably he s rude Why not? He s fighting a world that bellows for fake charm No scientist can go through his grind and not come out more or less rude And I tell you Stokes was born a researcher I wish we had him at McGurk. Rude? Wish you could hear him being rude to me!

Twyford looked doubtful his mother looked delicately

shocked and the five sons beefily looked nothing at all while Martin raged on trying to convey his vision of the barbarian the ascetic, the contemptuous acolyte of science But Joyce Lanyon s lovely eyes were kind and when she spoke she had lost something of her too-cosmopolitan manner of a diner-out

'Yes I suppose it s the difference between me playing at being a planter and Cecil

After dinner he walked with her in the garden and sought to defend himself against he was not quite sure what till she hinted

My dear man you re so apologetic about never being apologetic! If you really must be my twin brother do me the honor of telling me to go to the devil whenever you want to I don t mind Now about your Gottlieb who seems to be so much of an obsession with you—

Obsession! Rats! He—

They parted an hour after

Least of all things Martin desired such another peeping puerile irritable restlessness as he had shared with Orchid Pickerbaugh but as he went to bed in a room with old prints and a four poster it was disturbing to know that somewhere near him was *Joyce Lanyon*

He sat up aghast with truth Was he going to fall in love with this desirable and quite useless young woman? (How lovely her shoulders above black satin at dinner! She had a genius of radiant flesh it made that of most women even the fragile Leora seem coarse and thick There was a rosy glow behind it as from an inner light)

Did he really want Leora here with Joyce Lanyon in the house? (Dear Leora who was the source of life! Was she now off there in Penrith Lodge, missing him lying awake for him?)

How could he even in the crisis of an epidemic, invite the formal Twyfords to invite Leora? (How honest was he? That afternoon he had recognized the rigid though kindly code of the Twyfords but could he not set it aside by being frankly an Outlander?)

Suddenly he was out of bed kneeling praying to Leora.

# CHAPTER XXXV

THE plague had only begun to invade St Swithin's but it was unquestionably coming and Martin with his power as official medical officer of the parish was able to make plans He divided the population into two equal parts One of them driven in by Twyford was injected with plague phage, the other half was left without

He began to succeed He saw far-off India with its annual four hundred thousand deaths from plague saved by his efforts. He heard Max Gottlieb saying Martin you haf done your experiment I am very glat!

The pest attacked the unphaged half of the parish much more heavily than those who had been treated There did appear a case or two among those who had the phage, but among the others there were ten then twenty then thirty daily victims These unfortunate cases he treated giving the phage to alternate patients in the somewhat barren almshouse of the parish a whitewashed cabin the meaner against its vaulting background of banyans and breadfruit trees

He could never understand Cecil Twyford Though Twyford had considered his hands as slaves though he had in his great barony given them only this barren almshouse, yet he risked his life now in nursing them and the lives of all his sons

Despite Martin's discouragement Mrs Lanyon came down to cook and a remarkably good cook she was She also made beds she showed more intelligence than the Twyford men about disinfecting herself and as she bustled about the rusty kitchen, in a gingham gown she had borrowed from a maid she so disturbed Martin that he forgot to be gruff

II

In the evening while they returned by Twyford s rattling little motor to Frangipani Court Mrs Lanyon talked to Martin as one who had shared his work but when she had bathed and powdered and dressed he talked to her as one who was afraid of her Their bond was their resemblance as brother and sister They decided almost irritably that they looked utterly alike except that her hair was more patent leather than his and she lacked his impertinent cocking eyebrow

Often Martin returned to his patients at night but once or twice Mrs Lanyon and he fled as much from the family stolidity of the Twyfords as from the thought of fever scorched patients to the shore of a rocky lagoon which cut far in from the sea

They sat on a cliff full of the sound of the healing tide H s brain was hectic with the memory of charts on the whitewashed broad planks of the almshouse, the sun cracks in the wall the puffy terrified faces of black patients how one of the Twyford sons had knocked over an ampule of phage and how itchingly hot it had been in the ward But to his intensity the lagoon b eeze was cooling and cooling the rustling tide He perceived that Mrs Lanyon s white frock was fluttering about her knees he realized that she too was strained and still He turned somberly toward her and she cried

I m so frightened and so lonely! The Twyfords are heroic, but they re stone I m so marooned!

He kissed her and she rested aga nst h s shoulder The softness of her sleeve was agitating to his hand But she broke away with

No! You don t really care a hang about me Just curious Perhaps that s a good thing for me—tonight.

He tried to assure her to assure himself that he did care with peculiar violence but languor was over him between him and her fragrance were the hosp tal cots a great weariness and the still face of Leora They were lent together and when his hand crept to hers they sat unimpass oned comprehending free to talk of what they would.

He stood outside her door when they had returned to the house and imagined her soft mov ng w thin

"No he raged Can t do it Joyce—women like her—one of

the million things I ve given up for work and for Lee Well. That s all there is to it then But if I were here two weeks--Fool! She d be furious if you knocked! But--

He was aware of the dagger of light under her door the more aware of it as he turned his back and tramped to his room.

III

The telephone service in St Hubert was the clumsiest feature of the island There was no telephone at Penrith Lodge--the port doctor had cheerfully been wont to get his calls through a neighbor The central was now demoralized by the plague and when for two hours Martin had tried to have Leora summoned, he gave up

But he had triumphed In three or four days he would drive to Penrith Lodge Twyford had blankly assented to his suggestion that Leora be invited hither and if she and Joyce Lanyon should become such friends that Joyce would never again turn to him in loneliness he was willing he was eager--he was almost eager

IV

When Martin left her at the Lodge in the leafy gloom high on the Penrith Hills Leora felt his absence They had been so little apart since he had first come on her scrubbing a hospital room in Zenith

The afternoon was unending each time she heard a creaking she roused with the hope that it was his step and realized that he would not be coming all the blank evening the terrifying night would not be here anywhere not his voice nor the touch of his hand

Dinner was mournful Often enough she had dined alone when Martin was at the Institute but then he had been returning to her some time before dawn--probably--and she had reflectively munched a snack on the corner of the kitchen table, looking at the funnies in the evening paper Tonight she had to live up to the butler who served her as though she were a dinner party of twenty

She sat on the porch staring at the shadowy roofs of Black

water below sure that she felt a miasm writhing up through the hot darkness

She knew the direction of St Swithin s Parish—beyond that delicate glimmer of lights from palm huts coiling up the hills. She concentrated on it wondering if by some magic she might not have a signal from him, but she could get no feeling of his looking toward her She sat long and quiet. She had nothing to do

Her night was sleepless She tried to read in bed by an electric globe inside the misty little tent of the mosquito-netting but there was a tear in the netting and the mosquitoes crept through As she turned out the light and lay tense unable to give herself over to sleep unable to sink into security while to her blurred eyes the half seen folds of the mosquito netting seemed to slide about her she tried to remember whether these mosquitoes might be carrying plague germs She realized how much she had depended on Martin for such bits of knowledge, as for all philosophy She recalled how annoyed he had been because she could not remember whether the yellow fever mosquito was *Anopheles* or *Stegomyia*—or was it *Aedes?*—and suddenly she laughed in the night

She was reminded that he had told her to give herself another injection of phage

Hang it I forgot Well, I must be sure to do that tomorrow

Do that tomorrow—do that tomorrow buzzed in her brain, an irritating inescapable refrain while she was suspended over sleep conscious of how much she wanted to creep into his arms

Next morning (and she did not remember to give herself another injection) the servants seemed twitchy and her effort to comfort them brought out the news that Oliver Marchand, the doctor on whom they depended, was dead.

In the afternoon the butler heard that his sister had been taken off to the isolation ward, and he went down to Blackwater to make arrangements for his nieces He did not return no one ever learned what had become of him.

Toward dusk when Leora felt as though a skirmish line were closing in on her she fled into Martin s laboratory It seemed filled with his jerky brimming presence. She kept away from the flasks of plague germs, but she picked up because it was his, a half smoked cigarette and lighted it.

Now there was a slight crack in her lips and that morning fumbling at dusting—here in the laboratory mean as a fortress against disease—a maid had knocked over a test tube which had trickled. The cigarette seemed dry enough but in it there were enough plague germs to kill a regiment.

Two nights after when she was so desperately lonely that she thought of walking to Blackwater finding a motor and fleeing to Martin she woke with a fever a headache her limbs chilly When the maids discovered her in the morning they fled from the house While lassitude flowed round her she was left alon in the isolated house with no telephone

All day all night as her throat crackled with thirst she lay longing for someone to help her Once she craw ed to th kitchen for water The floor of the bedroom was an endless heaving sea the hall a writhing dimness and by the kitchen door she dropped and lay for an hour whimpering

Got to—got to—can t remember what it was her voice kept appealing to her cloudy brain

Aching fighting the ache she struggled up wrapped about her a shabby cloak which one of the maids had abandoned in flight and in the darkness staggered out to find help As she came to the highway she stumbled and lay under the hedge, unmoving like a hurt animal On hands and knees she crawled back into the Lodge and between times as her brain went dark, she nearly forgot the pain in her longing for Martin

She was bewildered she was lonely she dared not start on her long journey without his hand to comfort her She listened for him—listened—tense with listening

You will come! I know you ll come and help me! I know You ll come! Martin! Sandy! *Sandy!* she sobbed

Then she slipped down into the kindly coma There was no more pain, and all the shadowy house was quiet but for her hoarse and struggling breath

V

Like Sondelius Joyce Lanyon tried to persuade Martin to give the phage to everybody

I m getting to be good and stern, with all you people after

me Regular Gottlieb Nothing can make me do it not if they tried to lynch me he boasted

He had explained Leora to Joyce

I don t know whether you two will like each other You re so darn different. You re awfully articulate and you like these pretty people that you re always talking about but she doesn t care a hang for em She sits back—oh she never misses any thing but she never says much. Still she s got the best instinct for honesty that I ve ever known I hope you two'll get each other I was afraid to let her come here—didn t know what I d find—but now I m going to hustle to Penrith and bring her here today

He borrowed Twyford s car and drove to Blackwater up to Penrith in excellent spir ts For all the plague they could have a lively time in the evenings One of the Twyford sons was not so solemn he and Joyce, with Martin and Leora could slip down to the lagoon for picnic suppers they would sing—

He came up to Penrith Lodge bawling Lee! Leora! Come on! *Here* we are!

The veranda as he ran up on it was leaf scattered and dusty and the front door was banging His voice echoed in a desperate silence He was uneasy He darted in found no one in the living room the kitchen then hastened into their bedroom.

On the bed across the folds of the torn mosquito netting was Leora s body very frail quite still. He cried to her he shook her he stood weeping

He talked to her his voice a little insane, trying to make her understand that he had loved her and had left her here only for her safety—

There was rum in the kitchen and he went out to gulp down raw full glasses They d d not affect him.

By evening he strode to the garden the high and windy garden looking toward the sea and dug a deep pit. He lifted her light stiff body kissed it and laid it in the p t All n ght he wandered When he came back to the house and saw the row of her little dresses with the lines of her soft body in them he was terrified

Then he went to pieces

He gave up Pen ith Lodge left Twyford s and moved into

a room behind the Surgeon General s office Beside his cot there was always a bottle

Because death had for the first time been brought to him he raged Oh damn experimentation! and, despite Stokes s dismay he gave the phage to everyone who asked

Only in St Swithin s since there his experiment was so excellently begun did some remnant of honor keep him from distributing the phage universally but the conduct of this experiment he turned over to Stokes

Stokes saw that he was a little mad, but only once, when Martin snarled What do I care for your science? did he try to hold Martin to his test

Stokes himself with Twyford carried on the experiment and kept the notes Martin should have kept By evening after working fourteen or fifteen hours since dawn Stokes would hasten to St Swithin s by motor-cycle—he hated the joggling and the lack of dignity and he found it somewhat dangerous to take curving hill roads at sixty miles an hour but this was the quickest way and till midnight he conferred with Twyford, gave him orders for the next day arranged his clumsy annotations and marveled at his grim meekness

Meantime all day Martin injected a line of frightened citizens in the Surgeon General s office in Blackwater Stokes begged him at least to turn the work over to another doctor and take what interest he could in St Swithin s but Martin had a bitter satisfaction in throwing away all his significance, in helping to wreck his own purposes

With a nurse for assistant he stood in the bare office File on file of people, black white, Hindu stood in an agitated cue a block long ten deep waiting dumbly as for death They crept up to the nurse beside Martin and in embarrassment exposed their arms which she scrubbed with soap and water and dabbled with alcohol before passing them on to him He brusquely pinched up the skin of the upper arm and jabbed it with the needle of the syringe cursing at them for jerking never seeing their individual faces As they left him they fluttered with gratitude— Oh may God bless you Doctor! —but he did not hear

Sometimes Stokes was there looking anxious particularly when in the cue he saw plantation hands from St Swithin s who were supposed to remain in their parish under strict control,

to test the value of the phage Sometimes Sir Robert Fairlamb came down to beam and gurgle and offer his aid Lady Fairlamb had been injected first of all and next to her a tattered kitchen wench profuse with Hallelujah s

After a fortnight when he was tired of the drama he had four doctors making the injections while he manufactured phage

But by night Martin sat alone tousled drinking steadily living on whisky and hate freeing his soul and dissolving his body by hatred as once hermits dissolved theirs by ecstasy His life was as unreal as the n ghts of an old drunkard. He had an advantage over normal cautious humanity in not caring whether he lived or died he who sat with the dead talking to Leora and Sondelius to Ira Hinkley and Oliver Marchand to Inchcape Jones and a shadowy horde of blackmen with lifted appealing hands

After Leora s death he had returned to Twyford s but once, to fetch his baggage and he had not seen Joyce Lanyon He hated her He swore that it was not her p esence which had kept him from returning earlier to Leora but he was aware that while he had been chattering with Joyce Leora had been dying

Damn glib society climber! Thank God I ll never see *her* aga n!

He sat on the edge of his cot in the constricted and airless room his hair ruffled his eyes blotched with red, a stray alley kitten which he esteemed his only friend asleep on his pillo v At a knock he muttered I can t talk to Stokes now Let him do his own experiments S ck of experiments!

Sulkily Oh come in!

The door opened on Joyce Lanyon cool trim, sure

What do you want? he grunted

She stared at him she shut the door silently she stra gl tened the litter of food papers and instruments on his table She coaxed the indignant kitten to a mat patted the pillow and sat by him on the frowsy cot. Then

Please! I know what s happened. Cecil is in town for an hour and I wanted to br ng— Won t it comfort you a little if you know how fond we are of you? Won t you let me offer you friendsh p?

I don t want anybody s friend hip I haven t any friends!

He sat dumb her hand on his but when she was gone he felt a shiver of new courage

He could not get himself to give up his reliance on whisky and he could see no way of discontinuing the phage injection of all who came begging for it but he turned both injection and manufacture over to others and went back to the most rigid observation of his experiment in St. Swithin s blotted as it now was by the unphaged portion of the parish going in to Blackwater to receive the phage

He did not see Joyce He lived at the almshouse but most evenings now he was sober

## VI

The gospel of rat-extermination had spread through the island everybody from five year-old to hobbling grandam was out shooting rats and ground squirrels Whether from phage or rat killing or Providence the epidemic paused and six months after Martin s coming when the West Indian May was broiling and the season of hurricanes was threatened the plague had almost vanished and the quarantine was lifted

St Hubert felt safe in its kitchens and shops and amid the roaring spring the island rejoiced as a sick man first delivered from pain rejoices at merely living and being at peace

That chaffering should be abusive and loud in the publi market that lovers should stroll unconscious of all save them selves that loafers should tell stories and drink long drinks at the Ice House that old men should squat cackling in the shade of the mangoes that congregations should sing together to the Lord—this was no longer ordinary to them nor stupid but the bliss of paradise

They made a festival of the first steamer s leaving White and black Hindu and Chink and Caribbee they crowded the wharf shouting waving scarfs trying not to weep at the feeble piping of what was left of the Blackwater Gold Medal Band and as the steamer the *St Ia* of the McGurk Line was warped out with her captain at the rail of the bridge very straight saluting them with a flourish but his eyes so wet that he could not see the harbor they felt that they were no longer jailed lepers but a part of the free world.

On that steamer Joyce Lanyon sailed Martin said good by to her at the wharf

Strong of hand almost as tall as he she looked at him without flutter and rejoiced You ve come through So have I Both of us have been mad trapped here the way we ve been I don t suppose I helped you but I did try You see, I d never been trained in reality You trained me Good by

Mayn t I come to see you in New York?

If you d really like to

She was gone yet she had never been so much with him as through that tedious hour when the steamer was lost beyond the horizon a line edged with silver wire But that night in panic, he fled up to Penrith Lodge and buried his cheek in the damp soil above the Leora with whom he had never had to fence and explain to whom he had never needed to say Mayn t I come to see you?

But Leora cold in her last bed unsmiling did not answer him nor comfort him

VII

Before Martin took leave he had to assemble the notes of his phage experiment add the observation of Stokes and Twyford to his own first precise figures

As the giver of phage to some thousands of frightened islanders he had become a dignitary He was called in the first issue of the *Blackwater Guardian* after the quarantine was raised the savior of all our lives He was the universal hero If Sondelius had helped to cleanse them had Sondelius not been his lieutenant? If it was the intervention of the Lord as the earnest old Negro who succeeded Ira Hinkley in the chapels of the Sanctification Brotherhood insisted had not the Lord surely sent him?

No one heeded a wry Scotch doctor diligent but undramatic through the epidemic, who hinted that plagues have been known to slacken and cease without phage

When Martin was completing his notes he had a letter from the McGurk Institute signed by Rippleton Holabird

Holabird wrote that Gottlieb was feeling seedy that he had resigned the Directorship suspended his own experimentation,

and was now at home resting Holabird himself had been appointed Acting Director of the Institute and as such he chanted

*The reports of your work in the letters from Mr McGurk s agents which the quarantine authorities have permitted to get through to us apprise us far more than does your own modest report what a really sensational success you have had You have done what few other men living could do both established the value of bacteriophage in plague by tests on a large scale and saved most of the unfortunate population The Board of Trustees and I are properly appreciative of the glory which you have added and still more will add when your report is published to the name of McGurk Institute and we are thinking now that we may for some months be unable to have your titular chief Dr Gottlieb working with us of establishing a separate Department with you as its head*

Established the value—rats! I about half made the tests sighed Martin and Department! I ve given too many orders here. Sick of authority I want to get back to my lab and start all over again

It came to him that now he would probably have ten thousand a year Leora would have enjoyed small extravagant dinners

Though he had watched Gottlieb declining it was a shock that he could be so unwell as to drop his work even for a few months

He forgot his own self as it came to him that in giving up his experiment, playing the savior he had been a traitor to Gottlieb and all that Gottlieb represented When he returned to New York he would have to call on the old man and admit to him to those sunken relentless eyes that he did not have complete proof of the value of the phage

If he could have run to Leora with his ten thousand a year—

VIII

He left St Hubert three weeks after Joyce Lanyon

The evening before his sailing a great dinner with Sir Robert Fairlamb in the chair was given to him and to Stokes While Sir Robert ruddily blurted compliments and Kellett tried to

explain things and all of them drank to him, standing afte the toast to the King Martin sat lonely considering that tomor row he would leave these trusting eyes and face the harsh de mands of Gottlieb of Terry Wickett.

The more they shouted his glory the more he thought about what unknown tight minded scientists in distant laboratories would say of a man who had had his chance and cast it away The more they called him the giver of life, the more he felt himself disgraced and a traitor and as he looked at Stokes he saw in his regard a pity worse than condemnation

# CHAPTER XXXVI

IT happened that Martin returned to New York as he had come on the *St Buryan* The ship was haunted with the phantoms of Leora dreaming of Sondelius shouting on the bridge

And on the *St Buryan* was the country-club Miss Gwilliam who had offended Sondelius

She had spent the winter importantly making notes on native music in Trinidad and Caracas at least in planning to make notes She saw Martin come aboard at Blackwater and pertly noted the friends who saw him off—two Englishmen one puffy one rangy and a dry looking Scotsman

Your friends all seem to be British she enlightened him when she had claimed him as an old friend

Yes

You ve spent the winter here

Yes

Hard luck to be caught by the quarantine But I *told* you you were silly to go ashore! You must have managed to pick up quite a little money practicing But it must have been un pleasant really

Ye-es I suppose it was

I *told* you it would be! You ought to have come on to Trinidad Such a fascinating island! And tell me how is the Roughneck?

Who?

Oh you know—that funny Swede that used to dance and everything

He is dead

Oh I *am* sorry You know no matter what the others said I never thought he was so bad I m sure he had quite a nice

cultured mind when he wasn t carousing around Your wife isn t with you is she?

'No—she isn t with me I must go down and unpack now

Miss Gwilliam looked after him with an expression which said that the least people could do was to learn some manners

II

With the heat and the threat of hurricanes there were few first-class passengers on the *St Buryan* and most of these did not count because they were not jolly decent Yankee tourists but merely South Americans As tourists do when their minds have been broadened and enriched by travel when they return to New Jersey or Wisconsin with the cred t of having spent a whole six months in the West Indies and South America the respectable remnant studied one another fastidiously and noted the slim pale man who seemed so restless who all day trudged round the deck who after midnight was seen stand ng by him self at the rail

That guy looks awful restless to me! sa d Mr S Sanborn Hibble of Detro t to the charming Mrs Dawson of Memphis and she answered with the wit which made her so popular wherever she went 'Yes don t he I reckon he must be in love!

Oh I know him! said Miss Gwilliam He and his wife were on the *St Buryan* when I came down She s in New York now He s some kind of a doctor—not awful successful I don t b lieve Just between ourselves I don t think much of him or of her either They sat and looked stupid all the way down

III

Martin was itch ng to get his fingers on his test tubes He knew as once he had guessed, that he hated adm nistration and Large Affairs

As he tramped the deck his head cleared and he was h mself. Angrily he pictured the critics who would soon be pecking at whatever final report he might make For a time he hated the crit cism of his fellow laboratory grinds as he had hated the r competition he hated the need of forever looking over h s shoul der at pursuers But on a night when he stood at the rail for

hours, he admitted that he was afraid of their criticism and afraid because his experiment had so many loopholes He hurled overboard all the polemics with which he had protected him self Men who never have had the experience of trying in the midst of an epidemic, to remain calm and keep experimental conditions do not realize in the security of their laboratories what one has to contend with

Constant criticism was good if only it was not spiteful jealous petty—

No even then it might be good! Some men had to be what easy going workers called spiteful To them the joyous spite of crushing the almost-good was more natural than creation Why should a great house wrecker who could clear the cum bered ground be set at trying to lay brick?

*All right!* he rejoiced *Let em come! Maybe I ll anticipate em and publish a roast of my own work I have got something from the St Swithin test even if I did let things slide for a while I ll take my tables to a biometrician He may rip em up Good! What s left I ll publish*

He went to bed feeling that he could face the eyes of Gottlieb and Terry and for the first time in weeks he slept without terror

IV

At the pier in Brooklyn to the astonishment and slight indig nation of Miss Gwilliam Mr S Sanborn Hibble and Mrs Dawson Martin was greeted by reporters who agreeably though vaguely desired to know what were these remarkable things he had been doing to some disease or other in some island some place

He was rescued from them by Rippleton Holabird who burst through them with his hands out crying Oh my dear fellow! We know all that s happened We grieve for you so and we re so glad you were spared to come back to us

Whatever Martin might under the shadow of Max Gottlieb have said about Holabird now he wrung his hands and mut tered It s good to be home

Holabird (he was wearing a blue shirt with a starched blue collar like an actor) could not wait till Martin s baggage had gone through the customs He had to return to his duties as

Acting Director of the Institute He delayed only to hint that the Board of Trustees were going to make him full Director and that certainly my dear fellow he would see that Martin had the credit and the reward he deserved

When Holabird was gone driving away in his neat coupe (he often explained that his wife and he could afford a chauffeur but they preferred to spend the money on other things) Martin was conscious of Terry Wickett leaning against a gnawed wooden pillar of the wharf house as though he had been there for hours

Terry strolled up and snorted Hello Slim All O.K.? Lez shoot the stuff through the customs Great pleasure to see the Director and you kissing

As they drove through the summer walled streets of Brooklyn Martin inquired How s Holabird working out as Director. And how is Gottlieb?

Oh the Holy Wren is no worse than Tubbs he s even politer and more ignorant Me you watch me! One of these days I m going off to the woods—got a shack in Vermont—go ng to work there w thout having to produce results for the D rector! They ve stuck me in the Department of Bio-chemistry And Gottlieb— Terry s voice became anxious I guess he s pretty shaky— They ve pensioned him off Now look Slim I hear you re going to be a gilded department head and I ll never be anything but an associate member Are you going on w th me or are you going to be one of the Holy Wren s pets—hero-sc entist?

I m with you Terry you old grouch Mart n dropped the cynicism which had always seemed p oper between him and Terry I haven t got anybody else Leora and Gustaf a e gone and now maybe Gottlieb You and I have got to st ck together!

It s a go!

They shook hands, they coughed gruffly and talked of straw hats

When M rtin entered the Institute, his colleagues galloped up to shake hands and to excl m nd if the pra e was flustering there i no time at which one can stomach so much of it as at home-coming

Sir Robert Fairlamb had written to the Institute a letter glori fying him The letter arrived on the same boat with Martin and next day Holabird gave it out to the press

The reporters who had been only a little interested at his landing came around for interviews and while Martin was sulky and jerky Holabird took them in hand so that the papers were able to announce that America which was always rescuing the world from something or other had gone and done it again It was spread in the prints that Dr Martin Arrowsmith was not only a powerful witch doctor and possibly something of a labora tory hand but also a ferocious rat killer village burner Special Board addresser and snatcher from death There was at the time in certain places a doubt as to how benevolent the United States had been to its Little Brothers—Mexico Cuba Haiti Nicaragua—and the editors and politicians were grateful to Martin for this proof of their sacrifice and tender watchfulness

He had letters from the Public Health service from an enter prising Midwestern college which desired to make him a Do tor of Civil Law from medical schools and societies which begged him to address them Editorials on his work appeared in the medical journals and the newspapers and Congressman Almus Pickerbaugh telegraphed him from Washington in what the Congressman may conceivably have regarded as verse They got to go some to get ahead of fellows that come from old Nautilus And he was again invited to dinner at the McGurks not by Capitola but by Ross McGurk whose name had never had such a whitewashing

He refused all invitations to speak and the urgent organiza tions which had invited him responded with meekness that they understood how intimidatingly busy Dr Arrowsmith was and if he ever *could* find the time they would be most highly honored—

Rippleton Holabird was elected full Director now in succes sion to Gottlieb and he sought to use Martin as the pri_e exhibit of the Institute He brought all the visiting dignitaries all the foreign Men of Measured Merriment, in to see him, and they looked pleased and tried to think up questions Then Martin was made head of the new Department of Microbiology at twice his old salary

He never did learn what was the difference between micro-

biology and bacteriology But none of his glorification could he resist He was still too dazed—he was the more dazed when he had seen Max Gottlieb

VI

The morning after his return he had telephoned to Gottl eb s flat had spoken to Miriam and received permission to call in the late afternoon

All the way uptown he could hear Gottlieb saying You were my son! I gave you eferyt ing I knew of truth and honor and you haf betrayed me Get out of my s ght!

Miriam met him in the hall fretting I don t know if I should have let you come at all Doctor

Why? Isn t he well enough to see people?

It isn t that He doesn t really seem ill except that he s feeble but he doesn t know anyone The doctors say it s senile dementia His memory is gone And he s just suddenly forgotten all his English He can only speak German and I can t speak it hardly at all If I d only studied it instead of music! But perhaps it may do him good to have you here He was always so fond of you You don t know how he talked of you and the splendid experiment you ve been doing in St Hubert

Well I— He could find nothing to say

Miriam led him into a room whose walls were dark with books Gottlieb was sunk in a worn chair his thin hand lax on the arm

Doctor it s Arrowsmith just got back! Martin mumbled

The old man looked as though he half understood he peered at him then shook his head and whimpered *Versteh n cht*

H s arrogant eyes were clouded with ungovernable slow tears

Martin understood that never could he be punished now and cleansed Gottlieb had sunk into his darkness still trusting h m

VII

Martin closed his flat—their flat—with a cold swift fury lest he y eld to his misery in finding among Leora possessions a thousand fragments which brought her back the frock she had bought for Cap tola McGurk s dinner a petrified chocolate she had hidden away to munch illegally by night, a memorandum,

Get almonds for Sandy He took a grimly impersonal room in a hotel and sunk himself in work There was nothing for him but work and the harsh friendship of Terry Wickett

His first task was to check the statistics of his St Swithin treatments and the new figures still coming in from Stokes Some of them were shaky some suggested that the value of phage certainly had been confirmed but there was nothing final He took his figures to Raymond Pearl the biometrician who thought less of them than did Martin himself

He had already made a report of his work to the Director and the Trustees of the Institute with no conclusion except the results await statistical analysis and should have this before they are published But Holabird had run wild the newspapers had reported wonders and in on Martin poured demands that he send out phage inquiries as to whether he did not have a phage for tuberculosis for syphilis offers that he take charge of this epidemic and that

Pearl had pointed out that his agreeable results in first phaging the whole of Carib village must be questioned because it was possible that when he began the curve of the disease had already passed its peak With this and the other complications viewing his hot work in St Hubert as coldly as though it were the pretense of a man whom he had never seen Martin decided that he had no adequate proof and strode in to see the Director

Holabird was gentle and pretty but he sighed that if this conclusion were published, he would have to take back all the things he had said about the magnificence which, presumably he had inspired his subordinate to accomplish He was gentle and pretty but firm Martin was to suppress (Holabird did not say suppress —he said leave to me for further consideration ) the real statistical results and issue the report with an ambiguous summary

Martin was furious Holabird delicately relentless Martin hastened to Terry declaring that he would resign—would denounce—would expose— Yes! He would! He no longer had to support Leora He d work as a drug-clerk He d go back right now and tell the Holy Wren—

Hey! Slim! Wait a minute! Hold your horses! observed Terry Just get along with Holy for a while and we ll work out something we can do together and be independent Mean

while you have got your lab here, and vou still have some physi cal chemistry to learn! And uh— Slim I haven t said anything about your St Hubert stuff but you know and I know you bunged it up badly Can you come into court with clean hands, if you re going to indict the Holy One? Though I do agree that aside from being a dirty lying social-climbing sneaking power grabbing hypocrite, he s all right. Hold on. We'll fix up some thing Why son, we ve just been learning our science we re just beginning to work

Then Holabird published officially under the Institute s seal Martin s original report to the Trustees with such quaint revi sions as a change of the results should have analysis to while statistical analysis would seem desirable it is evident that this new treatment has accomplished all that had been hoped

Again Martin went mad, again Terry calmed him and with a hard fury unlike his eagerness of the days when he had known that Leora was waiting for him he resumed his physical chem istry

He learned the involved mysteries of freezing point deter minations osmotic pressure determinations, and tried to apply Northrop s generalizations on enzymes to the study of phage

He became absorbed in mathematical laws which strangely predicted natural phenomena his world was cold, exact, aus terely materialistic, bitter to those who founded the r logic on impressions He was daily more scornful toward the counters of paving stones the renamers of species, the compilers of rrelevant data In his absorption the pleasant seasons passed unseen.

Once he raised h s head in astoni hment to perceive that it was spring once Terry and he tramped two hundred miles through the Pennsylvan a hills, by summer roads but it seemed only a day later when it was Christmas, and Holabird was being ever so jolly and yuley about the Institute.

The absence of Gottlieb may ha e been good for Martin since he no longer turned to the master for solutions in tough queries When he took up diffusi n p oblems, he began to develop l is own apparatus, and wheth r t was from inborn ingenuity or merely from a fury of labor he v as so competent that l e won from Terry the almo t o erwhelming praise Why tl at s not so darn b d Sl m!

The sureness to which Max Gottlieb seems to have been

came to Martin slowly after many stumblings but it came He desired a perfection of technique in the quest for absolute and provable fact he desired as greatly as any Pater to burn with *a hard gem like flame* and he desired not to have ease and repute in the market place but rather to keep free of those follies lest they confuse him and make him soft.

Holabird was as much bewildered as Tubbs would have been by the ramifications of Martin s work What did he think he was anyway—a bacteriologist or a bio-physicist? But Holabird was won by the scientific world s reception of Martin s first im portant paper on the effect of X rays gamma rays and beta rays on the anti-Shiga phage It was praised in Paris and Brussels and Cambridge as much as in New York for its insight and for the clarity and to perhaps be unscientifically enthusiastic, the sheer delight and style of its presentation as Professor Berkeley Wurtz put it which may be indicated by quoting the first para graph of the paper

*In a preliminary publication I have reported a marked quali tative destructive effect of the radiations from radium emana tions on Bacteriophage-anti-Shiga In the present paper it is shown that X rays gamma rays and beta rays produce identical inactivating effects on this bacteriophage Furthermore a quan titative relation is demonstrated to exist between this inactivation and the radiations that produce it The results obtained from this quantitative study permit the statement that the percentage of inactivation as measured by determining the units of bacterio-phage remaining after irradiation by gamma and beta rays of a suspension of fixed virulence is a function of the two variables millicuries and hours The following equation accoun s quanti tatively for the experimental results obtained*

$$K = \frac{\lambda \log e \frac{u_0}{u}}{E_0(\epsilon - \lambda t_1)}$$

When Director Holabird saw the paper—Yeo was vicious enough to take it in and ask his opinion—he said Splend d, oh I say simply splendid! I ve just had the chance to skim through it, old boy but I shall certainly read it carefully the first free moment I have

# CHAPTER XXXVII

MARTIN did not see Joyce Lanyon for weeks after his return to New York Once she invited him to dinner but he could not come and he did not hear from her again

His absorption in osmotic pressure determinations d d not content him when he sat in his prim hotel room and was reduced from Dr Arrowsmith to a man who had no one to talk to He remembered how they had sat by the lagoon in the tepid twi l ght he telephoned asking whether he might come in for tea

He knew in an unformulated way that Joyce was rich but after seeing her in gingham cooking in the kitchen of St Swithin s almshouse he did not grasp her position and he wa uncomfortable when feeling dusty from the laboratory he came to her great house and found her the soft vo ced mistress of many servants Hers was a palace and palaces whether they are such very little ones as Joyce s with ts eighteen rooms or Buckingham or vast Fontainebleau are all alike they are choked with the superfluities of pride they are so complete that one does not remember small endearing charms they are indistinguishable in their common feeling of polite and uneasy grandeur they are therefore altogether tedious

But amid the pretentious splendor which Roger Lanyon had accumulated Joyce was not tedious It s to be suspected that she enjoyed showing Martin what she really was by producing footmen and too many kinds of sandwiches, and by boasting Oh, I never do know what they re going to give me for tea.

But she had welcomed him crying You look so much better I m frightfully glad Are you still my brother? I was a good cook at the almshouse wasn t I!

Had he been suave then and witty she v ould not have been

greatly interested She knew too many men who were witty and well bred ivory smooth and competent to help her spend the four or five million dollars with which she was burdened. But Martin was at once a scholar who made osmotic pressure deter minations almost interesting a taut swift man whom she could fancy running or making love, and a lonely youngster who naively believed that here in her soft security *she was still the* girl who had sat with him by the lagoon still the courageous woman who had come to him in a drunken room at Blackwater

Joyce Lanyon knew how to make men talk Thanks more to her than to his own articulateness he made living the Institute, the members their feuds and the drama of coursing on the trail of a discovery

Her easy life here had seemed tasteless after the risks of St Hubert, and in his contempt for ease and rewards she found exhilaration

He came now and then to tea to dinner he learned the ways of her house, her servants the more nearly intelligent of her friends He liked—and possibly he was liked by—some of them. With one friend of hers Martin had a state of undeclared war This was Latham Ireland an achingly well-dressed man of fifty a competent lawyer who was fond of standing in front of fire places and being quietly clever He fascinated Joyce by telling her that she was subtle then telling her what she was being subtle about

Martin hated him

In midsummer Martin was invited for a week-end at Joyce s vast blossom hid country house at Greenwich She was half apologetic for its luxury he was altogether unhappy

The strain of considering clothes of galloping out to buy white trousers when he wanted to watch the test tubes in the constant temperature bath, of trying to look easy in the limou sine which met him at the station and of deciding which ser vants to tip and how much and when was dismaying to a simple man. He felt rustic when after he had blurted Just a minute till I go up and unpack my suit-case, she said gently Oh that will have been done for you

He discovered that a valet had laid out for him to put on, that first evening all the small store of underclothes he had

brought, and had squeezed out on his brush a ribbon of tooth paste.

He sat on the edge of his bed groaning "This is too rich for my blood!"

He hated and feared that valet who kept stealing his clothes, putting them in places where they could not be found then popping in menacingly when Martin was sneaking about the enormous room looking for them.

But his chief unhappiness was that there was nothing to do He had no sport but tennis, at which he was too rusty to play with these chattering unidentified people who filled the house and apparently with perfect willingness, worked at golf and bridge. He had met but few of the friends of whom they talked. They said "You know dear old R G and he said, Oh *yes*" but he never did know dear old R G

Joyce was as busily amiable as when they were alone at tea and she found for him a weedy flapper whose tennis was worse than his own but she had twenty guests—forty at Sunday lunch—and he gave up certain agreeable notions of walking with her in fresh lanes and after excitedly saying this and that perhaps kissing her He had one moment with her As he was going she ordered Come here Martin and led him apart

You haven t really enjoyed it

Why sure course I—

Of course you haven t! And you despise us rather and perhaps you re partly right I do like pretty people and gracious manne s and good games but I suppose they seem piffling after n ghts in a laboratory

No I like em too In a way I like to look at beautiful women—at you! But— Oh darn it Joyce I m not up to it I ve always been poor and horribly busy I haven t learned your games

But, Martin you could with the intensity you put into every thing

Even getting drunk in Blackwater!

And I hope in New York too! Dear Roger he did have such an nnocent, satisfying time getting drunk at class-dinners! But I mean if you went at it you could play bridge and golf—and talking—better than any of them If you only knew how frightfully recent most of the ducal class in America are! And

greatly interested She knew too many m
well bred ivory smooth and competen wed man of
four or five million dollars with wh well spoken
Martin was at once a scholar who her wealth
minations almost interesting a a marry
fancy running or making which
naively believed that here
girl who had sat with
woman who had com
Joyce Lanyon kn
her than to his c
the members,
trail of a di
Her ea d ar
Hubert ay—t
exhil rtan
out either

e played tennis with him in the court
taught him bridge, which, with his concentration
ory he soon played better than she and enjoyed astc
she persuaded him that he had a leg and would look well
clothes

He came to take her to dinner on a serene autumn evening
He had a taxi waiting

Why don t we stick to the subway? she said

They were standing on her doorstep in a blankly expensive
quite unromantic street off Fifth Avenue

"Oh I hate the rotten subway as much as you do! L s in
my stomach never did help me much to plan expe s I
expect when we re married I ll enjoy your limousine

Is this a proposal? I m not at all sure I m going
you Really I m *not!* You have no sense of ease!

They were married the following January in St
Church and Martin suffered almost as much over t
the bishop the relatives with high pitched voices and
hat which Joyce had commanded as he did over having
ton Holabird wring his hand with a look of At last, c
you have come out of barbarism and become One of Us

Martin had asked Terry to be his best man Terry had

and asserted that only with pain would he come to the wedding at all The best man was Dr William Smith with his beard trimmed for the occasion and distressing morning clothes and a topper which he had bought in London eleven years before. but both of them were safe in charge of a cousin of Joyce who was guaranteed to have extra handkerchiefs and to recognize the Wedding March He had understood that Martin was Groton and Harvard and when he discovered that he was Winnemac and nothing at all he became suspicious.

In their stateroom on the steamer Joyce murmured "Dear you were brave! I didn t know what a damn fool that cousin of mine was Kiss me!

Thenceforth except for a dreadful second when Leora floated between them eyes closed and hands crossed on her pale cold breast they were happy and in each other found adventurous new ways

IV

For three months they wandered in Europe

On the first day Joyce had said. Let s have this beastly money thing over I should think you are the least mercenary of men I ve put ten thousand dollars to your credit in London—oh yes, and fifty thousand in New York—and if you d like, when you have to do things for me I d be glad if you d draw on it. No! Wait! Can t you see how easy and decent I want to make it all? You won t hurt me to save your own self respect?

V

They really had it seemed to stay with the Principessa del Oltraggio (formerly Miss Lucy Deemy Bessy of Dayton) Madame des Basses Loges (Miss Brown of San Francisco) and the Countess of Marazion (who had been Mrs. Arthur Snaipe of Albany and several things before that) but Joyce did go with him to see the great laboratories in London, Paris, Copenhagen. She swelled to perceive how Nobel prize winners received Her Husband, knew of him desired to be violent with him about phage, and showed him their work of years Some of them were hasty and graceless she thought. Her Man was prettier than any of them, and if she would but be patient with

him she could make him master polo and clothes and conversa tion but of course go on with his science a pity he could not have a knighthood like one or two of the British scientists they met But even in America there were honorary degrees

While she dis overed and digested Science Martin discovered Women

VI

Aware only of Madeline Fox and Orchid Pickerbaugh who were Nice American Girls of soon forgotten ladies of the night and of Leora who in her indolence her indifference to decora tion and good fame was neither woman nor wife but only her own self *Martin knew nothing whatever about Women* He had expected Leora to wait for him to obey his wishes to understand without his saying them all the flattering things he had planned to say He was spoiled and Joyce was not timor ous about telling him so

It was not for her to sit beaming and wordless while he and his fellow researchers arranged the world With many jolts he perceived that even outside the bedroom he had to consider the fluctuations and variables of his wife as A Woman and some times as A Rich Woman

It was confusing to find that where Leora had acidly claimed sex loyalty but had hummingly not cared in what *manner* he might say Good Morning Joyce was indifferent as to how many women he might have fondled (so long as he did not insult her by making love to them in her presence) but did require *him* to say Good Morning as though he meant it. It was confusing to find how starkly she discriminated between his caresses when he was absorbed in her and his hasty interest when he wanted to go to sleep She could she said kill a man who considered her merely convenient furniture and she uncomfortably empha sized the *kill*

She expected him to remember her birthday her taste in wine, her liking for flowers and her objection to viewing the *process* of shaving She wanted a room to herself *she insisted that he* knock before entering and she demanded that he admire her hats

When he was so interested in the work at Pasteur Institute

that he had a clerk telephone that he would not be able to meet her for dinner she was tight lipped with rage.

Oh you got to expect that he refle ted feeling that he was being tactful and patient and penetrating

It annoyed him sometimes that she would never impulsively start off on a walk with him No matter how brief the jaunt, she must first go to her room for white gloves—placidly stand there drawing them on And in London she made him buy spats and even wear them

Joyce was not only an Arranger—she was a Loyalist Like most American cosmopolites she revered the English peerage adopted all their standards and beliefs—or what she considered their standards and beliefs—and treasured her encounters with them Three and a half years after the War of 1914 18 she still said that she loathed all Germans and the one complete quarrel between her and Martin occurred when he desired to see the laboratories in Berlin and Vienna

But for all their differences it was a romantic pilgrimage They loved fearlessly they tramped through the mountains and came back to revel in vast bathrooms and ingen ous d n ners they idled before cafes and save when h fell s lent as h remembered how much Leora had wanted to sit before cafes in France, they showed each other all the eagernesses of their minds

Europe her Europe which she had always known and loved Joyce offered to him on generous hands and he who had ever been sensitive to warm colors and fine gestures—when he was not frenzied with work—was grateful to h r and boy sh with wonder He believed that he was learning to take life easily and beautifully he criticized Terry W ckett (but only to him self) for provincialism and so in a golden leisure they came back to America and p ohib tion and politicians charging to protect the Steel Trust from the communists to conversation about bridge and motors and to o motic pressure determina tions.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII

DIRECTOR RIPPLETON HOLABIRD had also mar ried money and whenever his colleagues hinted that since his first ardent work in physiology he had done nothing but arrange a few nicely selected flowers on the tables hewn out by other men it was a satisfaction to him to observe that these rotters came down to the Institute by subway while he drove elegantly in his coupe But now Arrowsmith once the poorest of them all came by limousine with a chauffeur who touched his hat and Holabird s coffee was salted

There was a simplicity in Martin but it cannot be said that he did not lick his lips when Holabird mooned at the chauf feur

His triumph over Holabird was less than being able to enter tain Angus Duer and his wife on from Chicago to introduce them to Director Holabird to Salamon the king of surgeons, and to a medical baronet and to have Angus gush, Mart, do you mind my saying we re all awfully proud of you? Rounce field was speaking to me about it the other day It may be presumptuous he said but I really feel that perhaps the training we tried to give Dr Arrowsmith here in the Clinic did in some way contribute to his magnificent work in the West Indies and at McGurk What a lovely woman your wife is, old man! Do you suppose she d mind telling Mrs Duer where she got that frock?

Martin had heard about the superiority of poverty to luxury but after the lunch wagons of Mohalis after twelve years of helping Leora check the laundry and worry about the price of steak after a life of waiting in the slush for trolleys it was not at all dismaying to have a valet who produced shirts auto matically not at all degrading to come to meals which ere

If I did the world would know a doggone sight more n I do! Nothing doing Chief Maybe we can publish in a year from now

You ll publish now or—

All right Holy The blessed moment has arrived I quit! And I m so gentlemanly that I do it without telling you what I think of you!

Thus was Terry Wickett discharged from McGurk. He patented the process of synthesizing his quinine derivative and retired to Birdies Rest to build a laboratory out of his small savings and spend a life of independent research supported by a restricted sale of sera and of his drug

For Terry wifeless and valetless this was easy enough but for Martin it was not simple

III

Martin assumed that he would resign He explained it to Joyce How he was to combine a town house and a Greenwich castle with flannel shirt collaboration at Birdies Rest he had not quite planned but he was not going to be disloyal

Can you beat it! The Holy Wren fires Terry but doesn t dare touch me! I waited s mply because I wanted to watch Holabird figure out what I d do And now—

He was elucidating it to her in their—in her—car on the way home from a dinner at which he had been so gaily charm ing to an important dowager that Joyce had crooned What a fool Latham Ireland was to say he couldn t be polite!

I m free by thunder at last I m free, because I ve worked up to something that s worth being free for! he exulted

She laid her fine hand on his and begged Wait! I want to think Please! Do be quiet a moment

Then Mart, if you went on working with Mr Wickett you d have to be leaving me constantly

Well—

I really don t think that would be quite n ce—I mean espe cially now because I fancy I m go ng to have a baby

He made a sound of surprise.

Oh I m not going to do the weep ng mother And I don t know whether I m glad or furious though I do believe I d like

to have one baby But it does complicate things you know And personally I should be sorry if you left the Institute, which gives you a solid position for a hole and-corner existence Dear I have been fairly nice haven t I? I really do like you you know! I don t want you to desert me, and you would if you went off to this horrid Vermont place

Couldn t we get a little house near there and spend part of the year?

Pos sibly But we ought to wait till this beastly job of bearing a Dear Little One is over then think about it

Martin did not resign from the Institute and Joyce did not think about taking a house near Birdies Rest to the extent of doing it

# CHAPTER XXXIX

WITH Terry Wickett gone Martin returned to phage He made a false start and did the worst work of his life He had lost his fierce serenity He was too conscious of the ordeal of a professional social life and he could never understand that esoteric phenomenon the dinner party—the painful entertainment of people whom one neither likes nor finds interesting

So long as he had had a refuge in talking to Terry he had not been too irritated by well-dressed nonentities and for a time he had enjoyed the dramatic game of making Nice People accept him Now he was disturbed by reason

Clif Clawson showed him how tangled his life had grown

When he had first come to New York Martin had looked for Clif whose boisterousness had been his comfort among Angus Duers and Irving Watterses in medical school. Clif was not to be found neither at the motor agency for which he had once worked nor elsewhere on Automobile Row For fourteen years Martin had not seen him

Then to his laboratory at McGurk was brought a black and red card

CLIFFORD L. CLAWSON<br>(Clif)<br>TOP NOTCH GUARANTEED OIL INVESTMENTS

*Higham Block*<br>*Butte*

Clif! Good old Clif! The best friend a man ever had! That time he lent me the money to get to Leora! Old Clif! By golly

I need somebody like him with Terry out of it and all these tea hounds around me! exulted Martin

He dashed out and stopped abruptly staring at a man who was not softly remarking to the girl reception-clerk

'Well sister you scientific birds certainly do lay on the agony! Never struck a sweller layout than you got here except in crook investment-offices—and I ve never seen a nicer cutie than you anywhere How bout lil dinner one of these beauteous evenings? I expect I ll parley vous with thou full often now—*I m a great friend of Doc Arrowsmith Fact I m a doc myself*—honest—real sawbones—went to medic school and everything Ah! *Here s* the boy!

Martin had not allowed for the changes of fourteen years He was dismayed

Clif Clawson at forty was gross His face was sweaty and puffy with pale flesh his voice was raw he fancied checked Norfolk jackets tight across his swollen shoulders and his beefy hips

He bellowed while he belabored Martin s back

Well well well well well well! Old Mart! Why you old son of a gun! Why you old son of a gun! Why you damn old chicken thief! Say you skinny little runt I m a son of a gun if you look one day older n when I saw you last in Zenith!

Martin was aware of the bright leering of the once humble reception-clerk He said Well gosh it certainly is good to see you and hastened to get Clif into the privacy of his offi e

'You look fine, he lied when they were safe What you been doing with yourself? Leora and I did our best to look you up when we first came to New York Uh— Do you know about uh about her?

Yuh I read about her passing away Fierce luck And about your swell work in the West Indies—where was it? I guess you re a great man now—famous plague-chaser and all that stuff and world renowned skee-entist I don t suppose you re member your old friends now

Oh don t be a chump! It s—it s—it s fine to see you

Well I m glad to observe you haven t got the *capitus en largatus* Mart. Golly I says to meself says I if I blew in and old Mart high hatted me I d just about come nigh unto letting him hear the straight truth, after all the compliments

he's been getting from the sassiety dames. I'm glad you've kept your head. I thought about writing you from Butte—been selling some bum oil stock there and kind of got out quick to save the inspectors the trouble of looking over my books. Well, I thought, I'll just sit down and write the whey-faced runt a letter and make him feel good by telling him how tickled I am over his nice work. But you know how it is—time kind of slips by. Well, this is excellentus! We'll have a chance to see a whole lot of each other now. I'm going in with a fellow on an investment stunt here in New York. Great pickings, old kid! I'll take you out and show you how to order a real feed one of these days. Well, tell me what you been doing since you got back from the West Indies. I suppose you're laying your plans to try and get in as the boss or president or whatever they call it of this gecelebrated Institute."

"No—I uh, well, I shouldn't much care to be Director. I prefer sticking to my lab. I— Perhaps you'd like to hear about my work on phage."

Rejoicing to discover something of which he could talk, Martin sketched his experiments.

Clif spanked his forehead with a spongy hand and shouted, "Wait! Say, I've got an idea—and you can come right in on it. As I apperceive it, the dear old Gen. Public is just beginning to hear about this bac—what is it?—bacteriophage junk. Look here! Remember that old scoundrel Benon Carr that I introduced as a great pharmacologist at the medical banquet? Had din-din with him last eventide. He's running a sanitarium out on Long Island—slick idea, too—practically he's a bootlegger; gets a lot of high-rollers out there and let's 'em have all the hooch they want on prescriptions, absolutely legal and water-tight! The parties they throw at that joint, dames and everything! Believe me, Uncle Clif is sore stricken with tootelus bootelus and is going to the Carr Sanitarium for what ails him! But now look. Suppose we got him or somebody to rig up a new kind of cure—call it phageotherapy—oh, it takes Uncle Clif to invent the names that claw in the bounteous dollars! Patients sit in a steam cabinet and eat tablets made of phage, with just a little strychnin to jazz up their hearts! Bran' new! Million in it! What-cha think?"

Martin was almost feeble No I m afraid I m against it
Why?
Well I— Honestly Clif if you don t understand it I don t know how I can explain the scientific attitude to you. You know—that s what Gottlieb used to call it—scientific attitude And as I m a scientist—least I hope I am—I couldn t— Well to be associated with a thing like that—
But you poor louse don t you suppose I understand the scientific attitude? Gosh I ve seen a dissecting room myself! Why you poor crab of course I wouldn t expect you to have your name associated with it! You d keep in the background and slip us all the dope and get a lot of publicity for phage in general so the Dee ah People would fall easier and we d pull all the strong arm work
But— I hope you re joking Clif If you weren t joking I d tell you that if anybody tried to pull a thing like that I d expose em and get em sent to jail no matter who they were!
Well gosh if you feel that way about it—!
Clif was peering over the fatty pads beneath his eyes He sounded doubtful
I suppose you have the right to keep other guys from grabbing your own stuff Well all right, Mart. Got to be telod deling Tell you what you *might* do though if that don t hurt your tender conscience too you might invite old Clif up t the house for dinner to meet the new lil wifey that I read about in the sassiety journals You might happen to remember old bean that there have been times when you were glad enough to let poor fat old Clif slip you a feed and a place to sleep!
Oh I know You bet there have! Nobody was ever decen er to me nobody Look Where you staying? I ll find out from my wife what dates we have ahead and telephone you tomorrow morning
So you let the Old Woman keep the work sheet for you huh? Well I never butt into anybody s business I m staying at the Berrington Hotel room 617—member that 617—and you might try and phone me before ten tomorrow Say that s one grand sweet song of a cutie you got on the door here. What cha think? How s chances on dragging her out to feed and shake a hoof with Uncle Clif?

As primly as the oldest most staid scientist in the Institute Martin protested, Oh she belongs to very nice family I don t think I should try it Really I d rather you didn t

Clif s gaze was sharp for all its fattiness

With excessive cordiality with excessive applause when Clif remarked You better go back to work and put some salt on a coupla bacteria s tails Martin guided him to the reception room, safely past the girl clerk and to the elevator

For a long time he sat in his office and was thoroughly wretched

He had for years pictured Clif Clawson as another Terry Wickett He saw that Clif was as different from Terry as from Rippleton Holabird Terry was rough he was surly he was colloquial he despised many fine and gracious things he offended many fine and gracious people but these acerbities made up the haircloth robe wherewith he defended a devotion to such holy work as no cowled monk ever knew But Clif—

I d do the world a service by killing that man! Martin fretted Phageotherapy at a yegg sanitarium! I stand him only because I m too much of a coward to risk his going around saying that in the days of my Success I ve gone back on my old friends (Success! Puddling at work! Dinners! Talking to idiotic women! Being furious because you weren t invited to the dinner to the Portuguese minister!) No I ll phone Clif we can t have him at the house

Over him came remembrance of Clif's loyalty in the old barren days and Clif s joy to share with him every pathetic gain

Why *should* he understand my feeling about phage? Was his scheme any worse than plenty of reputable d ug fi ms? How much was I righteously offended and how much was I sore because he didn t ecognize tl e high soc al position of the rich Dr Arrowsmith?

He gave up the question went home explained almost frankly to Joyce ι hat her probable opinion of Clif would be, and contrived that Clif should be invited to dinner with only the two of them

My dear Mart sa d Joyce vhy do you insult me by hinting that I m such a snob that I ll be offended by racy slang and by business eth cs very much like those of dear Roger

grandpapa? Do you think I ve never ventured out of the draw ing room? I thought you d seen me outside it! I shall probably like your Clawson person very much indeed

The day after Martin had invited him to dinner Clif telephoned to Joyce

This Mrs Arrowsmith? Well, say this is old Clif

I m afraid I didn t quite catch it

Clif! Old Clif!

I m frightfully sorry but— Perhaps there s a bad connection

Why it s Mr *Clawson* that s going to feed with you on—

Oh of course I *am* so sorry

Well look What I wanted to know is Is this going to be just a homey grub grabbing or a real soiree? In other words honey shall I dress natural or do I put on the soup-and fish? Oh I got em—swallow tail and the whole darn outfit!

I— Do you mean— Oh Shall you dress for dinner? I think perhaps I would

Attaboy! I ll be there dolled up like a new saloon *I ll show* you folks the cutest lil line of jeweled studs you ever laid eyes on Well it s been a great plee*z*hure to meet Mart s Missus and we will now close with singing Till We Meet Again or Au Reservoir

When Martin came home Joyce faced him with Sweet I can t do it! The man must be mad Really dear you just take care of him and let me go to bed Besides you two won t want me—you ll want to talk over old times and I d only interfere And with baby coming in two months now I ought to go to bed early

Oh Joy Clif'd be awfully offended and he s always been so decent to me and— And you ve often asked me about my cub days Don t you *want* plaintively to hear about em?

Very well dear I ll try to be a little sunbeam to him but I warn you I sha n t be a success

They worked themselves up to a belief that Clif would be raucous would drink too much and slap Joyce on the back But when he appeared for dinner he was agonizingly polite and flowery—till he became slightly drunk When Martin said damn Clif reproved him with Of course I m only a hick but I don t think a lady like the Princess here would like you to cuss

And Well I never expected a rube like young Mart to marry the real bon ton article

And Oh maybe it didn t cost something to furnish this dining room oh not a tall!

And Champagne, heh? Well you re certainly doing poor old Clif proud Your Majesty just tell your High Dingbat to tell his valay to tell my secretary the address of your bootlegger will you?

In his cups though he severely retained his moral and elegant vocabulary Clif chronicled the jest of selling oil wells unprovided with oil and of escaping before the law closed in the cleverness of joining churches for the purpose of selling stock to the members and the edifying experience of assisting Dr Benoni Carr to capture a rich and senile widow for his sanitarium by promising to provide medical consultation from the spirit world

Joyce was silent through it all and so superbly polite that everyone was wretched

Martin struggled to mal e a liaison betwe n them and he had no el vating remarks about the strangeness of a man s boasting of his own crool edness but he was coldly furious when Clif blundered

You said old Gottlieb was sort of down on his luck now

Yes he s not very well.

Poor old coot But I guess you ve realized by now how foolish you were when you used to fall for him like seven and a half br ck Honestly Lady Arro vsmith thi kid used to think Pa Gottlieb was the cat s pajamas—begging your pardon for the slanguageness

What do you mean? sa d Martin

Oh I m onto Gottl eb! Of course you know as well as I do that he always was a self adve ti er g tt ng himself talked about by confidin to the whole *ops terra a* what a strict sc en tist he was and putting on a lot of dog and emitt ng these wise cracks about philosophy and what fi rce guys the regular docs we e But what s v orse than— Out in San D ego I ran onto a fellow that used to be an instructor in botany in W nnemac, and he told me that with all th antibody stuff of his Gottlieb never gave any cred t to—v ll he was some Russ an that did most of it before and Pa Gottl b stole all his stuff

That in this charge against Gottlieb there was a hint of truth that he knew the great god to have been at times ungenerous merely increased the rage which was clenching Martin s fist in his lap

Three years before he would have thrown something but he was an adaptable person He had yielded to Joyce s training in being quietly instead of noisily disagreeable and his only com ment was No I think you re wrong Clif. Gottlieb has carried the antibody work way beyond all the others

Before the coffee and liqueurs had come into the drawing room Joyce begged at her prettiest Mr Clawson do you mind awfully if I slip up to bed? I m so frightfully glad to have had the opportunity of meeting one of my husband s oldest friends but I m not feeling very well and I do think I d be wise to have some rest

Madam the Princess I noticed you were looking peeked. Oh! Well— Good night!

Martin and Clif settled in large chairs in the drawing room and tried to play at being old friends happy in meeting They did not look at each other

After Clif had cursed a little and told three sound smutty stories to show that he had not been spoiled and that he had been elegant only to delight Joyce he flung

Huh! So that is that as the Englishers remark Well I could see your Old Lady didn t cotton to me She was just as chummy as an iceberg But gosh I don t mind She s going to have a kid, and of course women all of em get cranky when they re that way But—

He hiccuped looked sage and bolted his fifth cognac

But what I never could figure out— Mind you I m not criti cizing the Old Lady She s as swell as they make em *But what* I can t understand is how after living with Leora who was the real thing you car stand a hoity toity skirt like Joycey!

Then Martin broke

The misery of not being able to work these months since Terry had gone had gnawed at him

Look here, Clif I won t have you discuss my wife I m *sorry* she doesn t please you but I m afraid that in this *particular* matter—

Clif had risen not too steadily though his voice and his eyes were resolute

All right I figured out you were going to high hat me Of course I haven t got a rich wife to slip me money I m just a plain old hobo I don t belong in a place like this Not smooth enough to be a butler You are All right I wish you luck And meanwhile you can go plumb to hell my young friend!

Martin did not pursue him into the hall

As he sat alone he groaned Thank Heaven that operation s over!

He told himself that Clif was a crook a fool and a fat waster he told himself that Clif was a cynic without wisdom a drunkard without charm and a philanthropist who was generous only because it larded his vanity But these adm rable truths d d not keep the operation from hurting any more than it would have eased the removal of an appendix to be told that it was a bad appendix an appendix without delicacy or value

He had loved Clif—did love him and always would But he would never see him again Never!

The impertinence of that flabby blackguard to sneer at Gottlieb! His boorishness! Life was too short for—

But hang it—yes Clif is a tough but so am I He s a crook but wasn t I a crook to fake my plague figures in St. Hubert—and the worse crook because I got praise for it?

He bobbed up to Joyce s room She was lying in her immense four poster reading Peter Whiffle

Darling it was all rather dreadful wasn t it! she said He s gone?

Yes He s gone I ve driven out the best friend I ever had—practically I let him go let him go off feeling that he was a rotter and a failure It would have been decenter to have killed him. Oh why couldn t you have been simple and jolly with him? You were so confoundedly polite! He was uneasy and unnatural and showed up worse than he really is. He s no tougher than—he s a lot better than the financiers who cover up the r stuff by being suave Poor devil! I'll bet right no Clif's tramp ng in the rain saying The one man I ever loved and tried to do things for has turned against me, now he s—now he has a lovely wife. What s the use of ever being decent? he s

saying   Why couldn t you be simple and chuck your high falutin manners for once?

See here! You disliked him quite as much as I did and I will not have you blame it on me! You ve grown beyond him You that are always blaring about Facts—can t you face the fact? *For once* at least it s not my fault You may perhaps remember my king of men that I had the good sense to suggest that I shouldn t appear tonight not meet *him at all*

Oh—well—yes—gosh—but— Oh I suppose so Well any way— It s over and that s all there is *to it*

Darling I do understand how you feel But isn t it good it is over! Kiss me good night

*But* —Martin said to himself as he sat feeling naked and lost and homeless in the dressing gown of gold dragon flies on black silk which she had bought for him in Paris— but if it d been Leora instead of Joyce— Leora would ve known Clif was a crook and she d ve accepted it as a fact. (Talk about your facing facts!) She wouldn t ve insisted on sitting as a judge She wouldn t ve said This is different from me so it s wrong She d ve said This is different from me so it s interesting Leora—

He had a sharp terrifying vision of her lying there coffinless below the mold in a garden on the Penrith Hills

He came out of it to growl What was it Clif said? You re not her husband—you re her butler—you re too smooth He was right! The whole point is I m not allowed to see who I want to I ve been so clever that I ve made myself the slave of Joyce and Holy Holabird

He was always going to but he never did see Clif Clawson again

II

It happened that both Joyce s and Martin s paternal grand fathers had been named John and John Arrowsmith they called their son They did not know it but a certain John Arrowsmith mariner of Bideford had died in the matter of the Spanish Armada, taking with him five valorous Dons

Joyce suffered horribly and renewed all of Martin s love for her (he did love pitifully this slim brilliant girl)

Death s a better game than bridge—you have no *partner to*

help you! she said, when she was grotesquely stretched on a chair of torture and indignity when before they would give her the anesthetic, her face was green with agony

John Arrowsmith was straight of back and straight of limb—ten good pounds he weighed at birth—and he was gay of eye when he had ceased to be a raw wrinkled grub and become a man-child Joyce worshiped him and Martin was afraid of him because he saw that this minuscule aristocrat this child born to the self approval of riches would some day condescend to him

Three months after child bearing Joyce was more brisk than ever about putting and back hand service and hats and Russian emigres

III

For science Joyce had great respect and no understanding Often she asked Martin to explain his work but when he was glowing making diagrams with his thumb-nail on the table cloth she would interrupt him with a gracious Darling—do you mind—just a second— Plinder isn t there any more of the sherry?

When she turned back to him, though her eyes were kind his enthusiasm was gone

She came to his laboratory asked to see his flasks and tubes, and begged him to bully her into understanding but she never sat back watching for silent hours

Suddenly in his bogged floundering in the laboratory he touched solid earth He blundered into the effect of phage on the mutation of bacterial species—very beautiful very delicate—and after plodding months when he had been a sane citizen an almost good husband an excellent bridge player and a rotten workman, he knew again the happiness of high taut insanity

He wanted to work night every night During his uninspired fumbling there had been nothing to hold him at the Institute after five and Joyce had become used to having him flee to her Now he showed an inconvenient ability to ignore engagements to snap at delightful guests who asked him to explain all about science, to forget even her and the baby

I've *got* to work evenings! he said I can t be regular and easy about it when I m caught by a big experiment, any more

than you could be regular and easy and polite when you were gestating the baby

I know but— Darling you get so nervous when you re working like this Heavens I don t care how much you offend people by missing engagements—well after all I wish you wouldn t but I do know it may be unavoidable But when you make yourself so drawn and trembly are you gaining time in the long run? It s just for your own sake Oh I have it! Wait! You ll see what a scientist I am! No I won t explain—not yet!

Joyce had wealth and energy A week later flushed slim gallant joyous she said to him after dinner I ve got a surprise for you!

She led him to the unoccupied rooms over the garage behind their house In that week using a score of workmen from the most immaculate and elaborate scientific supply house in the country she had created for him the best bacteriological laboratory he had ever seen—white tile floor and enameled brick walls ice box and incubator glassware and stains and microscope a perfect constant temperature bath—and a technician trained in Lister and Rockefeller who had his bedroom behind the laboratory and who announced his readiness to serve Dr Arrowsmith day or night

There! sang Joyce Now when you simply must work evenings you won t have to go clear down to Liberty Street You can duplicate your cultures or whatever you call em If you re bored at dinner—all right! You can slip out here afterward and work as late as ever you want Is— Sweet is it all right? Have I done it right? I tried so hard—I got the best men I could—

While his lips were against hers he brooded To have done this for me! And to be so humble! And now curse it *I ll never* be able to get away by myself!

She so joyfully demanded his finding some fault that, to give her the novel pleasure of being meek he suggested that the centrifuge was inadequate

You wait my man! she crowed

Two evenings after when they had returned from the opera she led him to the cement floored garage beneath his new laboratory and in a corner ready to be set up was a second hand but adequate centrifuge a most adequate centrifuge the master

piece of the great firm of Berkeley-Saunders—in fact none other than Gladys whose dismissal from McGurk for her sluttish ways had stirred Martin and Terry to go out and get bountifully drunk

It was less easy for him this time, to be grateful but he worked at it.

IV

Through both the economico-literary and the Rolls-Royce sections of Joyce s set the rumor panted that there was a new diversion in an exhausted world—going out to Martin s laboratory and watching him work and being ever so silent and reverent except perhaps when Joyce murmured Isn t he adorable the way he teaches his darling bacteria to say Pretty Polly! or when Latham Ireland convulsed them by arguing that scientists had no sense of humor or Sammy de Lembre burst out in his marvelous burlesque of jazz

*Oh Mistah Back sil-l l us don t you gri n at me*
*You m -cro bi-o-log ic cuss I m o-on to thee*
*When Mr Dr Arrowsmith s done looked at de clues*
*You ll sit in jail a s ngin dem Bac ter i uh Blues*

Joyce s cousin from Georgia sparkled Mart is so cute with all those lil vases of his But Ah can always get him so mad by tellin him the trouble with *him* is he don t go to church often enough!

While Martin sought to concentrate

They flocked from the house to his laboratory only once a week which was certainly not enough to d sturb a resolute man —merely enough to keep him constantly wa ting for them

When he sedately tried to explain th s and that to Joyce, she said D d we bother you this evening? But they do admire you so

He remarked Well and went to bed.

V

R A Hopburn the eminent patent la vyer as he drove a vay from the Arrowsm th Lanyon mansion grunted at his wife

I don t mind a host throwing the port at you, if he thinks

you re a chump but I do mind his being bored at your daring to express any opinion whatever Didn t he look silly out in his idiotic laboratory! How the deuce do you suppose Joyce ever came to marry him?

I can t imagine

I can only think of one reason Of course she may—

Now please don t be filthy!

Well anyway— She who might have picked any number of well bred agreeable intelligent chaps—and I *mean* intelligent because this Arrowsmith person may know all about germs but he doesn t know a symphony from a savory I don t think I m too fussy but I don t quite see why we should go to a house where the host apparently enjoys flatly contradicting you Poor devil I m really sorry for him probably he doesn t even know when he s being rude

No Perhaps What hurts is to think of old Roger—so gay so strong real Skull and Bones—and to have this abrupt Outsider from the tall grass sitting in his chair failing to appreciate his Pol Roger— What Joyce ever saw in him! Though he does have nice eyes and such funny strong hands—

VI

Joyce s busyness was on his nerves Why she was so busy it was hard to ascertain she had an excellent housekeeper a noble butler and two nurses for the baby But she often said that she was never allowed to attain her one ambition to sit and read

Terry had once called her The Arranger and though Martin resented it when he heard the telephone bell he groaned Oh Lord there s The Arranger—wants me to come to tea with some high minded hen

When he sought to explain that he must be free from entanglements she suggested, Are you such a weak irresolute *little* man that the only way you can keep concentrated *is* by running away? Are you afraid of the big men who can do big work and still stop and play?

He was likely to turn abusive particularly as to her definition of Big Men and when he became hot and vulgar *she turned grande dame* so that he felt like an impertinent servant and was the more vulgar

He was afraid of her then He imagined fleeing to Leora and the two of them frightened little people comforting each other and hiding from her in snug corners

But often enough Joyce was his companion, seeking new amusements as surprises for him and in their son they had a binding pride He sat watching little John rejoicing in his strength

It was in early winter after she had royally taken the baby South for a fortnight, that Martin escaped for a week with Terry at Birdies Rest

He found Terry tired and a little surly after months of working absolutely alone He had constructed beside the home cabin a shanty for laboratory and a rough stable for the horses which he used in the preparation of his sera Terry did not, as once he would have, flare into the details of his research and not till evening when they smoked before the rough fireplace of the cabin loafing in chairs made of barrels cushioned with elk skin could Martin coax him into confidences

He had been compelled to give up much of his time to mere housework and the production of the sera which paid his expenses If you d only been with me, I could have accomplished something But his quinine derivative research had gone on solidly and he did not regret leaving McGurk He had found it impossible to work with monkeys they were too expensive and too fragile to stand the Vermont winter but he had contrived a method of using mice infected with pneumococcus and—

Oh what s the use of my telling you this Slim? You re not interested or you d have been up here at work with me months ago You ve chosen between Joyce and me. All right, but you can t have both

Martin snarled I m very sorry I intruded on you Wickett, and slammed out of the cabin Stumbling through the snow blundering in darkness against stumps, he knew the agony of his last hour the hour of failure

I ve lost Terry now (though I won t stand his impertinence!) I ve lost everybody and I ve never really had Joyce. I m completely alone And I can only half work! I m through! They ll never let me get to work again!

Suddenly without arguing it out, he knew that he was not going to give up

He floundered back to the cabin and burst in crying 'You old grouch we got to stick together!

Terry was as much moved as he neither of them was far from tears and as they roughly patted each other s shoulders they growled Fine pair of fools scrapping just because we re tired!

I will come and work with you somehow! Martin swore I ll get a six months leave from the Institute and have Joyce stay at some hotel near here or do *some*thing Gee! Back to real work *Work!* Now tell me When I come up here, what d you say we—

They talked till dawn

# CHAPTER XL

DR and Mrs Rippleton Holabird had invited only Joyce and Martin to dinner Holabird was his most charming self He admired Joyce s pearls and when the squabs had been served he turned on Martin with friendly intensity

Now will Joyce and you listen to me most particularly? Things are happening Martin and I want you—no Science wants you!—to take your proper part in them I needn t by the way hint that this is absolutely confidential Dr Tubbs and his League of Cultural Agencies are beginning to accomplish marvels and Colonel Minnigen has been extraordinarily liberal

They ve gone at the League with exactly the sort of thoroughness and taking it slow that you and dear old Gottlieb have always insisted on For four years now they ve stuck to making plans I happen to know that Dr Tubbs and the council of the League have had the most wonderful conferences with college presidents and editors and clubwomen and labor leaders (the sound sensible ones of course) and efficiency-experts and the more advanced advertising men and ministers and all the other leaders of public thought

They ve worked out elaborate charts classifying all intellectual occupations and interests with the methods and materials and tools and especially the goals—the aims, the ideals the moral purposes—that are suited to each of them Really tremendous! Why a musician or an engineer for example could look at his chart and tell accurately whether he was progressing fast enough at his age, and if not just what his trouble was and the remedy With this basis the League is ready to go to work and encourage all brain workers to affiliate

McGurk Institute simply must get in on this co-ordination which I regard as one of the greatest advances in thinking that

has ever been made We are at last going to make all the erst while chaotic spiritual activities of America really conform to the American ideal we re going to make them as practical and supreme as the manufacture of cash registers! I have certain rea sons for supposing I can bring Ross McGurk and Minnigen together now that the McGurk and Minnigen lumber interests have stopped warring and if so I shall probably quit the Insti tute and help Tubbs guide the League of Cultural Agencies Then we ll need a new Director of McGurk who will work with us and help us bring Science out of the monastery to serve Mankind

By this time Martin understood everything about the League except what *the League was trying to do*

Holabird went on

Now I know Martin that you ve always rather sneered at Practicalness but I have faith in you! I believe you ve been too much under the influence of Wickett, and now that he s gone and you ve seen more of life and of Joyce s set and mine I believe I can coax you to take (oh! without in any way neglect ing the severities of your lab work!) a broader view

I am authorized to appoint an Assistant Director and I think I m safe in saying he would succeed me as full Director Sholtheis wants the place and Dr Smith and Yeo would leap at it but *I haven t yet found any of them that are quite Our Own Sort* and I offer it to you! I daresay in a year or two you will be Director of McGurk Institute!

Holabird was uplifted as one giving royal favor Mrs Hola bird was intense as one present on an historical *occasion and* Joyce was ecstatic over the honor to her Man

Martin stammered W why I ll have to think it over Sort of *unexpected—*

The rest of the evening Holabird so bri nmingly enjoyed him self picturing an era in which Tubbs and Martin *and he* would rule co-ordinate standardize and make useful the whole world of *intelligence from trousers-designing to poetry that* he did not resent Martin s silence At parting he chanted *Talk it over* with Joyce and let me have your decision tomorrow By the way I think we ll get rid of Pearl Robbins she *s been useful* but now she considers herself *indispensable But that s* a de tail. *Oh I do have faith in you* Martin dear old boy!

You ve grown and calmed down and you ve widened your in terests so much this past year!

In their car in that moving curtained room under the crystal dome light Joyce beamed at him.

Isn t it too wonderful Mart! And I do feel Rippleton can bring it off Think of your being Director head of that whole great Institute when *just a few years ago you were only a cub* there! But haven t I perhaps helped just a little?

Suddenly Martin hated the blue and gold velvet of the car the cunningly hid gold box of cigarettes all this soft and smoth *ering prison* He wanted to be out beside the unseen chauffeur—His Own Sort!—facing the winter He tried to look as though he were meditating in an awed appreciative manner but he was merely being cowardly reluctant to begin th slaughter Slowly

Would you really like to see me Director?

Of course! All that—Oh you know I don t just mean the prominence and respect, but the power to accomplish good

Would you l ke to see me dictating letters giving out inter views buying linoleum having lunch with distingu shed fools advising men about whose wo k I don t know a blame thing?

Oh *don t be so superior! Someone has to do th se things* And that d be only a small part of it Think of the opportunity of encouraging some youngster who wanted a chance to do splend d science!

And give up my own chance?

Why need you? You d be head of your own department just the same And even if you did g ve up— You are so stubborn! It s lack of imaginat on You think that because y u ve started in on one t ny branch of mental act vity there s nothing else in the wo ld It s just as when I persuaded you that if you got out of your stinking laboratory once a week or so, and actually bent your powerful intellect to a game of golf the world of science wouldn t immediately stop! No imagination! You re precisely l ke these busine s men yo e always cursing because they can t see anything in l f beyond thei soap-factories or their banks!

And you really v ould have me give up my work—

He saw that w th all h r eager complaisances she had never understood v hat he v as up to had not comp ehended one word about the murderous effect of the directorship on Gottlieb

He was silent again and before they reached home she said only You know I m the last person to speak of money but really it s you who have so often brought up the matter of hating to be dependent on me and you know as Director you would make so much more that— Forgive me!

She fled before him into her palace into the automatic elevator

He plodded up the stairs grumbling Yes it is the first chance I ve had to really contribute to the expenses here Sure! Willing to take her money but not to do anything in return and then call it devotion to science! Well I ve got to decide right now—

He did not go through the turmoil of deciding he leaped to decision without it. He marched into Joyce s room irritated by its snobbishness of discreet color He was checked by the miserable wav in which she sat brooding on the edge of her day couch but he flung

*I m not going to do it even if I have to leave the Institute*— and Holabird will just about make me quit I will not get buried in this pompous fakery of giving orders and—

Mart! Listen! Don t you want your son to be proud of you?

Um Well— *No* not if he s to be proud of me for being a stuffed shirt, a sideshow barker—

Please don t be vulgar

Why not? Matter of fact, I haven t been vulgar enough lately What I ought to do is to go to Birdies Rest right now and work with Terry

I wish I had some way of showing you— Oh for a scientist you do have the most incredible blind spots! I wish I could make you see just how weak and futile that is The wilds! The simple life! The old argument It s just the absurd cowardly sort of thing these tired highbrows do that sneak off to some Esoteric Colony and think they re getting strength to conquer life when they re merely running away from it

No Terry has his place in the country only because he can live cheaper there. If we—if he could afford it, he d probably be right here in town with garçon and everything like Mc Gurk but with no Director Holabird by God—and no Director Arrowsmith!

Merely a cursing ill bred intensely selfish *Director* Terry Wickett!

Now by God, let me tell you—

Martin, do you need to emphasize your arguments by a by God in every sentence, or have you a few other expressions in your highly scientific vocabulary?

Well, I have enough vocabulary to express the idea that I m thinking of joining Terry

Look here, Mart. You feel so virtuous about wanting to go off and wear a flannel shirt and be peculiar and very very pure Suppose everybody argued that way Suppose every father de serted his children whenever his nice little soul ached? Just what would become of the world? Suppose I were poor and you left me and I had to support John by taking in washing—

It d probably be fine for you but fierce on the washing! No! I beg your pardon That was an obvious answer But— I imagine it s just that argument that s kept almost everybody all these centuries from being anything but a machine for d gestion and propagation and obedience The answer is that very few ever do under any condition willingly leave a soft bed for a shanty bunk in order to be pure, as you very properly call it, and those of us that are pioneers— Oh this debate could go on forever! We could prove that I m a hero or a fool or a deserter or anything you like, but the fact is I ve suddenly seen I must go! I want my freedom to work and I herewith quit whining about it and grab it You ve been generous to me. I m grateful. But you ve never been mine. Good-by

Darling darling— We'll talk t over again in the morning when you aren t so exc ted And an hour ago I was so p oud of you!

All right Good night"

But before morning taking two suit-cases and a bag of his roughest clothes le ving for her a tender note which was the hardest thing he had ever writt n kissing his son and mutter ing Come to me when you grow up old man he went to a che p side street hot l As he stretched on the rickety iron bed he grieved for their love. Before noon he had gone to the Insti tute, resigned taken certain of his own apparatus and notes and books and materials refused to answer a telephone call from Joyce, and caught a train fo Vermont.

Cramped on the red plush seat of the day-coach (he who of late had ridd n in s lken private cars) he grinned with the joy of no longer having to toil at d nner parties.

He drove up to Birdies Rest in a bob-sled Terry was chopping wood in a mess of chip littered snow

Hello Terry Come for keeps

Fine Slim Say there s a lot of dishes in the shack need washing

## II

He had become soft To dress in the cold shanty and to wash in icy water was agony to tramp for three hours through fluffy snow exhausted him But the rapture of being allowed to work twenty four hours a day without leaving an experiment at its juiciest moment to creep home for dinner of plunging with Terry into arguments as cryptic as theology and furious as the indignation of a drunken man carried him along and he felt himself growing sinewy Often he meditated on yielding to Joyce so far as to allow her to build a better laboratory for them and more civilized quarters

With only one servant though, or two at the very most and just a simple decent bathroom—

She had written You have been thoroughly beastly and any attempt at reconciliation if that is possible now which I rather doubt must come from you

He answered de cribing the ringing winter woods and not mentioning the platform word Reconciliation.

## III

They wanted to study further the exact mechanism of the action of their quinine derivatives This was difficult with the mice which Terry had contrived to use instead of monkeys, because of their size Martin had brought with him strains of *Bacillus lepisepticus* which causes a pleuro-pneumonia in rabbits, and their first labor was to discover whether their original compound was effective against this bacillus as well as against pneumococcus Profanely they found that it was not profanely and patiently they trudged into an infinitely complicated search for a compound that should be

They earned their living by preparing sera which rather grudgingly they sold to physicians of whose honesty they were certain abruptly refusing the popular drug vendors They thus

received surprisingly large sums and among all clever people it was believed that they were too coyly shrewd to be sincere

Martin worried as much over what he considered his treachery to Clif Clawson as over his desertion of Joyce and John but this worrying he did only when he could not sleep Regularly at three in the morning he brought both Joyce and honest Clif to Birdies Rest and regularly at six when he was frying bacon he forgot them

Terry the barbarian once he was free of the tittering and success-pawing of Holabird was an easy campmate Upper berth or lower was the same to him and till Martin was hardened to cold and fatigue Terry did more than his share of wood-cutting and supply toting and with great melody and skill he washed their clothes

He had the genius to see that they two alone shut up together season on season would quarrel He planned with Martin that the laboratory scheme should be extended to include eight (but never more!) maverick and undomestic researchers like them selves who should contribute to the expenses of the camp by manufacturing sera, but otherwise do their own independent work—whether it should be the structure of the atom or a disproof of the results of Drs W ckett and Arrowsm th Two rebels a chemist now caught in a drug firm and a univers ty professor were coming next autumn

Its kind of a m sable return to monasteries grumbled Terry except that we re not trying to solve anything for any body but our own fool selves Mind you! When this place be comes a shrine, and a lot of cranks begin to creep in here, then you and I got to beat it, Slim We ll move farther back in the woods or if we feel too old for that, we ll take another shot at professorsh ps or Dawson Hunziker or even the Rev Dr Hola bird

For the first time Mart n s work began definitely to draw ahead of Terry s

His mathemat cs and physical chemistry were now as sound as Terry s his indifference to publicity and to flowery hangings as great his industry as fanatical his ingenu ty in devising new apparatus at least comparable, and his imagination far more swift He had less ea e but mo e pass on. He hurled out hy potheses like sparks. H began, incredulously to ^

his freedom He would yet determine the essential nature of phage and as he became stronger and surer—and no doubt less human—he saw ahead of him innumerous inquiries into chemotherapy and immunity enough adventures to keep *him bu y for* decades

*It seemed to him that this was the first spring he had ever seen* and tasted He learned to dive into the lake though the first plunge was an agony of fiery cold They fished before breakfast they supped at a table under the oaks *they tramped twenty* miles on end they had bluejays and squirrels for interested neighbors and when they had worked all night they came out *to find serene dawn lifting across the sleeping lake*

Martin felt sun soaked and deep of chest and always he hummed

And one day he peeped out beneath his new horn rimmed almost middle aged glasses to see a gigantic motor crawling up their woods road From the car jolly and competent in tweeds stepped Joyce

He wanted to flee through the back door of the laboratory shanty Reluctantly he edged out to meet her

It s a sweet place really! she said and amiably kissed him Let s walk down by the lake

In a stilly place of ripples and birch boughs he was moved to grip her shoulders

She cried Darling I *have* missed you! You re wrong about lots of things but you re right about this—you must work and not be disturbed by a lot of silly people Do you like my tweeds? Don t they look wildernessy? You see I ve come to stay! I'll build a house near here perhaps right across the lake *Yes That* will make a sweet place over there on that sort of little plateau if I can get the land—*probably some* horrid tight fisted *old* farmer owns it Can t you just *see* it a wide low house with enormous verandas and red awnings—

And visitors coming?

I suppose so Sometimes Why?

Desperately Joyce I do love you I want *awfully* just now to kiss you properly But I will not have you bringing a *lot of* people—and there d probably be a rotten noisy motor launch. Make our lab a joke Roadhouse. New sensation *Why Terry*

would go crazy! You *are* lovely! But you want a playmate, and I want to work I m afraid you can t stay No

And our son is to be left without your care?

He— Would he have my care if I died? He is a nice kid too! I hope he won t be a Rich Man! Perhaps ten years from now he ll come to me here

And live like *this?*

Sure—unless I m broke Then he won t live so well We have meat practically every day now!

I see And suppose your Terry Wickett should marry some waitress or some incredibly stupid rustic? From what you ve told me, he rather fancies that sort of girl!

Well either he and I would beat her together or it would be the one thing that could break me

Martin aren t you perhaps a little insane?

Oh absolutely! And how I enjoy it! Though you— You look here now Joy! We re insane but we re not cranks! Yester day an esoteric healer came here because he thought this was a free colony and Terry walked him twenty miles and then I think he threw him in the lake No Gosh Let me th nk He scratched his chin I don t believe we re insane. We re farmers

Martin it s too infinitely d verting to find you becoming a fanatic, and all the while trying to wriggle out of being a fanatic. You ve left common sense I *am* common sense I bel eve in bathing! Good by!

Now you look here By golly—

She was gone reasonable and triumphant

As the chauffeur maneuvered among the stumps of the clear ing for a moment Joyce looked out f om her car and they stared at each other thr ugh tears They had never been so frank so pitiful, as in this one unarmored look which recalled every jest every tenderness ev ry twilight they had known together But the car rolled on unhalted and he remembered that he had been do ng an experiment—

IV

On a certain evening of May Congressman Almus P cker baugh was d ning w th the Pres dent of the Un ted States.

When the campaign is over Doctor said the Pres dent, I

*hope we shall see you a cabinet member—the first Secretary of Health and Eugenics in the country!*

That evening Dr Rippleton Holabird was addressing a meeting of celebrated thinkers assembled by the League of Cultural Agencies Among the Men of Measured Merriment on the platform were Dr Aaron Sholtheis the new Director of McGurk Institute and Dr Angus Duer head of the Duer Clinic and professor of surgery in Fort Dearborn Medical College

Dr Holabird s epochal address was being broadcast by radio to a million ardently listening lovers of science

That evening Bert Tozer of Wheatsylvania North Dakota was ttending mid week prayer meeting His new Buick sedan awaited him outside and with modest satisfaction he heard the minister gloat

The righteous even the Children of Light they shall be rewarded with a great reward and their feet shall walk in gladness saith the Lord of Hosts but the mockers the Sons of Belial they shall be slain betimes and cast down into darkness and failure and in the busy marts shall they be forgot

That evening Max Gottlieb sat unmoving and alone in a dark small room above the banging city street. Only his eyes were alive

*That evening the hot breeze languished along the palm waving ridge where the ashes of Gustaf Sondelius were lost among cinders and a depression in a garden marked the grave of Leora*

That evening after an unusually gay dinner with *Latham* Ireland Joyce admitted Yes if I do divorce him I may marry you I know! He s never going to see how egotistical it is *to* think he s the only man living who s always right!

That evening Martin Arrowsmith and Terry Wickett lolled in a clumsy boat an extraordinarily uncomfortable boat far out on the water

I feel as if I were really beginning to work now *said* Martin This new quinine stuff may prove pretty *good* We ll plug along on it for two or three years and maybe we ll get something permanent—and probably we *ll fail!*

THE END